

November

1914
Fifteen Cents

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE



"GROWING UP
WITH THE
MOVIES"
BY
FLORENCE LAWRENCE

AND
ANOTHER
JESSE LASKY
NOVELETTE



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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

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BETWEEN YOU AND ME

WHAT are you doing with your ideas? I read an advertisement the other day that began—"Get your ideas patented!" It is good advice—as far as mechanical ideas are concerned. But some of the biggest and best ideas are not mechanical.

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☐ What do you think of their power to influence morals and manners?

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☐ What other questions would you like to ask relative to this mighty and growing business? Can we help you by answering your questions through our columns?

☐ And this is not all we want.

☐ We are equally certain that you may have many ideas about the photoplay magazines. It is you and your family and your friends and their families and

their friends who create our requirements. And we want to feel that you are in a *little closer and more intimate relationship to us than that of being merely a reader of our magazine.*

☐ I want to feel that we are a big family—boys and girls, men and women—twenty millions of us—all interested in the movies. And I wish to hear from just as many as possible—as many as the number of our readers.

☐ We have many new ideas of our own and from issue to issue these will be placed before you. If you like them I want to hear from you. If you *don't* like them I want to hear from you. Frank, honest, and friendly criticism is always welcome. I prize your cooperation in this matter. I consider it a sort of partnership of entertainment between us. And while I cannot guarantee to answer every letter personally rest assured that every letter that comes in will be read and considered and that the best will be published.

☐ I intend to look upon each reader, personally, as a sentry who has taken up the work of doing something (be it ever so little or very much) to help the mouthpiece of the most wonderful and most popular form of entertainment on earth—the *movies.*

Cordially yours,

AUGUSTA CARY,
Editor.

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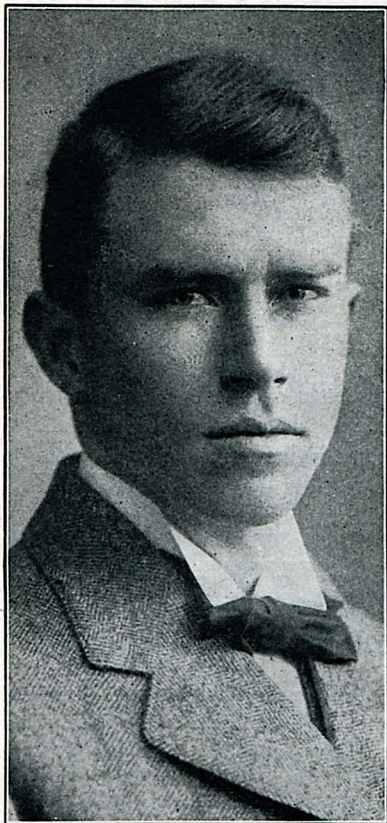
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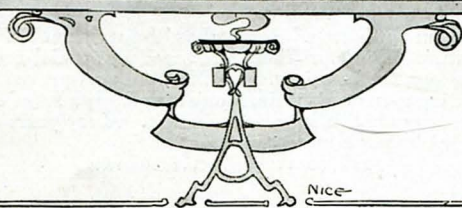


The Above is the Heading of a Two Column Front Page Article in Philadelphia North American, May 22, 1914.

POPULAR PHOTOPLAYERS



ANNA LITTLE
REX FILMS



Nice-

Photo by Mojonier, Los Angeles



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could easily retire on the laurels he earned as "John Storm" in Vitagraph's big and gripping feature "The Christian," produced by special arrangement with the Liebler Company, for in this picture Mr. Williams proved himself one of the foremost leading men of his time, though probably a lot of other Vitagraph dramas paved the way for this supreme triumph. Many years of stage experience preceded his Vitagraph engagement.

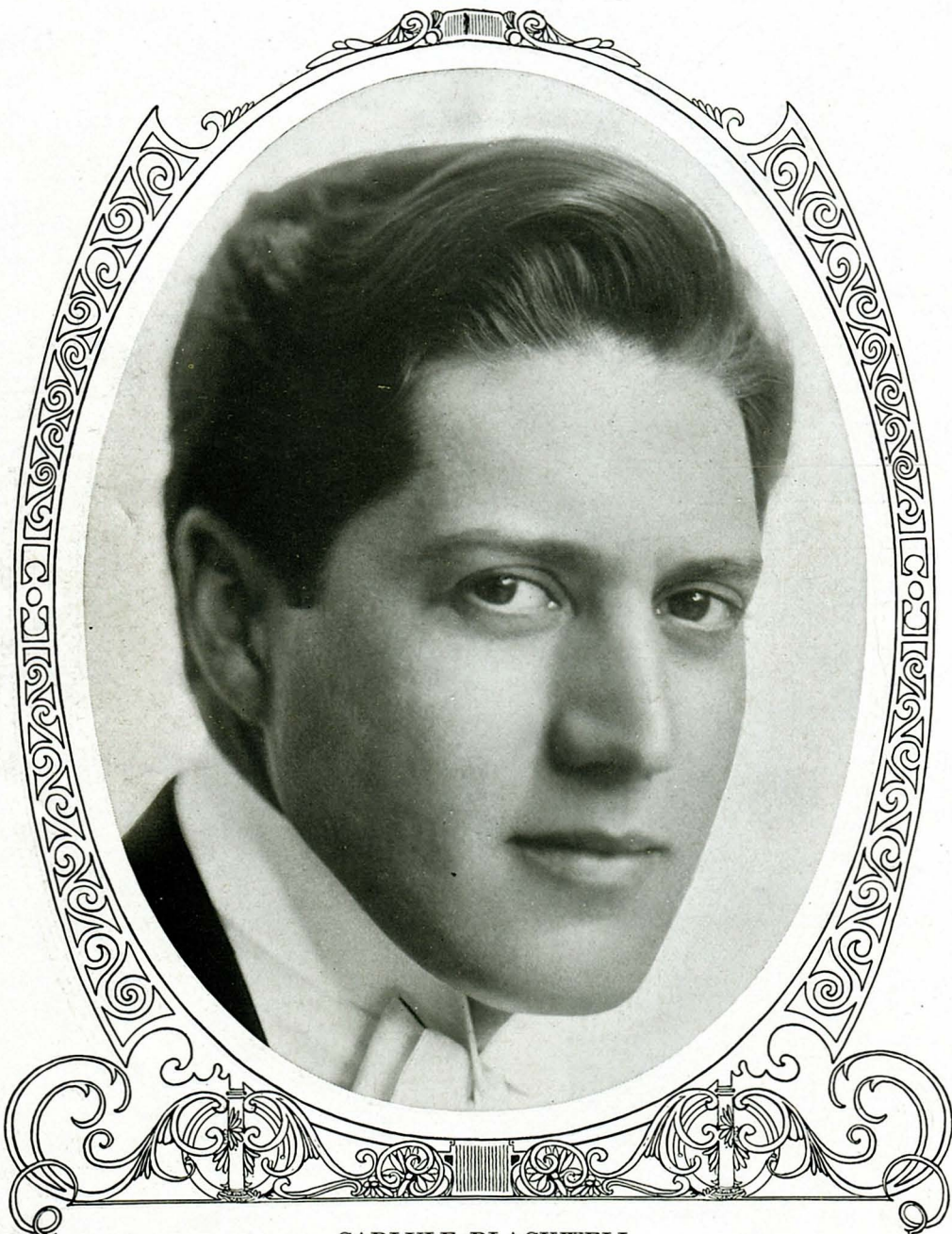
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ETHEL CLAYTON

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Photo by Gilbert Wacon, Phila.



CARLYLE BLACKWELL

recently left the Kalem Company, which he headed for so many seasons, to become a star in several dramas being produced by Famous Players. Still more recently he left for Los Angeles to form a company of his own known as the Favorite Players Films, and is already at work on the first release. Mr. Blackwell developed a large following while with the Kalem Company, and his host of admirers will watch his work with interest.

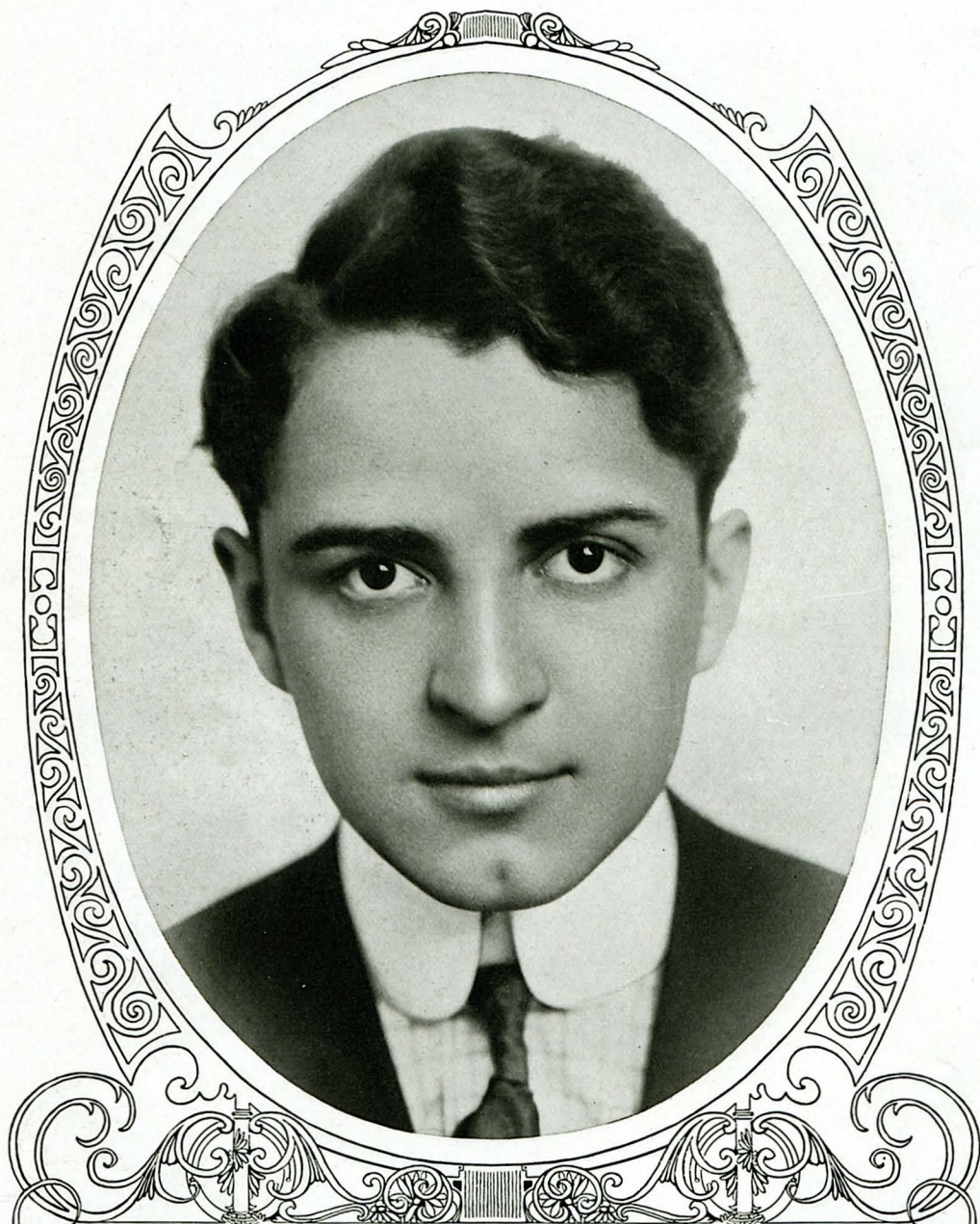
Photo by Mojonier, Los Angeles



EDNA MAYO

a dazzling beauty of the blonde type, is in the future to be seen opposite Carlyle Blackwell in releases of Favorite Players Films, his newly organized company. She has had considerable stage experience and not long ago took the leading part in a six reel Pathe picture called "The Browning Diamond." On the speaking stage she appeared in "Help Wanted," "Excuse Me," and as Helaine in "Madame X." Much may be expected of her.

Photo by Ira L. Hill, New York



BRYANT WASHBURN

the heavy man of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company's eastern stock company, is handsome and popular despite the fact that he plays "villyuns." On the legitimate stage he appeared with George Fawcett in well known successes, with Miss Percy Haswell in stock at Toronto, Canada, and on the road with "The Wolf," "The Remittance Man," "The Great John Ganton," and "The Fighter." Mr. Washburn is a tasty dresser, photographs well and fairly lives the roles he interprets on the screen.

Photo by Matzene, Chicago



ANNA LAUGHLIN

was born in Sacramento, California, and began her stage career at the age of eight. She appeared as Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," then as Little Lord Fauntleroy and in "Editha's Burglar" in the East, and toured the big vaudeville circuit. She created the role of "Dorothy" in "The Wizard of Oz," appeared in numerous other musical comedies and then in films for Reliance. At present she is leading woman of the Life Photo Feature Films.

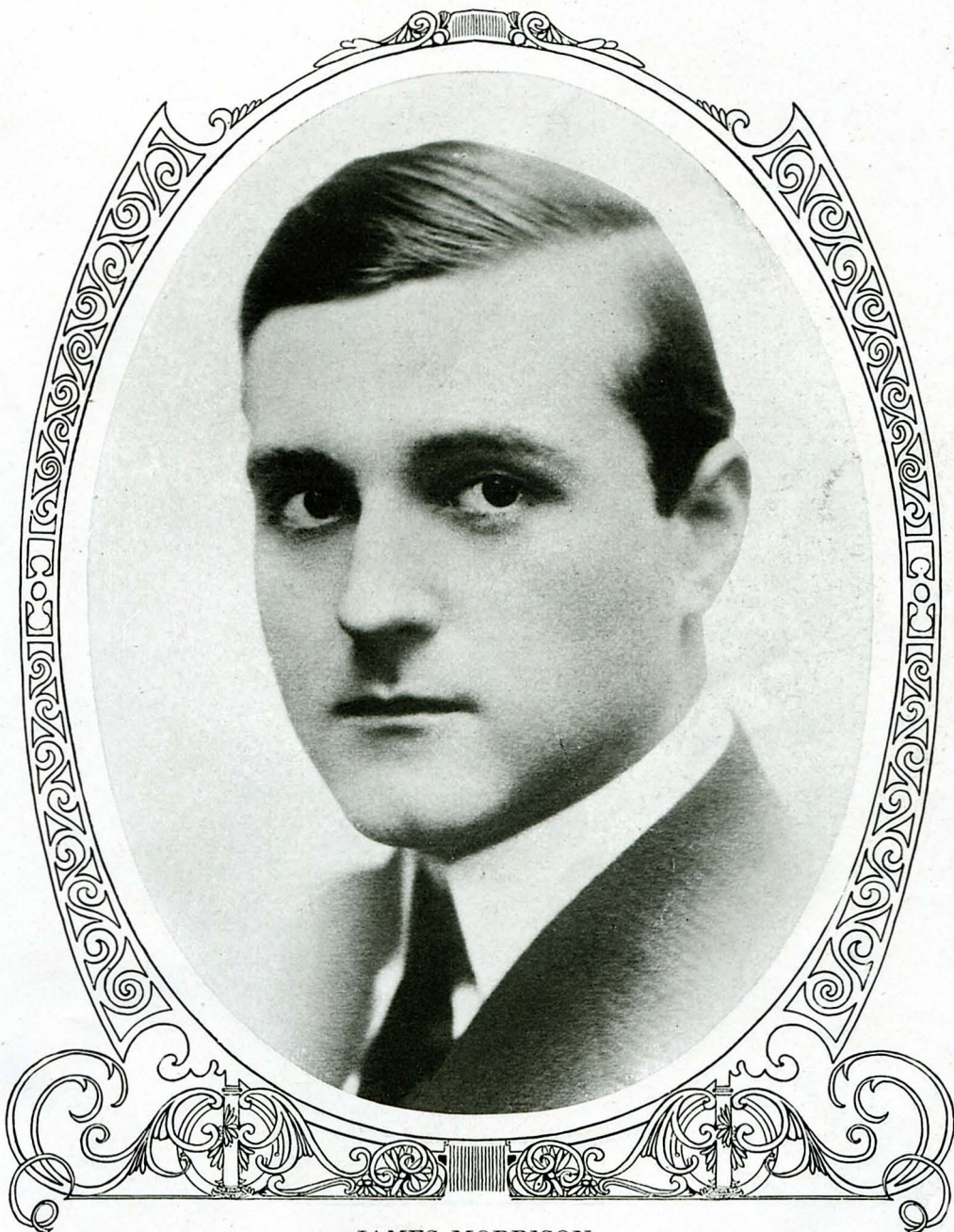
Photo by White, New York



NAOMI CHILDERS

will live long in the minds of photoplay fans for the clever work she did in such Vitagraph releases as "The Woes of a Waitress" and "The Wrong Flat." In the first named production they all recall her as Maime Murray, the waitress, who shook the plumber for the better dressed confidence man. Her work in this film was little short of wonderful and set the whole world laughing. In "The Wrong Flat" she had another wonderful part in the role of "Hilda Brown."

Photo, (C) Vitagraph Co. of Amer.



JAMES MORRISON

Vitagraph star, was born in Mattoon, Illinois, on November 15, 1888, and is of Dutch, English and Scotch ancestry. After graduating from High School and the University of Chicago he attended the American Academy of Dramatic Art, and then appeared in the Marlowe and College stock companies of Chicago, "Brown of Harvard" on the road, and several vaudeville engagements, following which he began his Vitagraph career. He is single and very popular.

Photo, (C) Vitagraph Co. of Amer.



MARY FULLER

as every dyed-in-the-wool fan knows, is the famous Edison leading woman, star of the "Mary" series and heroine of the "Dolly of the Dailies" pictures, who recently left Edisonville to become a Universal star. She used to imagine that she would become an opera star, and spent several years having her voice trained. Then at seventeen she went on the stage, and from that into the world of photoplay, where she scored a tremendous triumph.

Photo by Bradley, New York



WALLY VAN

better known as Vitagraph's "Cutie," was christened Charles Wallace Van Nostrand at his birth, in New Hyde Park, L. I., on September 27, 1880, but in college he acquired the "Wallie Van," and it stuck. He graduated from a technical school as a civil engineer, but later became a leather salesman. Soon after he did work for a few years as an electrical engineer, and then the Vitagraph president employed him to look after the engines of his speed boats. With that as an introduction, he just drifted into the picture game.

Photo, (C) Vitagraph Co. of Amer.



MILDRED HARRIS

the beautiful child seen so frequently in Broncho and Kay Bee films, has the most gorgeous head of natural flaxen curls, large, expressive blue eyes, a perfect nose and mouth, and one of the most classic profiles ever seen on the picture screens. She is a Californian by birth, and her first picture work was done for Western Vitagraph, though of late she has appeared exclusively in Kay Bee and Broncho dramas. She has a private tutor, and her hours away from the studio are spent in study.

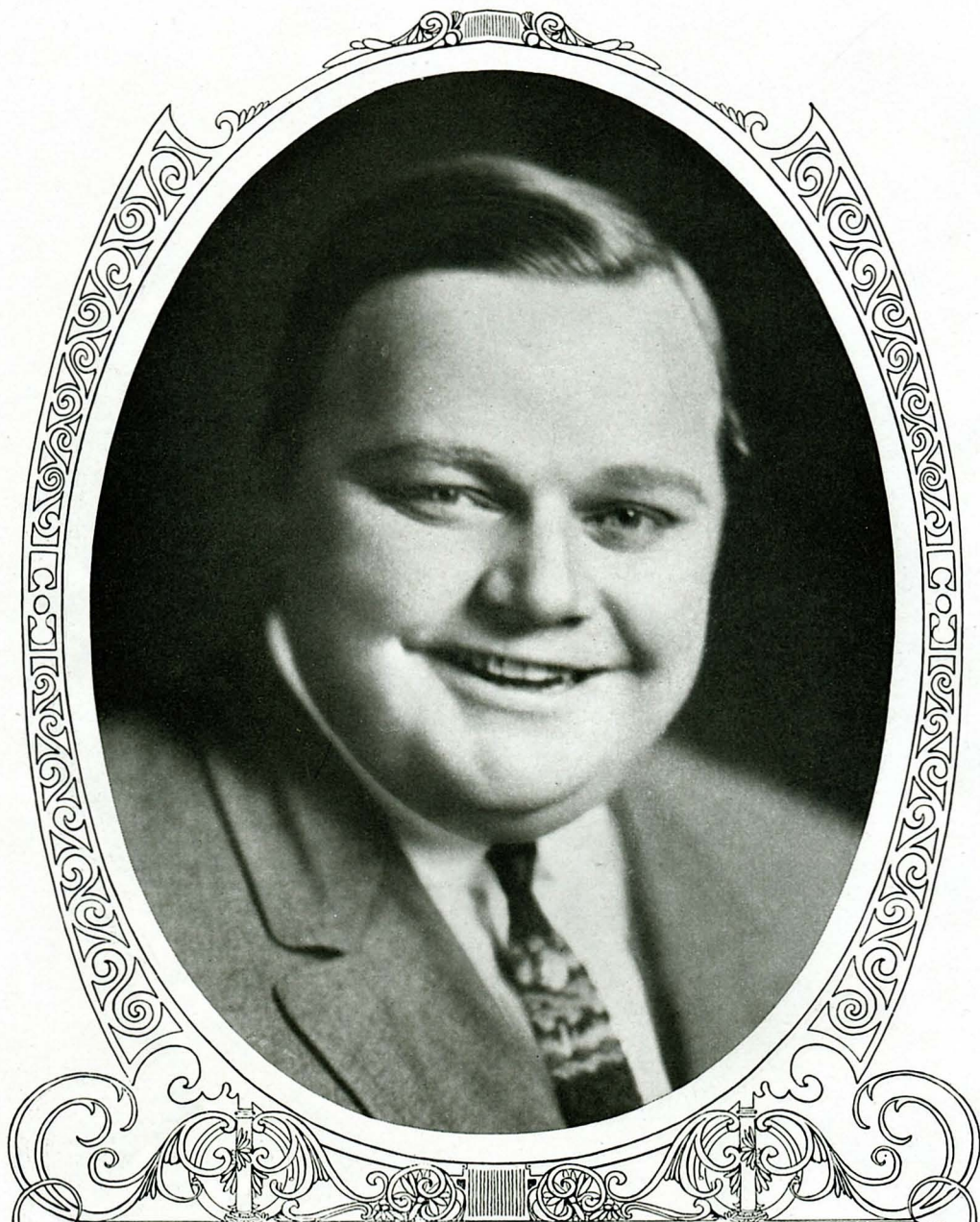
Photo by Witzel, Los Angeles



MATTY ROUBERT

now known throughout the country as "The Universal Boy," did his first work in pictures with the Vitagraph company when Mary Fuller was with them, and it is said to have been the first three reel film ever staged in America. He then appeared with Biograph and with several other companies, but now is being featured in a whole series of Universal films. He has brown hair, snapping hazel eyes and a round, rosy face that makes you like him immediately.

Photo by Unity, New York



ROSCOE ARBUCKLE

the inimitable Keystone comedian, is a living, breathing denial of Frank McIntyre's famous line "Nobody loves a fat man," for Roscoe is undoubtedly fat, and yet everybody adores him. He has probably caused more laughs, endured more bumps and bruises, and come up smiling at the end, than any other comedian, for playing in those Keystone comedies is anything but fun for those engaged in the "rough stuff," though Arbuckle delights in his work, and would not change places with any other comedian in the business.

Photo by Witzel, Los Angeles



FRANCELIA BILLINGTON

now a star of the Majestic Motion Picture Company, played her first role with the New York Motion Picture Company, and soon afterwards appeared in a small role with the Thanhouser western company. A New York critic called attention to her, and almost over night she graduated from a "supe" to the important position of a leading woman. Some months ago she was transferred to the Majestic studio and is doing splendid work there.

Photo by Witzel, Los Angeles



Photo by Bangs, New York

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF FLORENCE LAWRENCE

PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

"THE FILM BOOK"

VOL. VI. NO. 6

NOV., 1914

Editorial Announcement

ON the page following is begun the first installment of a story which the editors of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE believe to be the most valuable contribution to motion picture literature up to this time—the authentic life-story of the most remarkable motion picture actress of today, Florence Lawrence, whose following throughout the civilized world is far greater than that of any star of the legitimate stage.

Few people, even those intimately engaged in the production side of the film play, know the history of the motion picture's growth almost over night, into the fourth largest industry in the world. In this intensely interesting story you will find not only an account of the trials and tribulations which beset the path of beloved "Flo" Lawrence—the original "Biograph Girl"—and "The Victor Queen" of today, but you will learn, incidentally, of the trials and tribulations that have harassed other pioneers in this huge new industry.

Although Miss Lawrence's achievements have all been made in a field which has been invaded by many women and with conspicuous success, it would be difficult, indeed, to duplicate her history. For Florence Lawrence is the only motion picture actress in the world who has been continuously before the camera ever since the picture play became more than a novelty, its ascendancy dating back to the spring of 1907. Since that time Miss Lawrence has seen service in many studios and has been associated with the biggest people in the industry, as well as with many present day film stars. Did you know that Florence Lawrence, Arthur Johnson, and Mary Pickford were once members of the same company? That Mack Sennet, of Keystone fame, was once Biograph's chief "villain"? That King Baggot broke into the movies by having his shoes shined? Miss Lawrence's story is full of anecdotes and stories of just such people as these, as well as with many wise and witty observations about studio life in general and studio folk in particular.

The first installment starts off with an introduction by Monte M. Katterjohn, Miss Lawrence's collaborator, in which he details the early history of this talented actress up to the time when she went into the movies, and at that point Miss Lawrence herself takes up the narrative. The story will run in several successive issues of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, illustrated, as is this one with photographs of Miss Lawrence and of the scenes of her activities and triumphs.



Florence Lawrence at 18. Shortly After She Made Her Debut as a Motion Picture Actress.

Growing the

By Florence Lawrence

America's Foremost

*The Authentic and Romantic
the Maude Adams*

AN INTRODUCTION BY MONTE M. KATTERJOHN

ALMOST eight years ago—just after Christmas in 1906, to be exact—a fragile, fair-haired slip of a girl not yet seventeen years of age, applied for a position as “extra” actress at one of the three motion picture studios then in existence in the whole United States. That particular studio was located on the roof of a twelve-story building at 41 East Twenty-First Street, New York City. It must have been Destiny’s wish that the nervous little applicant, who leaned far across the railing in asking for work, be engaged, for, more than any other one woman, she has helped to make the motion picture industry what it is today.

Florence Lawrence was the name of that seventeen year old girl. Even today she wonders how it ever came about and just what influence aided her, that she alone out of a host of other applicants was selected that chilly December morning to play a very prominent part in what was intended to be an authentic picturization of an incident in the life of Daniel Boone. She maintains that several girls with far more dramatic experience and “much prettier” than her-

self were among the applicants. And this is one of the peculiar phases of the character and nature of Florence Lawrence. In spite of the fact that countless thousands consider her one of the prettiest of screen actresses, she does not think so herself. Also, she does not believe she is a very good actress. She studies day after day and night after night to improve her work. She is intense.

The fact remains, however, that “Little Flo,” as her relatives and friends called her in those days, was engaged and some seven days later began at the Edison studio a career in a profession as strangely new as are the inside workings of the whole motion picture industry to the lay mind even today.

By toil and perseverance, a willingness to accept set-backs as the most natural things in the world, indomitable courage and strength of mind to plan for the future—never complaining, never boasting, she has climbed to the pinnacle of her profession. Her patience, loyalty, and nobleness in the face of irritating and disappointing forces have, next to her natural talent, been her chief assets. As one who has followed her motion picture life from the time she made her studio debut, I can truthfully say that petty passions, egotism, and personal irritations have never marred a single production in which she has appeared, and it is to be noted that she has been appearing in the movies longer than any other motion picture actress. More than a thousand photoplays have recorded her original and delightful personality—a personality absolutely unlike that of any other motion picture player.

Up with Movies

In Collaboration with
Monte M. Katterjohn

Moving Picture Actress

Story of Florence Lawrence— of the Movies

I have enjoyed watching "Flo" Lawrence grow up with the movies, for I am to the motion picture play what the old theatre-goer is to the stage. I have been a "regular" so long I can't remember just when and where I witnessed a motion picture for the first time. I have missed few Florence Lawrence pictures, for to me she has always been a super-delight of the screen. Naturally, I feel that I know her work.

Her whimsical ideas of comedy are a part of her natural self, and this, linked with her talent, her intensely human nature, her loveliness, life and animation, is more than sufficient reason why she is America's foremost moving picture actress.

From the Edison studio Miss Lawrence went to the Vitagraph Company, to become a member of the first stock company ever organized by J. Stuart Blackton. Next, she joined the first stock company ever maintained by the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company, which is now known as the Biograph Company.

As the leading lady of most of the early Biograph dramas and comedies, she attained great popularity, becoming known all over the United States and throughout Great Britain. That was long before the film manufacturers felt it necessary to flash the cast of characters of a photoplay on the screen preceding the showing of the play.

First as "The Biograph Girl," and then as "Mrs. Jonesy" of a famous Biograph comedy series of pictures, Miss Lawrence was known to millions. Her real name was never known to the picture patrons of those days. I remember writing a letter to the American



A Particularly Attractive Picture of the Florence Lawrence of Today.

Mutoscope and Biograph Company asking for information as to her identity, and whether or not she had ever appeared on the stage before taking up motion picture work. My letter was never answered though I enclosed a stamped and self-addressed envelope for reply. No one knew "The Biograph Girl" by her real name, not even those interested in other avenues of the film industry, as is proven by a criticism in one of the trade journals of those days, which lies before me.

"Of course, the chief honors of the picture are borne by the now famous Biograph Girl, who must be gratified by the silent celebrity she has achieved," wrote the critic, who seemed to be as much in the dark concerning her identity as were her admirers. "This lady," he continued in his criticism, "combines with very great personal attraction, very fine dramatic ability indeed."

The name of Florence Lawrence was heralded far and near by the owners of the Independent Moving Picture Company when "The Biograph Girl" began to appear in picture plays bearing the Imp brand. This was probably due to the fact that Imp films were the first independent pictures to be produced in America, and the owners felt it necessary to employ the popularity of a screen star to dispose of their films. At least, it marked



At Six Years of Age, "Little Flo" Made a Great Hit, with "Come, Help Me Tie My Shoestring," a Song Written Especially for Her by One of Her Mother's Friends

the first use of a picture player's name in the same way a stage celebrity's name is employed. Of these incidents, Miss Lawrence will have much to say when she recalls the growth of the independent faction of the picture industry.

Shortly after the Independent Moving Picture Company had secured the services of "The Biograph Girl," a great wail was sent up by the proprietors of picture theatres all over the country, whose patrons had grown to love the sweet little lady of Biograph pictures. Hundreds of letters were received by the owners of the Biograph Company asking concerning the whereabouts of "The Biograph Girl." Exhibitors urged them to re-secure her services. There were many who ceased exhibiting Biograph pictures entirely, substituting the new Imp films. Such was the power of a motion picture star's popularity even at

a time when nobody really knew who she might be.

This fact is clearly proven by turning to the issues of the various trade journals and picture papers of those days. "The Moving Picture World" was then publishing a weekly department known as "Comments on the Films." The department scribe made an error when he spoke of the leading lady who replaced Miss Lawrence in Biograph photoplays as "The Biograph Girl," whereupon that publication received letters from motion picture exhibitors located in every state in the Union taking exception to the statement. One of those letters was reproduced in "The Moving Picture World" under the head, "The Judgment of Paris," and served as *prima facie* evidence of the popularity of "The Biograph Girl." The letter read as follows:

"I have the honor to announce that your man who writes 'Comments on the Films' is crazy as a bed-bug. I have just read what that worthy gentleman has to say regarding the Biograph picture, 'Through the Breakers,' and note that he says 'The Biograph Girl' plays the leading role."

"That picture was shown in Coos Bay, Oregon, the past week,

Another of Florence's Songs was "Roses of Love"



She was Just Three When She Sang and Danced to "Down in a Shady Dell" between Acts. Her Mother Was, at That Time, Leading Woman with the Lawrence Dramatic Company



and at which time I witnessed it. The leading lady isn't 'The Biograph Girl' at all. Whoever she is, she is all right, very pretty, a superb and charming actress, and in every way adorable, but she is not 'The Biograph Girl.'

"'The Biograph Girl' who won all the hearts, male and female, in this neck of the woods, was the one who used to play 'Mrs. Jonesy' in the famous 'Jonesy' comedies made by the Biograph Company. I could mention a lot more of her plays, but I can designate her best as 'Mrs. Jonesy.' She has not appeared in any Biograph pictures shown out this way for months and months, and the Biograph people ought to be lynched for letting her get away. She is, or was, appearing in a new brand of films called 'The Imp,' and played the leading role in 'The Forest Ranger's Daughter,' which was shown here on a special occasion. Look in the Independent Moving Picture Company's advertisement in almost any issue of your own magazine and you will see a picture of her. I think they call her Florence Lawrence.

"Anyway, she was 'The Biograph Girl,' and I am confident you could find about

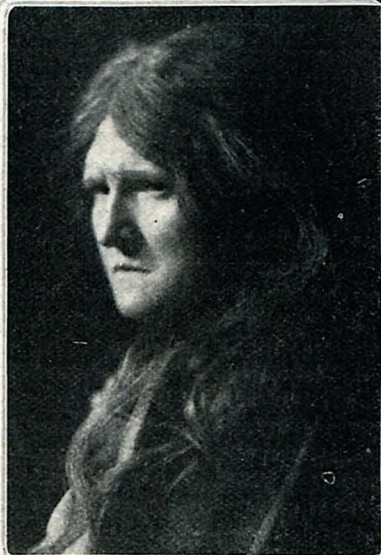
When it Came to Making Up for Such a Part as This, Lotta Lawrence Always Proved Herself a Real Artist



Lotta Lawrence, Florence Lawrence's Mother, as She Appears Today



This Picture of Florence and Her Mother was Taken at the Time When They Appeared Together in Edison's Production of "Daniel Boone," Their First Picture Performance



eight million people in the United States who would agree with me.

You could find a lot of them in this town.

"As 'The Biograph Girl,' Miss Lawrence, if that is really her name, was simply out of sight—unapproachable. She was in a class by herself. In every part she played she was an exquisite delight. Whether comic, pathetic, dramatic, tragic, or anything else, she simply took the rag right off the pole. The power

of expression that lay in her features was nothing less than marvelous, and the lightning changes were a wonder. In fact, she was a wonder at everything. Her versatility would be unbelievable if a fellow hadn't seen it. I have watched her play 'Mrs. Jonesy' in a tantrum, and the following week seen her as a Russian Nihilist girl. I have watched her as a mother, as a highly polished society lady, and also as a Western girl when she would straddle a cayuse and ride like a wild Indian. To see her take these widely varying parts and play each as though she were in her native element, with every pose and motion and expression in perfect harmony with the character

has indeed been a revelation to myself and the picture patrons of Coos Bay. And to see her in a love scene was enough to draw a fellow right across the continent, if he were not fifty years old and married, and broke.

"And so now you think someone else is 'The Biograph Girl!'" If you think I am off my base, just go and see that girl in some Imp picture, and you'll soon discover that 'The Biograph Girl' of yesterday is 'The Imp Girl' of today. I wish she would return to Biograph films because they seem to know just what sort of plays to cast her in so as to bring

The Role Created by Miss Lawrence in the Lubin Release "The Slavey" is a Deservedly Famous One



A Scene from the Lubin Photoplay, "The Bachelor," with Arthur Johnson and Florence Lawrence as Co-Stars



out her talent. Also, that new brand of films is not shown out here."

The above letter is typical of the spirit of all the others received by the various trade journals as well as by the Biograph Company, itself. The public wanted to see its favorite actress.

The owners of the Independent Moving Picture Company demonstrated to the industry that the creation of motion picture favorites was a wise move, and soon other companies began announcing the identity of their players and advertising them heavily. Some forged to the front by reason of merit. Others were foisted on the public by spread-eagle advertising. Prior to that time the movies had been simply a money-making fad, exploited at carnivals, street fairs, and the like, although even then a large number of picture theatres were in existence throughout the United States—about 5,000, to be exact. When the multitude of picture patrons came to have favorite players the primitive stage of the picture industry was passed.

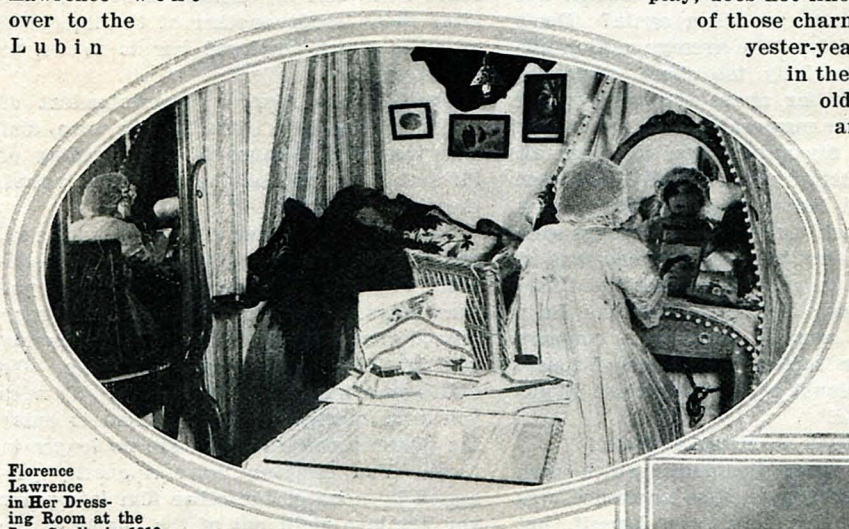
Florence Turner, Gilbert M. Anderson, Arthur Johnson, Mary Pickford, Marion Leon-

ard, King Baggot and Maurice Costello were other film players who became popular favorites of the public, and who shared honors with Miss Lawrence.

After a year in Imp productions, Miss Lawrence went over to the Lubin

which they list their favorites in consecutive order. The names of Florence Lawrence and Arthur Johnson predominate about three to one.

Who, among the followers of the picture play, does not like to recall some of those charming dramas of yester-year? Linger in the memory of the old picture fan are such notable Lubin produc-



Florence Lawrence in Her Dressing Room at the Imp Studio in 1910

A Splendid Bit of Acting Was Done by Miss Lawrence in This Fire Scene in Which She Was Carried Down from the Third Story of a Blazing Building

Company where she played opposite Arthur Johnson, lately of the Reliance players, and who had been associated with her at the Biograph studio. This new connection brought both of these players even greater popularity than ever before, the Lawrence-Johnson team proving the greatest box-office magnet ever known to filmdom. I doubt if two players have ever appeared in pictures who won more response than did these two. Arthur Johnson and Florence Lawrence reached the hearts of the public so unmistakably that hundreds of exhibitors have urged the re-issuing of all Lubin productions in which they appeared. Like the Mary Pickford pictures now being re-issued by the Biograph Company, the Lawrence-Johnson photoplays were far in advance of their time, and would be welcomed today as on a par with the so-called feature offerings.

"I love a great many of the film people, but, oh, you Florence Lawrence and Arthur Johnson," wrote a little Kentucky girl to "The Dramatic Mirror" under the date of June 7th, 1911. "I think they are really the best on the moving picture stage," she continued, "and I think it is a shame the players can't know how we all love to see them and how much the world is learning to love them."

If one doubts the popularity of the Lawrence-Johnson Lubin pictures, let him turn to the files of the dramatic and motion picture papers during the year of 1911. He will find hundreds of letters from exhibitors, exchangemen, and picture patrons in



tions as "Her Humble Ministry," "The Hymn," "Opportunity and the Man," "A Fascinating Bachelor," "That Awful Brother," "The Slavey," "His Chorus Girl Wife," and "The Gypsy." Who among you who witnessed these charming comedy dramas but would not like to see them again? Don't you think the life of the average motion picture play is entirely too short, especially when it stands far above the average? I like to recall the memorable offerings of past years and, in my mind's eye, see them all over again. Better yet, I would like to see them re-issued that I might compare them with the productions of today. Perhaps such a move would tend to check the mad rush of manufacturers to produce slapstick and burlesque comedies. You who recall the Lawrence-Johnson comedy dramas — compare them with the screen vulgarities of today. There's little doubt as to which class of picture you prefer.

But let us back to Miss Lawrence!

The Victor Film Company, which next claimed the services of Miss Lawrence, was organized by Miss Lawrence, herself, but later became the property of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. During the first year of Victor plays that name belonged exclusively to Miss Lawrence and her productions. Following the transfer of the Victor Company to the Universal, productions of other than Florence Lawrence manufacture were released under the Victor brand.

But Victor pictures with Miss Lawrence have never fallen into disrepute. After her first year of work under this new brand she deserted the movie studio for the life of a country gentlewoman, taking up rose culture on her beautiful farm in New Jersey, thirty minutes by motor from New York City. The whole world of motion picture patrons rose up as one man with a demand that she return. Every editor of a motion picture newspaper or magazine can testify to thousands of letters received from all over the world asking anxiously about the little star who had graced the screen for so long. They desired to know if there was any likelihood of her returning to her former work, and if so, when. Even Miss Lawrence received nearly a thousand letters, all of them pleading with her to go back to the motion picture stage.

"Though I am only a little crippled girl, I pray every night that you will take up moving picture work once more, and help

me to forget that I am crippled and ugly," reads one of the touching letters received by Miss Lawrence, and which she has saved and treasured.

"I love mother most, my sweet Flo Lawrence next, and my Sunday school teacher after that," reads another of the treasured missives which implored her to return to the screen.

Another was from a superintendent of public schools in a little Florida town, and was treasured because of the standing of its author as well as the sentiment voiced therein. It reads:

"My wife and I have decided to write you, and if possible, learn if there is any possibility of your returning to the moving picture plays. We both love you, and have missed very few of your plays since seeing you in Tampa almost six years ago. We didn't even know your name then. We miss you very much, and do not seem to enjoy the pictures now that you are no longer in them. You certainly have a quality possessed by none of the other film ladies, for you get love right out of the hearts of the motion picture fans. My wife calls you 'Little Flo,' and says she is surely going to meet you when we go to New York next summer. We both adore you, and hope that illness is not the cause of your absence from the pictures."

There are few actresses who can resist pleas of such a nature. These letters of sincere affection were of greater value than even the tonics and medicines of her physician, for Miss Lawrence really was ill, suffering a nervous breakdown caused by her constant and unflagging work before the camera. The strain of portraying comedy roles had been too arduous, and so, at the height of her popularity, she had retired to her roses and her farm to rusticate and grow strong again.

Though her resolve to abandon the motion picture studio was a sincere one, she had not figured on the effect of the pleadings of countless thousands. And when she became well again, she was anxious to achieve greater triumphs. It was the call of art, a call that only those who have experienced it can appreciate. It is a craving for expression—a hot desire to live, and to develop, and to master even greater things.

And so it was with Florence Lawrence. She had achieved much as a portrayeur of comedy drama roles, and now desired to

take up a more serious side of photoplay acting. It will be recalled that up to this time she had been practically identified with comedy. It was her desire to excel as a portrayer of serious roles, coupled with the obligation she felt was due her many friends, that brought her back again to Victor plays after twelve months of rest and recreation.

That she triumphed again is well known. Victor photoplays of the past year testify convincingly to this fact. Florence Lawrence dramas, like Florence Lawrence comedies, will be long remembered for the splendid acting and inspiration back of them. The quality which distinguishes them from all other photoplays is undefinable—a something possessed by Miss Lawrence, and Miss Lawrence alone—which demands and rivets the attention.

The space of years since Miss Lawrence began are the years in which the motion picture industry has grown up. Today, it is the fourth largest industry in the world, and as I have shown, Florence Lawrence has been in it during all that time. Of her experiences,

She was an Errant Little Tomboy and Quite Irresistible in the Lubin Film, "An American Girl"



Photo by Bangs, New York

Florence Lawrence is One of the Few Motion Picture Actresses Who Seem Perfectly at Home in Either Drama or Comedy

her work, the people she knew, and the events which transpired, she will tell you herself much better than I can.

Miss Lawrence was born in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, and began her stage career when three years old. Her mother, Lotta Lawrence, was an actress, and as leading lady of the Lawrence Dramatic Company, was compelled to take "Baby Florence" with her on her tours. Though I say she began her stage career at three she

Photo by Bangs, New York
One of a Series of Uncommonly Attractive Photographs Taken of Miss Lawrence in 1913, Just After She Had Renewed Her Contract to Appear in Victor Photoplays

actually graced the footlights when not yet a year old, being carried on all wrapped in a fluffy blanket in most of the stock plays given by Mrs. Lawrence's repertoire players.

But it was at the age of three that she made her debut as a player of real parts and as an entertainer between the acts. "Down in the Shady Dell" was one of her favorite songs. She also learned to dance, and would come out on the stage while her mother was doing a song and dance specialty and assist her. The audience would see the child come on and think it an



error, until she joined her mother and began to mimic her steps, and then a storm of cheers and applause would always follow.

"Baby Florence, the Child Wonder," was a name she gained at this early age. Though her mother did not encourage her to do stage work, she did not oppose her, and "Little Flo" seemed to delight in contriving ways which would necessitate her appearance before an audience. She would insist upon being "property" and when the curtain was raised for the first act, she would be discovered occupying the center of the stage, intensely interested in some book she had found about the theatre, though just able to say three letters of the alphabet. The players who came on would either have to disregard her entirely or pretend she was really a character in the play.

Mrs. Lawrence found it necessary to make up parts for "Baby Florence" in nearly every play or else she would be very bad and horrid and cry just outside the wings during the progress of the performance. It was a hard matter to keep her in her mother's dressing room. But this fact was just an early demonstration of her desire to become a great actress, for she would watch the actors and actresses from the wings night after night and later, they would discover her mimicking them.

The Lawrence Dramatic Company made several tours of the United States. From the time that "Little Flo" was big enough to walk across the stage she appeared before a huge public. Little Lord Fauntleroy was one of her parts, and she played it almost a hundred times. But she preferred doing specialty "stunts" to playing roles, and at six years of age scored heavily by singing "Come Help Me Tie My Shoe-String," a song which was written especially for her by one of her mother's friends. From babyhood, she evidenced a liking for anything which provoked laughter. She learned to wink at her audience the very first time she ever appeared on the stage alone.

The repertoire company gave many performances of pathetic plays like "East Lynne," and "Dora Thorne," and these seemed to depress "Little Flo" to such an extent that she would often cry herself to sleep. She told her mother that she didn't think they ought to make people cry, because people didn't feel good when they cried. The incident so affected Mrs. Lawrence that from then on the more pathetic

plays were almost entirely dropped from their work.

And even today when Miss Lawrence enacts what, in studio parlance, is known as a sob scene, she sheds real tears, and becomes so worked up over her part that she makes it vitally real, even though it is at considerable emotional cost to herself. An atmosphere of reality pervades the entire studio, affecting everyone from the leading man to the property boys, and real tears flow freely. Such scenes frequently grip Miss Lawrence for several days, affecting her to such an extent that she is unable to work. Her director will never permit her to appear in a death-bed scene.

It was only recently that Miss Lawrence read a pitifully real story about a young girl who became a "dope" fiend. It had a tremendous effect on her and a few days later she asked that the story be purchased and scenarioized that she might portray the role of the unfortunate girl, thus bringing the curse of cocaine and morphine vividly before the public.

Her director had observed how intensely Miss Lawrence had studied the character, and how strongly she believed she could portray the role so as to stir up public feeling, but he feared nervous prostration might result from her attempting the part, and so he objected strenuously, finally banishing the whole matter from her mind by interesting her in a rollicking comedy drama—the sort which portrays a romantic young maid as a desperate flirt, snubbing the suitor she loves best that she may make up with him later—and it appealed to her whimsical nature more strongly than did the "dope" story to her serious side. At least the comedy won.

"But if I hadn't had that comedy story at my finger tips she would have brooded over that unfortunate girl of the fiction story until she had had her way," the director told me.

"Little Flo's" education was not slighted because her mother was an actress. Mrs. Lawrence, while not objecting to her daughter's being on the stage, feared she might form an intense dislike for school. Nor did she believe that "Flo" would be content to be away from her mother while attending school. Though still heading her own repertoire company, Mrs. Lawrence moved from Hamilton, Ont., while her daughter was still very young, going to Buffalo, New York, where her daughter took up her studies quite



In a Recent Victor Release, "A Singular Cynic," She Did a Light Comedy Part to Perfection

like any other child. Miss Lawrence lived with her mother a part of the time, relatives and friends caring

Last Winter the Victor Company Worked in the Adirondacks for Several Weeks Where Miss Lawrence "Roughed It" with the Enthusiasm of a 14 Year Old.



She Loves to Play the Part of a Mother. The Scene Shown Here is from a Picture Called "The Influence of Sympathy"



misdeemeanors of school rooms. She was full of life and animation, and at times would endeavor to endear herself to her teachers, only to display suddenly a stubbornness as impregnable as the rock of Gibraltar. She was vivacious and sprightly, and beloved of her classmates because she was constantly making them laugh.

When it came to the holiday programs which consisted in the recital of verses, and the singing of songs, "Little Flo" was always the chief entertainer. Though she did not assume the serious task of helping to arrange the programs, she did, in a most matter of fact way, take a big part, and help her girl friends. Her teachers knew better than to try to dictate just what "Flo" should do, as she always selected her own speeches and songs many days ahead and informed her teacher of her plans. Frequently she would recite her speech or sing her song in advance.

"Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight!" was one of her favorites. If her audience applauded she would respond with an encore, with charming enthusiasm.

Miss Lawrence passed her girlhood in the city of Buffalo, and graduated from school No. 10 on Delaware avenue. Immediately following the completion of her school course she returned to the stage, remaining before the footlights until her mother closed with her repertoire company, when she took up motion picture work.

The mother of Florence Lawrence was one of the best actresses of her day, and though distinctly inclined to do comedy, she did some of her best work as a portrayer of more serious roles. She was most versatile, and as leading lady of her own company which produced all sorts of plays, comedy, drama, melodrama and tragedy, she had played no less than five hundred different roles. She proved a real artist when it came to making up for a character such as an old hag, a "painted lady" or a stern New England mother.

Fortune was not kind to Mrs. Lotta Lawrence, and it was a struggle for her to care for her two sons and "Little Flo" until they could care for themselves. Of recent years she has been fortunate. She has turned business woman and deals in real estate and farm lands. She has invested wisely, and has profited through the development of the mineral resources of certain sections of Canada. She resides near Toronto, visiting her daughter at New York and at her New Jersey farm several months every year.

"When Florence was just a tiny girl," says the mother, "she told Daniel Sully, the well known actor manager, that she was going to become a famous actress when she grew up. She was sincere about it too.

"Then you must be my leading woman," said Mr. Sully, to which the child agreed. She was hardly four years old at the time.

"Florence has always been very ambitious, and she has always striven for something high and good. As a girl she displayed such indomitable ambition that I did not doubt for a minute but that she would become a really famous actress. When she took up motion picture work I was inclined to frown upon the work. Now I am glad she did, though my mind was then set on having her follow the stage as a career after she had convinced me that she would never

be satisfied with any other kind of life. I am what some people term an actress of the old school, and even today, am inclined to think that much that occurred in my day was far superior to present practice, but still I am convinced that it is now possible for one to gain a greater fame in the motion picture field than ever was or is possible on the stage."

One's first meeting with Florence Lawrence is in the nature of a readjustment, but it is none the less refreshing. One rather expects to find a somewhat larger, more mature person than is Miss Lawrence. Yet at the same time you almost imagine her stepping right out of the screen toward you.

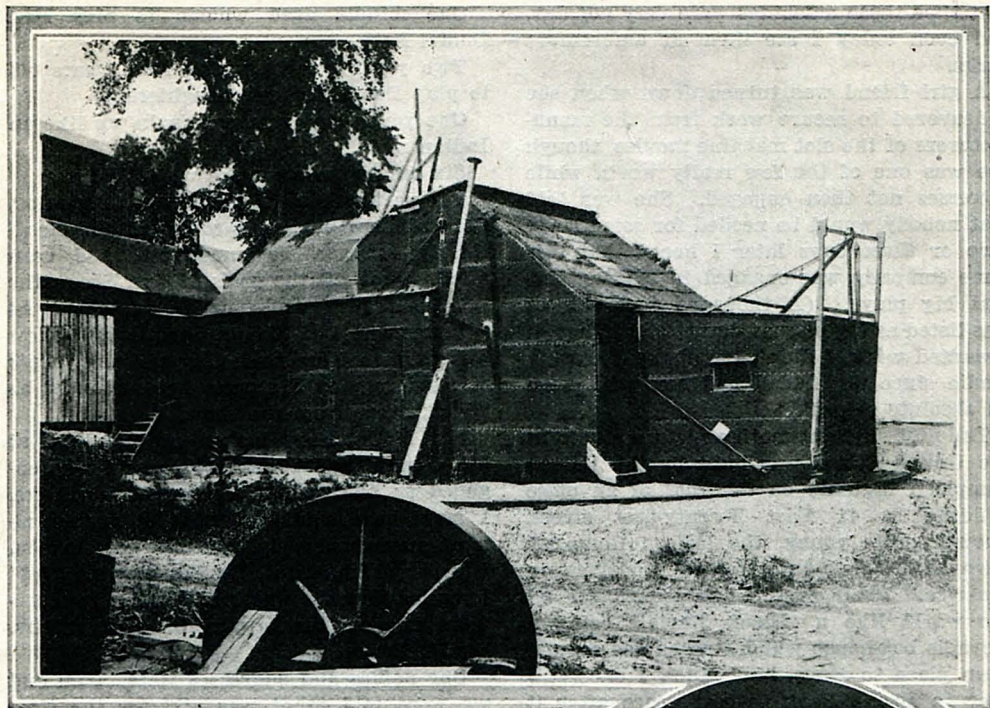
The little lady herself is wont to place a wrong construction upon the attitude of her friends when they first meet her, for she always feels that people are disappointed in her.

Disappointment, on the contrary, is the last feeling to which anyone is open, for she is all that the camera represents her to be and more. All the spontaneity and natural charm are there in flesh and blood, and she proves quite the living ideal of those who have ever admired her from afar. She is a very straightforward little person, like a delicate piece of Dresden china in appearance, with much spirit and animation thrown in. After meeting and talking with her one feels that he has not only met and talked with America's foremost moving picture actress, but also, that he has met a woman of brilliant attainments, one who is amply fitted to become a leader in the gigantic world tasks about us.

FLORENCE LAWRENCE TAKES UP THE STORY

Before I had ever acted in front of a moving picture camera I had witnessed only a very few dramatic pictures. Most of the film plays I had seen prior to my initial work for the Thomas A. Edison Company were travelogues, chase-comedies, and impossible pictures like that of an engine climbing over mountains and house-tops, for instance.

These were just short length subjects. Also, there were then a great many pictures of very commonplace happenings; a boot-black shining a pair of shoes, a horse eating hay, or a man kissing his wife. I do not



The First Edison Studio. Likewise the First Motion Picture Studio in the United States. Built on a Truck so that it could be Moved about with Facility. Courtesy, Thomas A. Edison

mean that all the moving pictures of eight years ago were of this sort, but that the bulk of those I had witnessed were.

I do recall seeing a photoplay in which the late Joseph Jefferson appeared as "Rip Van Winkle," another portraying the life of a New York City fireman, several comedies of very short length which ridiculed the New York City police force, and still another called "Moonshiners." I have since learned that the last named picture was the first dramatic picture play to be produced in the United States.

It seems strange to me that I did not see "The Great Train Robbery" which was produced by the Edison Company, as I have since read that it was one of the very first pictures ever made which was one thousand feet in length, and also, that it was the strongest dramatic picture available for almost a year. Even today I have never seen that picture.

To me, in those days, motion pictures were quite a novelty. In theatrical circles in New York it was said that a company known as the American Mutoscope and Biograph Com-



Edwin S. Porter, the Edison Company's Manager of Negative Production at the Time "Daniel Boone" was Produced

pany was anxious to secure actors and actresses to appear in five minute sketches which they were photographing. Prints were made from the films, which were cut apart and pasted on flexible cards. These were then placed in consecutive order so as to make continuous action when rifflled, and fastened in a circular holder. There are thousands of people who will recall the five-cent slot machine which showed moving pictures—just little acts, in which all the action took place in one room or in one spot. At

that time these machines were very popular, and even today I see them at amusement parks.

A girl friend was turned down when she endeavored to secure work from the manufacturers of the slot machine movies, though she was one of the few really worth while actresses not then engaged. She was told that nobody would be needed for some time. Two or three days later I heard that this same company was engaged in making several big plays. (A thousand foot subject was listed as big play at that time.) Though I wanted work, I didn't try at the Biograph studio since my friend had met with such an absolute refusal.

The first skylight motion picture studio in the United States was built by the Edison Company, high up on the roof of an office building at 41 East Twenty-first street. Though quite young, the Edison Company were then the oldest picture producers in America. Their first studio looked for all the world like a "Black Maria," being a movable box-house which was hauled around from place to place, and which I once saw over in Bronx Park several years after it had been discarded.

My mother heard that Mr. Edwin S. Porter, then the chief producer and manager at the Edison studio on Twenty-first street, was engaging people to appear in an historical play. I decided to see him at once. My mother accompanied me to the studio.

The news of intended activity on the part of the Edison people must have been pretty generally known, for there were some twenty or thirty actors and actresses ahead of us that cold December morning. I think it was on December 27th, 1906. At least it was during the holidays. Everybody was trying to talk to Mr. Porter at one time, and a Mr. Wallace McCutcheon, who was directing Edison pictures under Mr. Porter, was fingering three or four sheets of paper, which I found later were the scenario.

Mr. Porter and Mr. McCutcheon conferred together and Mr. Porter announced that only twelve people were needed for the entire cast, and that some of these had been engaged. He next read off some notes he had made during his conference with Mr. McCutcheon, about as follows:

One character man who can make up to look like Daniel Boone.

One character man to play Daniel Boone's companion.

One middle aged woman to play Mrs. Daniel Boone.

Two young girls about sixteen years old to play Daniel Boone's daughters.

One young girl who can make up like an Indian maid.

Six men who can make up as Indians.

The parts of Daniel Boone, his companion, the Indian maid and a couple of the blood-thirsty savages, he announced, had been filled. That left the parts of Mrs. Boone, the two Boone girls, and four Indians open. As I remember, Col. Cody's Buffalo Bill show was then in New York City and the people selected to play the parts he announced as "filled" were from the show.

Mr. McCutcheon looked at me, then at Mr. Porter, and I was told that I was engaged as one of Daniel Boone's daughters. I must have said something to mother almost instantaneously, for one of the men, I forget which, asked, "Is this your mother?" I replied that she was, and Mr. Porter thereupon engaged her to play the part of Mrs. Daniel Boone.

Our names and addresses were taken and we were told "that was all" for the time being, and that we would be notified when to report at the studio. We were to receive five dollars a day for every day that we worked.

There was none in the cast who knew the title of the play until we reported for work on January 3, 1907. At this stage of the motion picture industry the producers were very secretive about such matters. "Daniel Boone; or, Pioneer Days in America," was announced as the name of the play. We began work on the exterior scenes first.

Besides mother and myself, others who were playing principal roles were Susanna Willis, and Mr. and Mrs. William Craver. Mr. Porter and Mr. McCutcheon were the directors. It was during the production of this picture that I learned that the photoplay, "Moonshiners," which I had witnessed some three or four years previously was the first dramatic moving picture ever made in America, and that Mr. McCutcheon was the man who directed it.

All of the exterior scenes for the Daniel Boone picture were photographed in Bronx Park. As one of Boone's daughters I was required to escape from the Indian camp and dash madly into the forest, ride through streams and shrubbery, until I came upon Daniel Boone's companion. As a child I

was fond of horses and had always prided myself on being able to handle them, but the horse hired by Mr. Porter was evidently of a wilder breed than the ones I knew. I couldn't do anything with him, and he ran off no less than five times during the two weeks we were making the exterior scenes. I was not thrown once, however.

During all this time the thermometer stood at zero. We kept a bonfire going most of the time, and after rehearsing a scene, would have to warm ourselves before the scene could be done again for the camera. Sometimes we would have to wait for two or three hours for the sun to come out or to get it just right for the taking of a scene which required certain effects. The camera was also a bother, being a great clumsy affair.

One afternoon we didn't pay sufficient attention to the bonfire and permitted it to spread. The fire department had to be called out to prevent its burning and ruining all the trees in the park. While beating the blaze away from a tree Mr. Porter discovered a man who had committed suicide by hanging himself, probably while we were working on the picture. We did not do any further work that day.

All the interior scenes were made at the Edison studio, on the roof, where the stage space would accommodate but one set. We could only work while there was sunlight, as arc lamps had not then been thought of as an aid to motion picture photography. Three weeks were required to complete the picture.

When I witnessed the finished production as it was flashed on the screen about six weeks later I was very indignant. In one scene I was shown crossing a log over a stream, and wearing shoes with high heels. Just think of the situation! Daniel Boone's daughter wearing high-heeled shoes! Why,

in those days girls were fortunate indeed if they possessed a pair of moccasins. Notwithstanding its many defects, the picture "went" and was a huge success. The public did not demand perfection in those days.

By reference to my scrap book wherein I have preserved a bulletin and synopsis of the picture as issued by the Edison Manufacturing Company, I find that it was listed as a "Class A" production, was one thousand feet in length, and that positive prints commanded the princely sum of one hundred and fifteen dollars, or fifteen cents a foot. Few films sell for that amount nowadays, ten cents a foot being the standard price. At that time the business office of the Edison Manufacturing Company was located at 31 Union Square, New York City.

Now that I was a moving picture actress, or rather, that I considered myself one, I began to take an interest in moving pictures, and I soon learned that there were many different brands of film besides the Edison and the Biograph. I witnessed Vitagraph and Lubin pictures which were as good as the Edison picture in which I worked. Pathe Freres and Melies films also were shown in New York City in 1907.

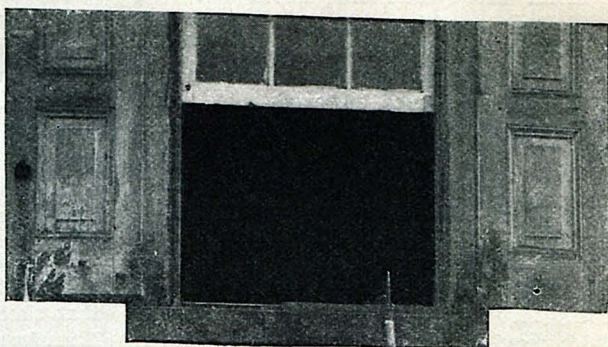
I began to see how other actresses looked, and I studied their work, particularly those who appeared in -Pathe Freres pictures, which were made in France. So were the Melies films, but these were trick comedies. I arrived at the conclusion that I would try to become a regularly employed motion picture actress, and when I informed my mother of my intentions, she laughed.

"Why, Florence, you won't make enough to pay for the shoe leather you will wear out in looking for work," she said, and discouraged the idea.

But my mind was made up. I liked the work, and I positively did not feel that the motion picture play was beneath me.

THE second installment of "Growing Up With the Movies" will appear in the December PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, which will be for sale on all news stands November 10th. In that installment we will learn of the early trials of Florence Lawrence, and Florence Turner as well, of the secrecy surrounding the Vitagraph studio in 1907, and how "Little Flo" was substituted for Florence Turner when David W. Griffith sent for Miss Turner.

A Lovely Elaine
Meets a
Modern Sir Launcelot



"The Girl of the Locks"

By Marion Short

Illustrations from the Lubin Film



GERALDINE FAIR was in exceeding high spirits as the motor yacht entered the canal that morning. She knew she looked her best in the modish white and blue costume she was wearing, and besides she was the only young woman in the party, and two of the young men on board were in love with her. What girl could ask for a more charming combination of circumstances than that?

Geraldine had the habit of flirting quite openly with young John Case, society man and star polo player, who was the guest of her fiancé—the boat's owner—for Harold Bond had entire faith in her and was even a bit proud of her power over other men. Sometimes he was a bit too complacent, she thought, and it piqued her. This morning

his eyes wandered along the wooded shores of the canal as if in a sort of pleasant dream.

"First thing you know, Harold, you'll be asleep!" she rallied him. "Then we'll feel so insulted we'll be obliged to put you overboard."

"All right," he drawled back, lazily, "the water's fine, and I haven't had a swim for a week."

"A picture is forming in his mind—that's what ails him," Geraldine confided to the other members of the party, "and I rather dread the outcome, for when he once gets started on one, he becomes an impossible hermit until it is finished."

"You're right, Jerry," acknowledged Harold Bond with a sigh, "I'm aching to put a bit of this scene on canvas. All it lacks is a

central figure, a sort of woodland nymph—"

Geraldine interrupted, laughingly, "Oh, then I shan't offer my personal services as model as I was thinking of doing! Nymphs wear such old-fashioned costumes."

Her lover looked at her with admiring but critical eyes.

"I can't imagine anything more different from your up-to-date personality than the unconventional and rather pathetic little figure that is trying to induce me to put her on to canvas. But she's all in a haze as yet. I wish she'd either make herself clear to me or leave me altogether—she's a torment when she eludes me like this."

"Great Scott!" suddenly ejaculated young Porter, another occupant of the boat. "Do I or do I not behold the person of Rip Van Winkle come to life?"

They all followed the direction of his pointing finger. A stoop-shouldered old man with flowing white beard and shaggy eyebrows stood peering at them from the landing a short distance ahead.

"Oh, he's the keeper of the locks," explained Case, the only one familiar with the course they were following to get back to the river. "He's a queer old codger, deaf and dumb, and grumpy. He works the gate-

levers at the locks, but the girl does all the bargaining. There she comes out of that boat-house now!"

"Why, the poor little creature!" exclaimed Geraldine, pityingly. "She must be in her teens somewhere, but look at her hair hanging down her back—look at her poor little bare feet!"

"Why, she's the exact type I want—the figure that's been haunting me!" exclaimed Bond, excitedly. "Gad, Case, what a piece of luck that you suggested our taking this canal! Else I'd have missed her. She belongs here as much as the water and the trees and the sky—she's a part of it all! If I can only get my picture on to canvas as I see it now, with that girl in the foreground, it will be my masterpiece! 'The Girl of the Locks,' that's what I shall call it—there could be no other name."

"Calm down, Harold," advised Case. "The old man looks with suspicion at any man that even speaks to the girl. He'll never let you put her into a picture, I can tell you that."

Bond scarcely seemed to hear him. Bringing the boat to the landing, he stepped out, his sketch-book already in his hand, and arranged for the yacht to proceed, then as



Bringing the Boat to the Landing, He Stepped Out, His Sketch Book Already in His Hand

the girl walked away with her father, talking to him in the sign language, he turned and addressed Geraldine.

"I am going to stay right here to make my preliminary sketches, if I have to go without food or sleep, and it takes a week of skirmishing to do it. Did you notice the girl's coloring, her unstudied grace? Take the party on up to Mother's, Geraldine, and when you get there, explain to her won't you, why I am detained?"

But the brightness had gone from Geraldine's arch countenance.

"Why not find out at once whether they will let you make the sketches? If they refuse, as Mr. Case thinks they will, you might as well stay with us even if we are such poor company."

A pout puckered her full red lips.

"I am sorry to desert you, Jerry," he said conciliatingly, "but this is the chance of a lifetime. Surely you realize how I feel about it. It would be sacrilege to miss an opportunity like this. You understand, girl, don't you?"

Geraldine, spoiled, selfish, ungenerous as she was, could but see his earnestness and sincerity, and knew that she must yield. So she did it as she did almost everything, charmingly, waving a gracious farewell to the artist as the boat moved away.

Case smiled as he watched her, but his expression was not pleasant. The lockkeeper's daughter was unreasonably and distractingly pretty. It would be a sort of satisfaction to arouse Geraldine's jealousy and give Bond some uncomfortable moments, even if no more came of it! He knew that Geraldine, underneath her surface affability, was capable of violent anger and quick retaliation when her pride was touched. He had been Geraldine's most favored admirer when Bond came upon the scene and ousted him from that position. He had never yet lost the hope that some day their respective situations might be again reversed.

"By jove, how Bond's eyes lit up when he saw the little blonde!" he exclaimed thoughtfully. "If one didn't know positively that it was simply his artistic appreciation of beauty, and that he is the slave of a lady still more beautiful, it would seem quite like love at first sight."

Strangely enough, it was through Steve Hart, the young boatman engaged to the lockkeeper's daughter, that the artist was able to bring about the arrangement for

painting the picture. The youth was much flattered and impressed that the girl he had chosen for his bride should be considered so beautiful by a great artist from the outside world. He translated Bond's wishes to the girl's father, and proved to him that it was a business proposition which would add generously to his scanty income. The artist, while he made preliminary sketches, sent for canvas and art materials, and soon the big painting was under way.

"How did you come to be named Elaine?"

The model, after an hour's posing, had sunk down to rest on a rock which cast its shadow into the smooth flowing waters of the canal. It seemed to the artist as if her beauty somehow ripened strangely with the passing of each day, a sort of blossoming of both soul and body.

"It was my mother's choice," she said. "Mother was different from Dad. He has never cared for books and education, but Mother did. All the books I have, once belonged to her. I wouldn't be so ignorant, and—and—dowdy as I am now, if she had only lived." She gave a little sigh. "There's a girl named Elaine in one of Tennyson's poems. Mother named me after her. Elaine cared for somebody that didn't care for her, and broke her heart and died on account of it." She flushed a sudden, embarrassed red. "But, of course, you know all that without my telling you. Steve doesn't know, and I'm so used to explaining about books to him, I forgot for a minute that you were different."

It was a pleasure to Bond to hear the girl talk. There was such a play of expression over her delicate features as she did so—a wistful, underlying yearning for "something better than she had known," which he was most anxious to catch and imprison for artistic uses. So, as he sketched, he drew her into guileless revelations of her life and thoughts. He perceived that her engagement to Steve was something she had acceded to largely to please her father, and that the youth himself had not for a moment sounded the deeps of the girl's nature. For there were deeps he knew—fascinating, terrible deeps which would change the dreaming girl one day into a palpitating, awakened woman, crying out for love and all its ecstasies and agonies—and crying perhaps in vain!

"Elaine!" he mused, "strange that she should have been named Elaine. She might be a reincarnation of the Lily Maid of Asto-



The Old Lockkeeper Saw the Struggle and Came to Her Aid. Dumbly His Eyes Rested . . . on Steve's Determined Face

lat, if the lily maid herself had been anything but a figment of the poet's brain, for there is a look in her eyes as if already she had seen Sir Launcelot, and half sensed the tragedy of hopeless love."

The picture had progressed famously when one day Steve came upon the girl sitting on the edge of the outdoor platform on which the easel stood. She was looking at a bit of paper in her hand—one of the artist's first, unfinished sketches of "The Girl of the Locks."

Steve drew in a wondering breath as he looked at her. A strange uneasy thrill ran through him. She did not seem like the same girl who, in the first days of their betrothal, had accepted his caresses so gently and yielding. There was a difference in her manner—a difference that seemed to put barriers as of wood and stone between them. He, too, had noticed the strange new beauty that had so enthralled the artist, but the seeing did not please him. In some way, instead, it made him half afraid.

Coming closer to her now, he saw the picture in her hand. On the back of it she had penciled a name many times over. In his brusque though kindly way, Steve

reached out his hand for it, but Elaine hastily thrust it behind her. A vivid flush stained the pearl-pale oval of her cheek.

"What's wrong, my girl?" asked Steve, amazed and hurt. "There's no harm in letting me see what it was you were writing as I came up, is there? You and I haven't got any secrets from each other. At least we shouldn't have, pledged to marry as we are."

"Pledged—to—marry!" The girl repeated the words wonderingly, fearfully, as if just now they had come to her with a new meaning. "Oh, Steve, we mustn't be pledged any more! I didn't know what I was doing when I told you and Dad I was willing to marry you. I—I—"

She paused, looking piteously up at him as if hoping that somehow he would understand and help her to go on.

A flame of agonizing jealousy convulsed Steve's frame as he listened, the veins of his forehead grew purple and swollen. Then his face became ashen, and he trembled from head to foot. All this before he spoke.

"You're talking wild, Elaine," he said, controlling his voice by a mighty effort. "You did know, and your father knew, and I knew

that your place was with me, by my side for life. What's come over you to make you say such things to me?"

He reached behind her and tore the paper from her hand, feeling that what she had written might prove the key to her strange conduct. But all he saw was an unfamiliar name—a name that sounded like some of the story-book things she liked to talk about, and that he listened to for love of her.

"Sir Launcelot," he read. "Why have you written 'Sir Launcelot' so many times? And why did you want to hide it from me? Who is 'Sir Launcelot'?"

"He was a man in a poem," she said. "A girl named Elaine loved him so much that she died because he did not love her back."

"Well," Steve said, with a sigh of relief, "I'm glad he isn't someone who is alive and real, because I would think it was on his account you wanted to break your pledge to me. But so long as it's only a story-book notion—" He laughed in glad relief and sank down on the platform beside her. "Give me a kiss, dearie," he said, "I'm hungry for the feel of your lips."

But she slid from his arms like a shadow, and stood before him breathless.

"Don't you ever try to kiss me again, Steve—it's all over."

She tore off the ring he had given her, and when he refused it, dropped it in the grass at his feet.

"I can't ever marry you, Stevie. It would be wrong, wicked, when I know now that I never really loved you."

"What gave you that knowledge?" he demanded, fiercely. He got to his feet. "Who gave it to you?"

She did not answer, but involuntarily her eyes of shadowy blue traveled toward the canvas which stood half covered on its easel. It was only for a fleeting moment that they rested there, but that moment was enough. Steve started back with a cry.

"You love him—that painter—you're breaking your heart over him—like that other Elaine over Sir Launcelot! Now I understand. Elaine! Elaine! He doesn't love you—he never could love you like me. He's pledged to another girl. He told me so when I first let him know I was going to marry you. We'll stop all this picture painting right now. He sha'n't have any more excuse for hanging around Neck o' Woods—he sha'n't come between you and me! I'll kill him first."

He seized a pole lying near him on the ground, and started threateningly toward the picture, but Elaine threw herself between him and the canvas, grasping the end of the pole nearest her, and holding it back with preternatural strength. The old lockkeeper saw the struggle and came to her aid. Dumbly his eyes rested with both question and reproof upon Steve's determined face. Controlling himself at last, Steve cast the pole away, and moved dejectedly toward the boathouse.

He was still there an hour later when the artist returned in a skiff from a sketching trip. Evidently, the day's work pleased him, for he whistled a lively tune as he pitched the portfolio of sketches upon a sandy strip of beach, and prepared to tie up his boat.

From the little window at the far end of the boathouse, Steve watched him with brooding, revengeful eyes. He would speak to him presently, he told himself, and put a stop to his visits in future. Suddenly he clenched his fists, and gave a smothered moan. Elaine was coming toward the landing. Her cheeks glowed like the petals of a wild rose, and her eyes were radiant and smiling. The very sight of the man she loved, Steve perceived, was enough to make her forget everything else but that it was happiness to be near him. Her wonderful gold hair caught the glint of the sun, and the ripples of her scant skirt, fluttering in the breeze, disclosed the perfect outlines of her slim young body. As she drew nearer, Bond, obeying a sudden thoughtless impulse, thrust his fingers through the thick masses of her crinkly hair, and held them out wide from her head, and then, because her pure young forehead was very near, he stooped and kissed her. To the man, it meant nothing but a moment's aesthetic pleasure, to the girl, it was the first kiss of the man she adored.

It was Steve's harsh voice that shattered the magical moment.

"So that's what you came here for, eh? To make a fool out of her, and steal her away from me?"

"Steve!" Elaine's voice was scarcely louder than a whisper, but the appeal in it—the appeal for mercy, to his rival—was so strong that it fairly maddened him. He clenched his fists threateningly. "Now you get out of here, and never come near Neck o' Woods again!"

Bond, aghast at the mischief he had



Steve . . . Seized Him by the Throat and Forced Him Back against the Prow . . . but the Hoarse Warning of the Old Lock Keeper Stayed His Hand

wrought, attempted to explain to the maddened young boatman that he had meant no harm, but before the words had formed on his lips, Steve, a piece of driftwood in his hand, started toward him. On Elaine's account, and also because the fate of his precious picture was at stake, Bond, attempting to avoid an open fight with the enraged boy, jumped into the boat. But Steve in-

stantly clambered into the skiff after him, seized him by the throat, and forced him backward against the prow. In another moment his stout weapon would have descended upon the head of the defenseless artist, but the hoarse warning of the old lockkeeper stayed his hand, and made him realize that the course he was taking might only render the breach between him and Elaine wider.

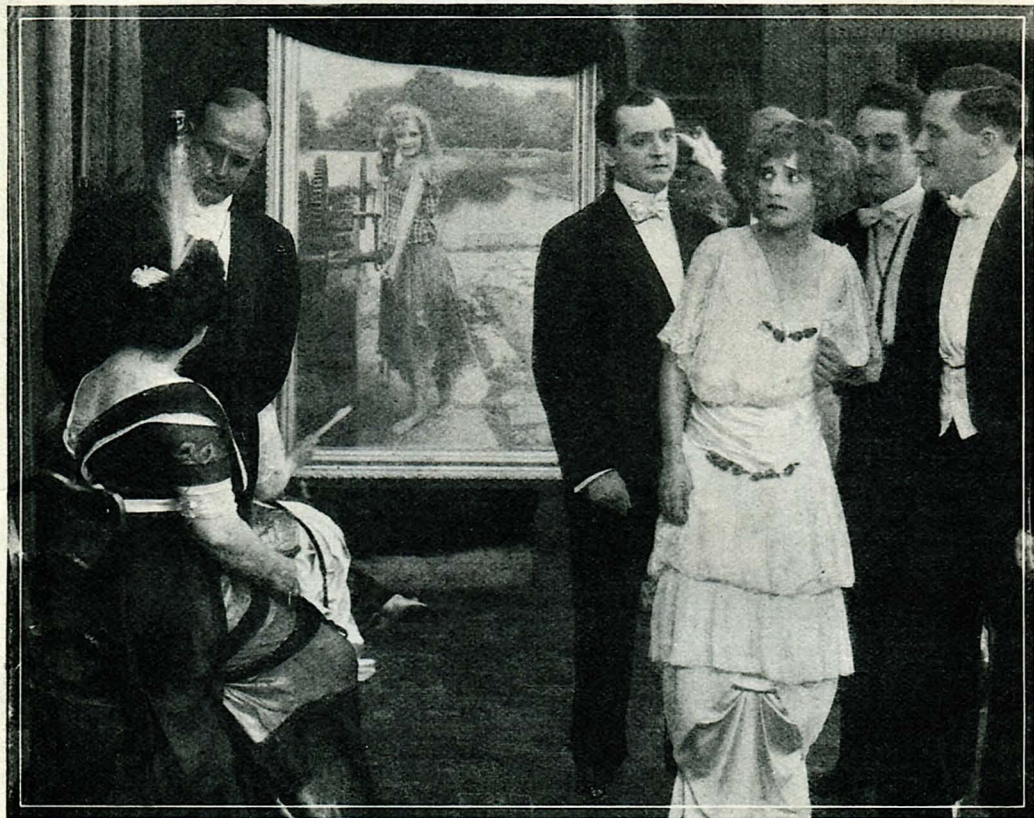
The girl rather surprised her boatman lover the next day, by accepting meekly the statement that she could not be permitted again to pose for the artist, even though, as Bond had tried to explain in a final effort to set himself right with Steve, to stop now would mean the ruin of the master effort of his life.

Late that night, the artist, sitting on the piazza of his beautiful river home, and un-

so glad I did! I brought the picture, and I want to stay here until it is finished, for I know how terrible it would be if you had to give it up. It was the only way I knew of, that I could help you, and now you can work without anything to hinder."

By this time, Bond had led her to the chair beside him.

"Mother!" he shouted, through an open window. "Come out here. I want to in-



Everyone Remarkd on the Piquant Contrast between the Fair Young Guest in Gauze and Lace and Her Painted Counterpart

utterably disgruntled over the mishaps of the day, was startled to see a slender little figure, in odd, old-fashioned attire, suddenly appear on the moonlit lawn before him.

"Elaine!" he cried in surprise. "Why, what's the matter, little girl? Why have you come here?"

"To bring your picture," she answered tremulously. "I was afraid something might happen to it, so I climbed out of the window after Dad went to sleep, and took it from the easel and brought it down to my boat. I wasn't sure I could find you, but, oh, I am

troduce you to the best little friend I have on earth!" He turned and took Elaine's cold hands, and stroked them into warmth. "You are a trump, little girl, to have done this for me. I can never tell you how grateful I am."

When Mrs. Bond, fair and gracious, emerged from the house, the artist, fully explaining her presence and her mission, placed Elaine in her motherly care.

The second day after the girl's arrival, Geraldine came and demanded that she be sent away at once, and the picture aban-



He Held Her Until the Doctor Came and the Word the Doctor Whispered Made His Heart Grow Cold

done. She had brought with her a letter, uncouth and ill-spelled, sent her by the desperate and frantic Steve. In it, he flatly accused the artist of the betrayal of his absent sweetheart. In vain did Bond endeavor to explain Steve's accusations away. Geraldine still stubbornly demanded the abandonment of the painting, and would listen to nothing else. When she left the house at last, she had definitely broken her engagement to the artist, telling him he had set a square of canvas above the body and soul of the woman who had promised to be his wife.

In the midst of his work that afternoon, Bond flung aside his brushes and bowed his face in his hands. "I can't paint any more to-day, Elaine," he said, hoarsely. "The girl I loved has thrown me over. Nothing seems to matter just now, not even—the picture."

He thought his model had left the room, when all at once he felt the touch of a soft little hand upon his head, and heard the sound of a smothered sob. Elaine was kneeling by his side.

"I can't bear for you to suffer like this," she said. "It breaks my heart—it does—it does!"

Something in her voice thrilled him

strangely. Then, looking into her revealing eyes, he realized for the first time that she loved him. His hurt pride sought solace, and his hurt heart, consolation. He drew the girl close, and covered her fair face with kisses.

THE weeks that followed Elaine's return to Neck o' Woods, she moved about in a blissful dream. Already arrangements had been made for the exhibition of Bond's masterpiece in the studio of a well-known art connoisseur. So much she knew from the letters from Mrs. Bond. After a while, she told herself, the artist himself would write to her, and some day he would come to see her again, some day he would love her as she loved him. Even as that other Elaine studied and loved the shield of Launcelot, so she cherished the canvas bearing the discarded first draught of the painting which had afterwards been brought to such perfect completion.

When the night of the exhibition arrived, the lockkeeper's daughter, clothed in garments of Mrs. Bond's choosing, and chaperoned by that lady, arrived among the other invited guests. Even in such unac-

customed surroundings, she yet bore herself with that sweet unconsciousness which had so charmed Bond at the first glimpse of her. The great gold-framed painting, when the curtain hiding it was drawn aside, provoked an outburst of spontaneous applause, and for the rest of the evening Elaine was petted and made much of. Everyone remarked on the piquant contrast between the fair young guest in gauze and lace, and her painted counterpart in rags and bare feet, not one of them suspecting that the girl was appearing for the first time in the attire of the society world they lived in.

AND again Elaine returned to the little cottage near the Locks, and again she waited for Bond to come. He had been so kind to her that night of the exhibition. Some day, ah, how she prayed for it, he must surely come!

Alas, poor Elaine! How could she know that even as the motor car containing herself and Mrs. Bond left the studio entrance that night, another one came up from which the repentant Geraldine alighted. How could she know that the proud girl, careless of appearance, openly walked up to the artist, and put out her hand with a look that mutely asked forgiveness.

It was Steve, who, some weeks later, first read in the paper that Harold Bond and Geraldine Fair would be married next day. The ceremony was to be at St. Stephen's beautiful church, whose green lawn, like that of the Bond residence next to it, sloped down to the river's edge. So pale had Elaine grown of late, so fragile and unearthly her beauty, that even while his heart throbbed with the hope of winning her again, Steve feared to break the news to her. Finally he left the paper, with the notice prominently displayed, and went on out of the house. In a few moments he heard a light foot-fall behind him, and turning, saw that the girl was following.

"Elaine!" he cried, his heart in his throat, for her face bore a whiteness akin to death. "Elaine, dearie, don't take it like that!"

"Tell dad," she said gently, with just the ghost of a smile on her lips, "that to-morrow we are to be grand folks and go to a wedding. We'll take the skiff and row down the river to Saint Stephen's church, and, soon as it is over, we'll come back again, and I'll never leave Neck o' Woods."

"It is too bad, Harold," complained Mrs. Bond, "that you did not send Elaine an invitation to your marriage. It would have been such a treat to the child."

"Perhaps," said the artist, rather curtly. Deep in his heart, Elaine held a sweet, secure, sacred little place. But she must never know! Geraldine must never know! He scarcely dared own it to himself. If she had come into his life before he had met Geraldine, then—but too late to think of that! With a determined set of the lips he shut the door of that little sacred place and turned the key on its wistful occupant forever. Loyalty claimed it. Honor demanded it.

The deaf and dumb father of Elaine waited there at the river bank for her to come forth from the church. She had kissed him and put grateful arms about his neck for bringing her, and had seemed more like herself than she had for weeks. Many an anxious night he had lain awake, thinking about the failing health of his beloved one.

And so he sat and waited.

A girl had fainted on the church steps, some one whispered, just as the bridal party emerged, and some uncanny instinct caused the handsome dark bridegroom to turn and look back. Like a broken lily Elaine lay, Mrs. Bond bending anxiously above. Leaving his bride to think what she might, the artist broke through the crowd surrounding that slender form and lifted it in his arms. He held her until a doctor came, and the word the doctor whispered made his heart cold.

"No, no, it is not possible!" he cried, and then, because something in his heart told him that the girl herself would have wished it so, he carried her body down to where the old lockkeeper waited.

A look, more piercing in its agony than a cry, crossed the face of the old man as he received that beloved form in his arms and laid her down gently in the boat before him.

"Elaine! Elaine! My lily maid!" The words surged agonizingly through the brain of the newly made bridegroom, and then he raised his head and strode back, with impassive face, to Geraldine.

But her eyes were fixed, wide and horrified, upon the shining river.

A boat put out from the landing. In it was a gray, broken old man, and the body of a beautiful girl.

"And the dead, steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood."

Many Sided Vivian Rich

By Helen Bagg

tennis, and rides horseback as well as any boy. Her favorite horse is "Copper," so called because he used to carry a mounted policeman in

San Diego before he became a "Flying A" horse. Since then he has had to do things that would make that policeman gasp.

Everybody has to work in a moving picture company, even the live stock. "Copper" is on his best behavior, however, when he carries his dainty little



I WISH you could tell me, all you readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, who love Vivian Rich, just what you'd like best to know about her? For, you see, there are quite a few of her, and I would like so much to show them all to you, just as I know them, down in sleepy old Santa Barbara, the town of monks and Missions and moving picture shows.

To begin with, I want to show you the Vivian Rich who keeps house with her mother and her gray cat, "Boston," down on Chapallo Street. They call it "keeping house," though it isn't a house at all, but one of those cunning doll-baby bungalow affairs that everybody in California loves; where you can wash your hands in the kitchenette and reach out into the front bedroom to dry them.

This is where Vivian Rich lives and where you'll find her, just a pretty, dainty girl of twenty, who likes to do all the things other girls do and who frankly confesses that she is "dance mad." You'll nearly always find a lot of young folks around the house, because Mrs. Rich is that kind of a mother—you know the sort I mean—who doesn't in the least mind if you want to make rarebits at an hour when rarebits are supposed to be fatal, and who is always ready to give "daughter's" friends a good time.

Then there is the out of doors Vivian Rich, who swims, plays



Everyone Has Seen Vivian Rich But Everyone Has Not Heard Her Voice Which is as Sweet and Charming as Her Face



Smoking a Cigarette with a Delightful Air of Braggadocio



One of the Tense and Dramatic Scenes from the "Aftermath"

rider in her severely smart English riding suit, down the boulevard, past the big hotels and along the beach, for like most of his sex, "Copper" knows a pretty girl when he sees one and behaves accordingly.

Then last, though of course not least, comes Vivian Rich, the moving picture artist, who works hours and hours each day making the films that we all enjoy.

So many sides to a pretty girl of twenty, but after all it is with the movie star that we are most concerned just now. She's a Boston girl, which accounts for the classic name of the gray cat, who, by the way, does not care for moving pictures, being rather a blasé soul. Although so young, Miss Rich has had several years of experience both on the stage and in her present profession. I am not going to tell you how she looks. That is one thing one need never do with a moving picture artist. Every one has seen her and everyone knows. Everyone, however, has not heard the voice of this particular star, and I want to tell you that it is as sweet and charming as her face.

Of course, we always want to know how they like

their work, and how they feel when they do those awful things with bears and tigers and burning buildings, which make our hair stand on end when we watch them, so I'll let Miss Rich tell you herself.

We were riding along the beach, watching the bathers being bowled out by the surf. Riding with Vivian Rich, in Santa Barbara, has its exciting side, one becomes the cynosure of so many admiring eyes. Pretty girls in bathing suits nudge each other and whisper "That's her—see—on that big horse?" You feel a wild desire to make your own inoffensive mount do a bit of pitching or something else showy, so that they'll take you for the wild west part of the company. Anything to be in on this very fascinating publicity.

"My work? I love it, of course," and her dark eyes shone with enthusiasm. "And I feel that I'm growing in it all the time.

There is always the danger of getting into a rut—of being too much the same girl in every part. I'm trying to broaden my methods and to—well—to grow up in it, don't you know?" And Miss Rich

tapped "Copper" thoughtfully with her riding crop. "You see, playing in the movies isn't the easiest thing in the world, as some

The Costumes in "Break, Break, Break," a Play of the Early Sixties in which Vivian Rich Took the Lead, Were Not More Picturesque Than the Settings



In "The Cocoon and the Butterfly" She is Transformed from a Sad Little Cinderella into a Radiant and Lovely Lady



people think. I go to the studio often at seven thirty in the morning, and work there until six at night. It is pretty nervous work, and I'm very glad to have my quiet little bungalow to come home to with mother and 'Boston.' Of course, you know, there never was anybody like my mother—never! She spoils me like everything, but I don't care. I'm just going to let her do it as much as she wants to, wouldn't you?" And I guess we all would.

"Do you ever have to do things that scare you? Fall off horses or any of that sort of thing?" I had to ask her this because she doesn't look the least bit wild and daring as a movie actress ought to look.

"Well, I rode the rods under a freight car last week," she said, laughing; "I wore boys' clothes and hung on. It was rather awful at first, hearing those wheels growling and rumbling under me, but it made a dandy picture." And there she voiced the feelings of all real motion picture artists; if it makes a good picture, never mind how hair raising it may be for the actor.

"Another time I was lowered from a window on a wire and still another time I was dropped down out of a tower on a rope."

"And you weren't scared?"

"No, not



She is Equal to Any Emergency, from Riding the Rods Under a Freight Car to Rolling a Cigarette



It is Handsome Jack Richardson who Plays Opposite Vivian Rich in "The Cocoanut and the Butterfly"

dress, just think!

"Last week my riding coat had an adventure, but I wasn't in it. One of the girls in the company had to take a tumble from a horse and I loaned her my coat. Then they decided that it was too risky a stunt for a girl, so one of the cow-boys undertook it. He put on puffs and switches and a lot of other togs, including my coat; I don't know how he ever got it on, but he did, and then he fell off. He didn't mind the fall a bit, but oh, the fuss that man made about those puffs and switches."

"Don't you find your work very exhausting?"

"Oh, yes, all work is exhausting when it calls for nervous tension, but I do love it! I love the letters that I get, too, from all over the world. I try to answer them all but, goodness, I do get awfully behind sometimes."

The latest addition to the Rich house-

As Gallant and Beautiful a Cavalier as Ever Drew Sword for His King was Vivian Rich in "For the Crown"



scared, just — well — just a bit excited, don't you know?

In the picture we make next week I am to be drowned in my wedding

hold is the brand new machine which Vivian is learning to drive all by herself.

"I'm dying to have a car of my own!" she said one day, "but mother thinks its an extravagance."

A few days later we were driving along a country road in one of those comfy little one horse run-abouts that you see so often along the coast. At least, we were taking turns driving while the other one held on going around the corners. California roads have more corners than the proverbial dog has fleas, and no matter how cautious we were we always seemed to go around on two wheels. I began to think that "Mother's" presentiments in regard to the machine might not be altogether unfounded, when Vivian remarked, solemnly:

"Do you know there are three brand new machines for sale in this town at a bargain?" There was a look of determination in her eye that I suppose was there when she rode the rods of the freight car.

"Really?"

"Two of them were snapped up by members of our company." She went on turning another corner.

"You don't say!" Business of clutching the side of the run-about.

"Mother's down in Los Angeles for a

couple of days." This rather dreamily; we were anchored in the middle of the road for a few seconds.

"If I were to get one while you were here we could learn to run it together, couldn't we?"

"We might," I said, uncertainly. Life being sweet even to a "literary" person. "They say the hospital here is first class."

"Well, anyhow, I could!" Another corner.

Two days later the Santa Barbara morning paper announced the purchase by Miss Vivian Rich of a new car. She is running it herself now and running it well; no casualties have been reported up to date, not even chickens.

I have called her "many sided Vivian Rich," because there are not many girls of twenty who live as varied a life as she does; and in all the different phases she is the same sweet natural attractive little person, who goes about her work with a quiet, sincere and therefore effective method which in some of her scenes of country and mountain life remind one of some of those delightful actresses, who came over to us with the Irish players—

"Many sided" she is, indeed, and every side is charming.

FROM WHERE NEXT ?

THE name of Maurice Costello, of the Vitagraph Players, has penetrated even into the new Northwestern part of Canada, as the following letter recently received by him, will attest:

"Banff, Alberta.

Dear Sir:—

I send you my first scenario, this is the first that I right, but I am after right 3 other 2 and 3 reel drama the name of it is (The Red 99) (The Black Rabbit) (The Mysterious Well) three good drama all full of sensation, Sir if you accept this small one seen me a word as quick as possible and I seen you those three scenario in the future I will right the best scenario that you never seend, pleast sir give me a chance and I will work always for you if that pay me good, because all those scenario come from my head and it take me time to do it, Later I will right a scenario of 25 to 30 reel that will make sensation in the world.

Sir I thanks you for the attention you will give at my letter

Your very truly,"

Mr. Costello seems to be the dumping ground of queer scenarios by queer people from queer places, but as each succeeding scenario he receives is better than the last, he is anxiously looking for the big motion picture story of the future.

"The Virginian"

Novelized from the Film Produced by the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company
Based on the Original Novel by Owen Wister*

By Harold S. Hammond

Illustrations from the Jesse L. Lasky Film

CHAPTER I

THERE are—or there were—cowboys and cowboys. We are to see the Virginian, a super cowboy, perhaps—so he might have been called by one of those Englishmen who travel through the "States," seeing the country from a Pullman observation platform and returning, hurriedly, to write a book about us. And with the Virginian others are to be shown—Trampas, and Steve—Shorty, the misguided, all the strangely mixed elements that go to make up the life of the range. There is the present tense again! That made up the life of the Wyoming range, I should say. For the old days in Wyoming are no more. There are cowboys still; Frontier Day, at Cheyenne, still calls them.

It is a peaceable community. It keeps the law. A man who steals a horse has a margin of safety, before landing in jail, little greater than that of the thief who climbs a porch in the suburbs of New York. No longer are the sworn officers of the law elected by rustlers, who understand that the sheriff and his posse will ignore the appeals of the good citizens, and so force them to take the law into their own hands for the protection of property. No longer is there peril of Indian attack. Those days are past. In these pages, perhaps, they will live again, those vanished days, and the men who made them what they were—as men, in the last analysis, make every passing phase of life what it is. One thing is sure—the men of those days were men. And in these days the men who ride the range are still men—though they are men of a different sort.

Consider the Virginian, then, in the beginning of this chronicle. A man, first of all. A man a little slow, perhaps, in his movements, until the need for speed arose—and swift, then, and lithe as a cat, or a panther. A man usually with a smile lurking near his lips, but near only, and not obtruding itself until the need for it was plain. We meet him, then, at Medicine Bow.

Medicine Bow, in those days, was a cattle town. That is, it had a station, first of all, on the transcontinental railroad, which was its main reason for being. It had a post office and a general store, and it had many saloons and one hotel. Other things, lamentably, it had, too, but of these there shall be no mention here. Men who are at grips with nature do things, require things, of which account need not be taken, and which, in their later years, they prefer to forget.

But the Virginian neither required nor was interested in these baser things. Town to him meant a meeting with old friends from other ranches—his own was Judge Henry's, Sunk Creek, a mere trifle of two hundred and sixty-three miles from Medicine Bow; a few drinks, perhaps, stopping at the point where discretion was not yet out of sight; certainly a game of poker. Stud poker they played in those days. And stud poker bears to the tamer game of the east the same relation that ordinary poker bears to marbles when the players are not allowed to play for "keeps."

So he rode into town that time. There was plenty doing. Uncle Hughie was off to get married again, for one thing.

Uncle Hughie was always trying to get

married. He managed the preliminaries by correspondence—and all went well until the happy bride-elect saw him. Then she would die suddenly, or have fits—she would get out of it, anyhow, and Uncle Hughie would return, sorrowing, to the cattle land, and his gold mine, and look for another help-mate. This time he was off to Laramie, and the Virginian, to his joy, was in time to harass him as he waited for the east-bound train.

And in town there were four drummers—traveling men. The Virginian, generally speaking, didn't like a drummer. They were too sociable, too prone to fraternize with him at sight. The Virginian was willing to be friendly—with reservations. He esteemed friendship highly. It was an estate not lightly to be entered upon. Once established, however, it was not to be lightly abandoned, either.

The Virginian didn't know about these drummers when he first got into town. It was Steve who enlightened him; Steve, the gay, the irresponsible, with whom the Virginian had bunked and ridden many a time. Each hoped that soon Steve could find employment on the Sunk Creek ranch, that they might be together again.

"Hello!" said Steve, out of the depths of his joy. "You old son of a —! How are you, anyhow?"

"I'm right well, Steve," said the Virginian, in his slow drawl. He ignored the epithet Steve had applied to him. This might have surprised some. But there were times when the Virginian would not have ignored it. When men are close to nature it is the spirit, rather than the word, that counts. Of this there was to be proof.

"Town's full," Steve went on. "Drummers—four of them! A Yankee, selling a consumption killer. Two Dutchmen, selling jewelry. And a Jew, selling anything you want! No beds to-night!"

Steve didn't care for a bed. He had his saddle and his blanket roll; that was enough. But the Virginian pursed up his lips.

"Pshaw!" he said, gently. "I was aimin' to sleep in a bed to-night—just for a change."

"The Yankee's the cleanest," said Steve.

"But—I wanted a bed to myself," said the Virginian, in a tone of gentle remonstrance. "Bet you two to one—bet you anything you like—I get the Yankee's bed!"

"Drinks for the crowd—all around!" agreed Steve, happily. "It can't be done!"

"It can—but let's eat, now," said the Virginian.

They ate. And then, food being out of the way, they sought a poker game—nor had they far to seek. And there, across the table, the Virginian — and Steve — saw Trampas for the first time. Trampas, who was to play so large a part in both their lives.

Trampas was losing before the Virginian and Steve entered the game. The new blood did not change his luck. And he was in an ugly mood. There came a break. It was the Virginian's bet, and he hesitated.

"Your bet, you son of a —," said Trampas.

It was the same epithet that Steve had used, not once, but a score of times. Yet now the Virginian's gun flashed on the table.

"When you call me that—*smile!*" he said.

And Trampas, after a moment in which hate shone from his eyes—smiled.

CHAPTER II

IT WAS scarcely eleven when the Virginian left the game. And Steve went with him. Together they made their way to the "hotel." It owned the name by virtue of one large room, in which there were, perhaps, a score of beds. Each had at least one occupant; some had two. The Virginian smiled, and beckoned to Steve to stay outside the door. Then he went in, and spoke to the Yankee drummer, who had previously begged him to share his bed. While Steve stayed outside, the Virginian prepared for bed. But now Steve was not alone. A crowd, hearing of the bet, was with him.

The Virginian's preparations were simple. He slipped his knife and his gun beneath the pillow—and removed his boots. Then he lay down. The drummer considered this.

"I should think you'd feel that artillery under your head," he said.

"I do," said the Virginian.

"Then I should think you'd lay it beside you," went on the drummer.

"If I did that," explained the Virginian, "I wouldn't be easy, seh!"

A moment of silence.

"Good night," said the drummer.

"Good night, seh," said the Virginian.

sleepily. "'Course, if I get to rearin' around in the night—makin' noises, maybe, you'll understand—."

"Of course," said the drummer, "I understand, my friend. I'll just wake you—it'll be a nightmare, I suppose?"

"Wake me? On your life, no!" said the Virginian, earnestly. "If I do that—don't touch me! Don't let your laig rub against me, even. You see—I'll be thinkin' there's Indians around—an' if anyone was to touch me I'd just naturally grab my knife and

loose. The cowboys outside fell upon the drummer. They played horse with him—and with the other drummers. And when they were appeased the voice of Steve was heard. He wanted to pay his bet. He demanded that the whole town be aroused, to help him pay. And it was so ordered. It was a happy night—and a peaceful one, even if it was not quiet.

And in the morning Uncle Hughie was back—warning having been telegraphed from Laramie. This time he had succeeded. A



Trampas Was in an Ugly Mood, the Result of Drinking and Losing

start in. Just lay still till I quiet down, and you'll be all right."

"I see," said the drummer, very thoughtfully.

Again silence. But it was broken in a moment—by the silent, or nearly silent—movements of the drummer. He arose. He didn't even stop to put on his shoes. He tiptoed toward the door and the waiting crowd, already doubled over with its laughter. And, as he neared the door, he stumbled over his sample case. At once the Virginian, with an unearthly yell, bounded out of bed. And then Bedlam was

bride was on his arm. And Uncle Hughie's buggy had been seized. It was a fit vehicle now for an hymeneal journey. White ribbon flowed from it; legends, appropriate, if rather plain in their implications, had been chalked upon it. And Uncle Hughie and his bride departed in a shower of old shoes.

Not long afterward the Virginian departed, too. He took an affectionate farewell of Steve.

"I had a right pleasant visit to town," he admitted, reflectively. "Now it's back to the range and to hard work—eh, Steve? Be good to yourself!"

And so he rode from the metropolitan distractions of Medicine Bow back into the wilderness of the open range, the land he loved best. He was on good terms with all the world, and especially with his horse Monte. He bore no grudge even for Trampas—he had forgotten him. Had he thought of him at all it would have been with the hope that their paths would not cross again. Vain hope!

CHAPTER III

BUT he rode long and far with nothing to disturb him. About him rolled the smooth range. He crossed little rolling ranges of hills; he threaded valleys, where cattle looked up at his passing, and turned away. Cattle were everywhere. Most of those he saw, after he had ridden a few hours, bore the Sunk Creek brand, and he admired their fine condition. Judge Henry, his employer, was a man who knew the cattle business. The beef he shipped was prime; it earned the highest prices when it was sold in Chicago.

And so the Virginian rode, meditating on the wonders of the life he knew. He was now twenty-four years old. For ten years, since the impulse to wander and see strange lands had driven him from his Virginia home, he had ridden the range. He had seen—and he knew, intimately—Texas and Montana, Arizona and Wyoming, Arkansas and Oregon, California and New Mexico. Home he had seen but once in those ten years. Once in every generation of his breed such a one as he was born, destined to wander, to go far. One thing was certain—he had cared for himself in all those years of wandering. He had asked no odds of anyone. And so he rode, a song on his lips, a little, tuneless sort of song, one of those interminable ballads of the cow country. "The Cowboy's Lament," perhaps—perhaps another. He knew them all—and sang them all to the same tune.

And he didn't know, of course, that he was riding to meet a lady. A very special lady—none other, indeed, than Miss Molly Stark Wood, of Bennington, Vermont! It would have made no difference had he known; that was fate. He would have ridden on, the same song on his lips, had he known. But he didn't know. He didn't know it even when he saw the stage coach,

nicely stuck in a hole in the ford over a creek. All he knew was that the stage was stuck, as it had been stuck before, and that the driver was saying earnest things—and things, too, quite unprintable—to the horses. It struck the Virginian as strange that he could not hear what was being said—that he had to construct the harangue from memory and imagination. He spurred Monte on, and rode up alongside.

And then, through the window, he saw Molly was inside. She was a little frightened; a good deal indignant. In Vermont, in all New England, indeed, such things did not happen. The Virginian saw; he exchanged a quick word with the driver. Then, calmly, he reached through the opened door and lifted Miss Wood to his saddle. He held her tight as he rode through the water to the other bank. And she! She was so surprised that she didn't say anything, until he stopped and let her slip to the ground. Then she caught him looking at her, half amused, half puzzled. And she flushed.

"Well," he said. "I reckon you were in right smart of a mess, back there?"

"What am I to do?" she asked, indignantly. "How am I to keep on? That stage was supposed to take me to Judge Henry's ranch!"

"It can't," said the Virginian, positively. "Not right away, that is. I reckon you'll have to let me manage it, ma'am. I take it you're the new school mar'm?"

"I'm the new teacher—yes," she corrected.

"Yes—that's better," he agreed, meditatively. "Well, ma'am—I guess I'll have to just borrow one of those hosses off the stage. I'll fix you a side saddle on Monte here—and we'll make out all right."

"Thank you," she said, less sternly.

And so, under the escort of the Virginian, she rode into the corral and up to the veranda of the ranch, where Mrs. Henry greeted her with tears and thanksgiving, and the Judge suggested explanations. Which, being offered, prompted him to extend a cigar to the Virginian, who accepted it, inspected it, placed it in his pocket for future reference, and rolled a cigarette instead. He wanted a smoke badly. For it had not seemed to him quite the thing to smoke while he rode with Miss Wood, and answered her artless questions, asked from the New England point of view, concerning the territory of Wyoming.

CHAPTER IV

AT SUNK CREEK, in these days, the Virginian was happy. He had saved some money; he looked forward, very vaguely, to owning a place of his own some time. And, meanwhile, life was pretty good. There was the range. There were his friends. And there was always life itself, which invited questioning, and repaid interested observation. The Virginian was not highly educated. There are few schools that profess to furnish an education to those who desert them at the age of fourteen. So there were mysteries of book learning that the Virginian did not know. He could read; he could write. He could, upon occasion, talk in English as impeccable as your own—but the occasion did not frequently arise, as he saw it.

He knew men, however, if he did not know books. He had been studying them all this time. He had met them on their own ground in circumstances set as far apart as the poles. He knew something of women, too. Not much; not too much, it may be said. And yet it had always seemed enough. Until this business of the school-

house at Bear Creek and the coming of Miss Molly Wood, all the way from Vermont, to teach the rising generation of that part of Wyoming.

And Miss Wood made a difference. It was ten months before he saw her again. And then it was at a barbecue, given to celebrate the amazing rise in the price of steers. That rise meant prosperity for all Wyoming, and all the rest of the cattle country. It had to be celebrated. And a barbecue seemed, of all ways, that most fitting for such a celebration. Miss Wood was to be there, naturally. And the Virginian, riding two days and a night to be among those present, learned many things. Miss Wood had admirers. That was one of the things—and it did not please him. She had favored none of them; would not even ride alone with them. That was another, and it made him smile in a more satisfied way.

It was some time before he had a chance to speak to her. So it seemed to him, at least. He thought she looked at him, once or twice. But she gave no sign of recognition. Perhaps he had more chances than he saw to go to her; I think that must have



They Played Horse with Him—and with the Other Drummers

been it. She saw them, you may be sure, if he did not. And it may be that this played a part in subsequent events. At any rate, he did not speak to her or have the luck to land near her at the great table where they all feasted in the open air. He was trying to reach her, but, in the confusion attendant upon the arrival of Uncle Hughie, he couldn't.

Uncle Hughie's latest venture in matrimony had been blessed, indeed. He had twins! And when he drove up, with his wife proudly exhibiting them, there was a roar of welcome and of delighted laughter. Uncle Hughie was the hero of the day thenceforward; there could be no rivals.

But, after the feasting, there was the dancing. There the Virginian expected to shine. By grace of his ancestry he could dance. And he knew steps that were not common in Wyoming. He could waltz, and he could do it well. So he expected to get even for everything. But he didn't. He approached Miss Molly bravely enough. And, "Will you have a turn with me?" he said.

She looked at him curiously.

"I—don't seem to remember you," she said. "Have we been introduced?"

Now she didn't quite mean that. Perhaps the thought of the long time since she had seen him first was rankling. At all events, she expected him to remind her of their meeting. She meant to remember, then, and to unbend. But the Virginian only stiffened, bowed, and left her. But he came back bringing a friend to introduce him. Again, gravely, he asked her to dance. But she was angry now, for he had put her at a disadvantage. And Uncle Hughie came up, just in time. She laid her hand on his arm. In a moment she was off. And the Virginian, glowering, took himself off—outside, where a cask of whiskey was still respectably full. Deeply was he hurt, and sorely offended. And by the cask he found Lin McLean, a kindred spirit.

"I saw it," said Lin. But he did not smile. He, too, was morose. He, too, had suffered. And in time he confessed. She had shown him some favor. And, earlier, he had striven to steal a kiss. And his punishment sat heavily upon him. He was bewildered. But the Virginian, outwardly sympathetic, was proud and happy within. He had judged her rightly. Still—that did not excuse her. He drank, deeply, and Lin

with him. It did not make them drunk. But the red liquor had its effect. They left it, in due season, and, staying away from the dancing floor, came to a room where babies lay. They had to be brought to the dance, those babies; here they lay, safe and quiet, while their mothers danced. And, looking through a window they saw the floor.

"There she goes—with Uncle Hughie," said Lin. "Ugh—old enough to be her grandfather!"

But the Virginian did not heed him. He was considering the babies. And the spirit of mischief was in his eyes. Suddenly he was at work. Babies were shifted, silently, smoothly, so that they did not wake. Coverings that belonged to one were laid upon another. For a moment Lin watched him, amazed. Then he understood, and he began to help. When they stopped no baby was where it had been; none had its original covering. They looked at one another. Slow smiles dawned upon their faces.

"I'll be going," said Lin, with a deep breath. "You riding my way?"

"No," said the Virginian, surprised. "You goin', Lin? I'm stayin'—right here!"

"They'll lynch you when they find out!" said Lin. "They won't be safe for as much as twenty-four hours—it'll take them that long to see the joke!"

"Think so?" said the Virginian.

And he stayed. Lin left him, sorrowing. And it came to pass as he had predicted. The dancers broke up. They went home. And within an hour the first of them came spurring back. All night they came; all night mothers and fathers sought to recover their own, and babies were exchanged. And who more helpful than the Virginian? As for Lin—he was the only one who was missing. Men rode out on his trail. They did not catch him. But it was as the Virginian had foreseen. The only absent one was the one suspected. And in the morning light, when all the pursuers had come back empty handed, he spoke up.

"It's just as well," he comforted them. "You were after the wrong man, yuh see! It was I that did it."

They couldn't lynch a man who acted like that. Mothers said their say to him, and he disarmed them by the way he listened. And Miss Molly Wood was responsible for that—though she would have disclaimed her responsibility indignantly had it occurred to anyone to bring the charge!



He Lifted Miss Wood to His Saddle

CHAPTER V

HE MADE his peace with Miss Molly Wood, of course. That was inevitable. She was furiously angry when she first heard of the affair of the babies. But he disarmed her, as he had disarmed the mothers, by his absolute refusal to defend himself. And, in many ways he appealed to her. By his difference from all the men she knew, for one thing. This not alone because he was a Westerner and a cowboy. She knew plenty of these; her term at Bear Creek was not

very old before she could have had her pick. He was as different from most of the men of this new land as he was from the denizens of Vermont.

And one thing in particular strengthened him with her immeasurably. He wanted to know things she knew. He wanted to read, to understand the allusions she made to books of which he had never heard. And so it was not long before she was teaching him as well as the children who trudged daily, or rode, to the little school house on Bear Creek. She did not see too much of



Uncle Hughie was Welcomed with a Roar of Laughter

him; it was a long ride from Sunk Creek to where she lived, in a little cabin next to the house of Taylor, pioneer of all the Bear Creek married men. That, it may be assumed, helped both of them. He would ride to her, talk, ride with her, and go away, with the books she lent him. And when he came again she could see the growth in him, as she would never have seen it had they been together more constantly.

There was a great distance to be bridged between them, of course. And the Virginian, I think, realized that before she did—and this probably was because he meant to bridge it, while it was a long time before the idea that it might be bridged came to her. Yet he was very sure, almost from the first, that, in the end, he was to have her. He was not used to wanting things he did not get. But he could wait for this, because he must.

And he had much to occupy his body and his mind. At Sunk Creek there were changes. There is that about the handling of cattle that makes men nomadic. So it has been, since the days of Abraham. In Wyoming it was no different. To Sunk Creek came

Trampas, he whom the Virginian had subdued at Medicine Bow. And Trampas found a friend in the foreman, for reasons obscure to the Virginian, who, none the less, bided his time, and endured much petty injustice because he liked and trusted Judge Henry. Came, also, Steve, that friend of his who was nearer to him, and dearer, than any man on the range. The Virginian had long tried to bring him to Sunk Creek; he succeeded at last.

Many things must be passed over with a light touch. Judge Henry, knowing things hidden from the rest, was making his own plans. And he sent the Virginian in charge of a crew and a thousand head of cattle, to Chicago. Delivering the steers was the easiest part of the work. Bringing back the crew, in idleness, with temptations to quit on all sides, was a thing more difficult. But that the Virginian accomplished. He had his troubles. Trampas, out of sheer deviltry, and for the pursuance of that feud he had begun in Medicine Bow, tried to keep him from doing so. But he failed. The Virginian lost only one man—his cook.

Him he kicked off the train somewhere in the Dakotas, but in doing so he made room for Scipio Le Moyne, a loyal ally, a cook par excellence. With Scipio he acquired one Shorty, a weak brother of a cowboy.

That journey had been a test. It had developed into a fight, almost, with Trampas, but a fight of wits rather than of strength. And when they returned, as the Virginian well understood, the trouble was likely to be more acute. On the train, the Virginian was in charge. At Sunk Creek he would come again, with Trampas, under the domination of a foreman who liked Trampas. But—that was not to be. For when they reached Sunk Creek there was no foreman! He had gone, bag and baggage. And his successor was the Virginian.

CHAPTER VI

HE HAD Trampas under his heel now. For just the first moment, I suppose, being distinctly human, he exulted in that thought, and planned to take his vengeance.

But that was a mood that did not last. He fell at once into the habit, peculiar to those who are born to be leaders of men, of separating absolutely his personal self from his official personality. And he knew, as soon as he thought things over, that he couldn't use the authority the judge had given him to make trouble for Trampas. Trampas, of course, expected his time. He waited a day, following some code of his own, to give his enemy time to discharge him. Then he went to the new foreman.

"I'll take my time," he said briefly.

"Yuh leavin'?" said the Virginian, mildly surprised, as it seemed.

"I know how things stand here now, I reckon," said Trampas, sulkily. "You're foreman now—"

"I am," said the Virginian. "All yuh've got to do here, Trampas, is your work. Yuh understand? As long as yuh do that, yuh can stay—for all of me. You're a good cow man."

Trampas bit his lip—and stayed. Few had thought he would do that. But there were reasons for his action, as was presently to



She Laid Her Hand on Uncle Hughie's Arm and the Virginian, Glowering, Took Himself Outside

he made plain. He had no thought of abandoning his feud; of giving up his hatred for the man who was now set over him. From the first he had been in the wrong, in every clash between them. But Trampas had that mixed blood, Indian, Mexican and white, that only made his hate flame fiercer because of that. And in his mind there was a new plan of a way to strike at the Virginian.

Outwardly he did his work. But all through that winter he was plotting. He knew the Virginian's old friendship for Steve; he could see, too, how the new foreman felt toward Shorty. For Shorty the Virginian was sorry. The little fellow had a mind too small to understand many things. He was influenced too easily for his own good. And the Virginian, seeing that Trampas was busy with both Shorty and Steve, ground his teeth and wondered if he had done well to let Trampas stay.

Already dark things had been said of Trampas in that country. More than once cattlemen had suspected him of a willingness to round up cattle and change their brands. And the Virginian, for one, was secretly sure that at Sunk Creek Trampas was only lying low, recuperating, getting ready for a new campaign of rustling. If he took Steve and Shorty with him! If he

dragged them down to his own level! That would make the balance between them incline heavily to the side of Trampas—and the Virginian felt that his enemy was shrewd enough to know it.

Spring justified his fears. For on a certain day the three of them came to him, at his office, where he was going over the accounts for which he was responsible.

"We'll take our time," said Trampas.

"Yuh lettin' Trampas speak for you, Steve?" said the Virginian sorrowfully. Shorty, for the moment, he ignored.

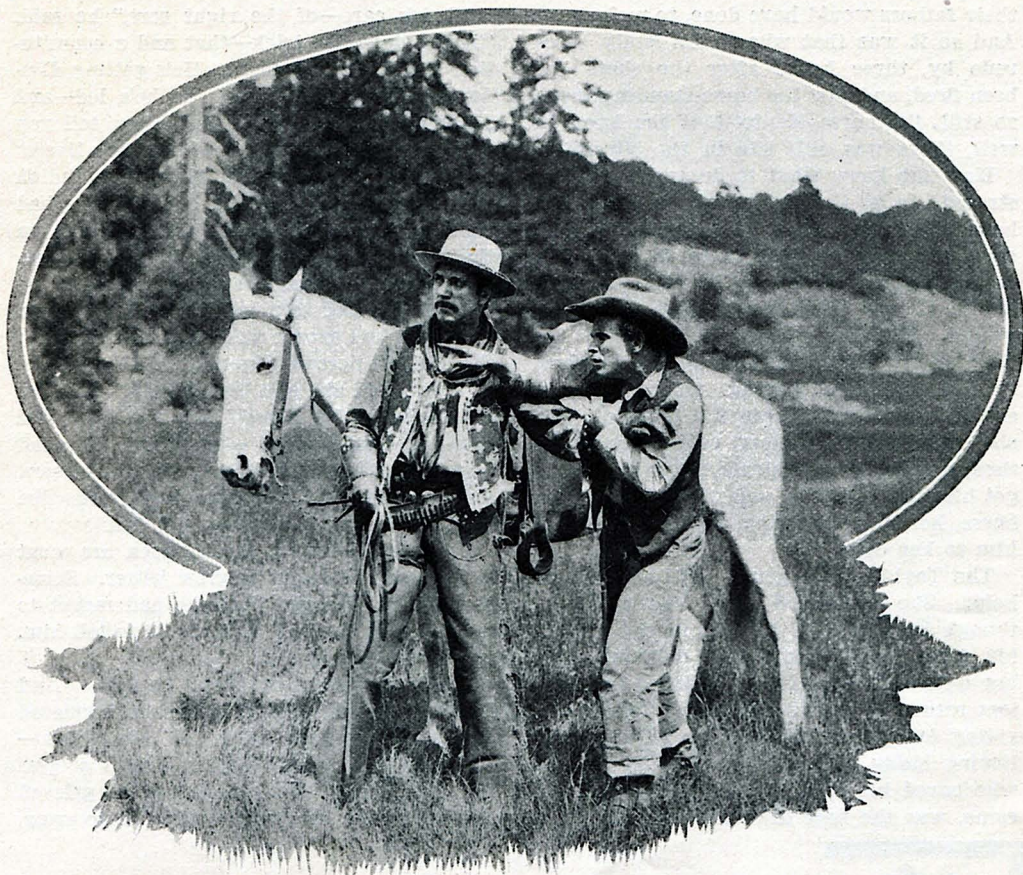
"Aw—I can get a better job," said Steve, uncomfortably. "An'——." He hesitated; then he broke out: "This place is too holy for to suit me, anyhow!" he declared, violently. "Since yuh got to be foreman they ain't no livin' with you, Jeff!"

The Virginian said no more. Silently he arranged the details. And that day all three of them rode away. But Scipio Le Moyne, promoted now to that place in the Virginian's friendship that Steve had held, saw the sorrow that was in the foreman's heart. And he knew that for once Trampas had scored a victory.

"Them two is going to have it out—to a finish," he commented to himself. "And the Lord help Trampas—if it's fair fighting!"



"We'll Take Our Time,"
Said Trampas
"Yuh Lettin' Trampas
Speak for Yuh,
Steve!"



"Look! Do You See Over There?"

CHAPTER VII

WHICH it was not to be. There was that in the blood of Trampas that forbade fair fighting, unless he were cornered, and there were men with strength enough to make him choose it. And his first blow was struck, by proxy, that very spring. The Virginian rode into the hills, on an errand for Judge Henry. A neighbor—he lived within two hundred miles—had borrowed some horses. They were needed now, and, for reasons of diplomacy, the Virginian himself went to find them.

Just what Trampas did no one could ever prove. There were plenty who knew, or were sure enough to say they knew. This much is certain. Indians, not many, but enough, left their reservation. This was forbidden, but winked at in season. As a rule, they were peaceable enough, when they were let alone. Trampas knew them. He

saw them now, with whiskey in his possession, which passed to them. And if there is a meaner sin, a deadlier one, than giving Indians whiskey, the West does not know it. That much it is sure that Trampas did, as he had done before. But this time he gave it to them, freely, and without price, whereas before he had sold it for gain.

And it was one day after his meeting with these Indians that they met the Virginian. Had Trampas described him? Had he exacted a promise, in return for the liquor? That is what cannot be proved. What is known is that they left the Virginian by the side of a creek, seemingly as dead as a man might be. He lay there, his head in the cold water, his horse standing by him. Perhaps that saved him.

These Indians were new to the business of killing white men. They were scared as soon as they had seen him fall, and they had ridden off swiftly, without waiting, as

their fathers would have done, to make sure. And so it was that when Miss Molly Wood rode by, three hours after the shots had been fired, and saw the horse standing there, so still, the horse Monte, that she knew so well, there was still life in the Virginian.

How she knew what to do and found the strength to do it, heaven only knows! Perhaps women are endowed with such knowledge. It may be that there is that born in them that comes out in time of need. Molly, at any rate, knew. She found the wound. Without a cry, she cut away the cloth of his shirt, and, although he flinched, washed out the gaping wound in his shoulder, perilously near the lung, as even she could tell, with clear, cold water. And then, somehow, with Monte helping her, she got him to his saddle, and walked beside his horse, her own following, until she brought him to her cabin.

The Taylors were gone. Still she had no help. She undressed him; she got him, though by this time he was in the grip of his fever, and raving with delirium, into her own bed. Just as she finished the Taylors returned, and in a moment Taylor was riding for the doctor, and his wife was relieving Molly of her task. But it was she who saved his life, as the doctor, when he came, was the first to admit.

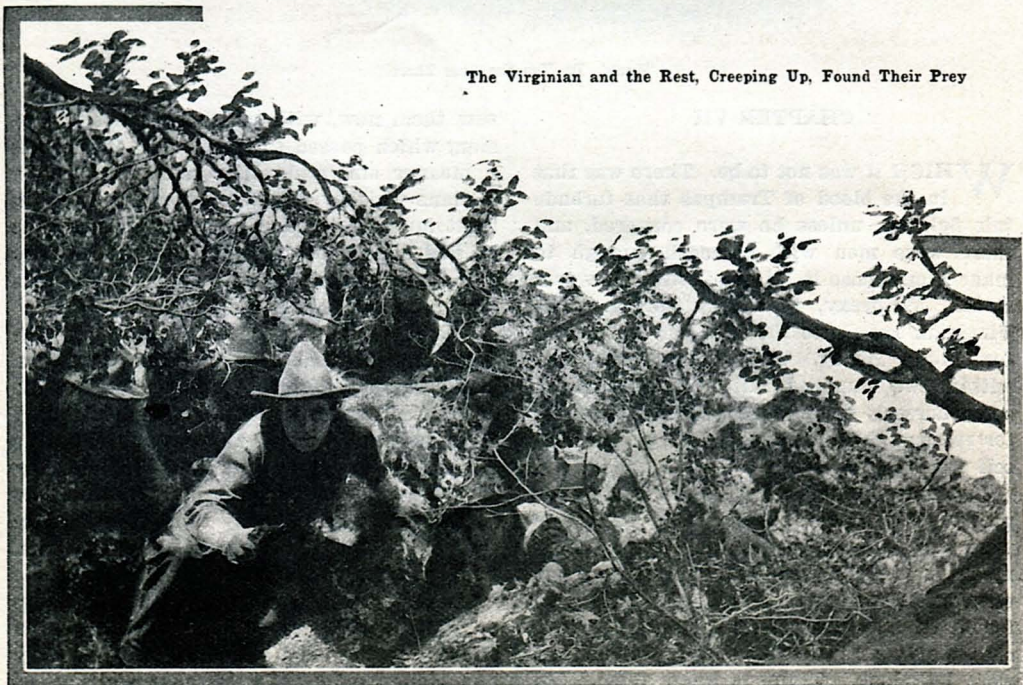
"Quick care—of the right sort," he said. "That's done the trick—that and a constitution God gives few men! He's getting dividends now for the clean life he's led—and I don't know the man. But I can tell you that he's the living proof of how he's lived."

Live he did—and to bless the Indian weapon that had laid him low. For he had come to Molly at a crisis. She had been on the point of going home to Bennington. And, had she gone, she would not have returned. He had terrified her by his wooing. Of late it had grown more and more urgent; she had felt herself slipping, yielding ground to him. And she had been afraid. She had not dared to let herself slip too far. But this—ah, this changed everything! She had seen him sick and helpless. She had heard him, raving—and not once had words she should not hear come from his lips.

He was chastened, as sick men are wont to be, when he began to grow better. Somehow he had learned that she had meant to go, and that she had been afraid to tell him. And at last he spoke.

"I—I owe you everything," he said. "And I've been seeing things. I reckon I grieved you, bothering you as I did. And now—you're going. That's right. That's proper. It's not fitting that you should be grieved and bothered. So—when I can, I'll go away,

The Virginian and the Rest, Creeping Up, Found Their Prey





"Steve! I've Got to Do it, Steve, Good-bye!" And Still Steve Looked Straight Before Him

and you'll forget. Though I'll be grieving." She looked at him, wide-eyed.

"But—but—" she cried. "Oh—I'm going to stay!"

Suddenly she caught him up, weak as he was, in her arms. And he knew. Knew that his dream had come true. Knew that in the moment of his renunciation he had achieved his victory.

CHAPTER VIII

BUT, still, though he had won her so, the dalliance of the newly engaged was not for them. In Vermont Molly, becoming betrothed thus, would have seen her man often, daily perhaps. But for the Virginian there was still his work to be done. More than ever now, in fact. Never one to take his duties lightly, he had no need to hear from Judge Henry that the times were critical for those who drove cattle.

And so his visits were as rare as they had ever been, when once he was well enough to ride away, back to Sunk Creek, and take up his work. In his absence much had accumulated. Details there were to be worked out. And the menace that had long hung over that land was growing to proportions that could no longer be ignored. The thieves were growing stronger.

In all the varied history of the West there has never been a chapter more curious than this that the cattle thieves wrote into the record. Imagine a wide stretch of country in which sheriffs, judges, juries, all the machinery of the law, were engaged, not in enforcing justice, not in protecting right, but in making justice impossible, in upholding wrong! Yet that was what was being done. The thieves were organized. They elected the judicial officers; they packed the juries. No proof of theft was strong enough; no thief could be convicted.

And so, at last, Judge Henry and the

others moved. Judge Henry was the greatest cattle owner of them all, yet it was not for that reason alone that the Virginian was put in charge of the work that had to be done. For no one could deny that he, of all men, was the one for this task. It was a posse that they organized. Extra legal; even illegal, if you like. But law, after all, springs from the people. It is the people that create law and the means of enforcing it. From the people there is no appeal. And when the means of enforcing the law that the people have made fail, the people have always taken the law back into their own hands. Sometimes that implies lynchings; sometimes revolution.

Here there was no choice. A band of cattle thieves was at work. It had no fear of courts or sheriffs; it knew that it need have none. And so the Virginian rode out, at the head of his posse, men of his own stamp, not revengeful, not filled with passion, only determined. They were sober; they were judicial.

And for six weeks, while Molly, knowing nothing of all that was going on, waited and wondered, longing to see him, the Virginian led his troop. In the end much had been accomplished. He had lost two-thirds of his force, for parties had been sent off, here and there, to pursue those of the rustlers who had been cornered. The organized band was broken up. It was flying, over three states, and every scattered section was pursued hotly, by men who knew what was to be done. The Virginian himself, with a dozen men or less, was hot on the trail of one party. Trampas, he felt, was of it. And to succeed, he must get Trampas; to succeed fully. To get the rest and let Trampas escape would not be enough.

The trail told its story, plainly enough. Always the Virginian and the others gained, driving the rustlers before them into the Tetons, bad country, with almost no outlet. That was the sum of the Virginian's strategy. He meant to bottle up the thieves; to catch them, so, with as little risk as might be to the men he led.

And he was right. Trampas was with the rustlers. He led them. They trusted him to get them free, and he laughed, in their camp, at the thought that the Virginian might catch them.

"That dude—that preacher!" he said, scornfully. "Before he catches me——."

And yet, the next morning, in a dangerous

piece of country, Shorty, catching his horse, called sharply to him.

"Look!" he said. "Do you see—over there?"

"By God!" swore Trampas. Then, "Come on!"

"But—the others!" cried Shorty.

"Let them look to themselves! Come on!" he cried.

And so the Virginian and the rest, creeping up, under cover, found their prey. But they found only two; two had escaped. And the Virginian reeled back as he saw that one of his prisoners was Steve, who had been his dearest friend.

CHAPTER IX

NOT a word did Steve and the Virginian exchange. With all the others Steve talked. But to the Virginian he gave not so much as a glance. With the others, through the night, he even joked. With them he went over the events of the chase. To their delight he told them how they had been tricked, explaining how the rustlers had escaped from this trap or that, that had seemed sure to catch them. Steve was game.

"Don't yuh look so glum, boys!" he said. "This is just business. We took our chances with yuh—didn't we, Ed?"

He spoke to the companion of his capture, trussed with ropes, like himself, and sitting, bound, beside him.

"Sure," said Ed.

"It's right white of yuh, Steve," drawled Honey Wiggin. "If yuh think we like this—well, we don't!"

"It's all in the game," said Steve. "I played to win—an' I lost. I've done that before—but mebbe the stakes wasn't so big. Not so all fired big as they was this time."

Night settled down upon the camp at last. Even when it was the Virginian's turn to keep guard, Steve, lying wakeful, said no word.

And morning followed night. All knew what was to be done. There was no need of words. In the gray, ghostly light of dawn they gathered, the men who had taken the law into their own hands. Steve and Ed, mounted, but with their hands tied, were in the midst of the group.

"Where?" asked one of the posse.

"That clump of cottonwoods," said the Virginian, pointing.

Silently they rode. They came to the cottonwoods. And it was Steve's turn first. His horse stood still beneath a hanging branch of a great tree. Suddenly the Virginian rode up beside him and leaned close.

"Steve!" he whispered. "I've got to do it! Steve—good-bye!"

And still Steve looked straight before him, and his lips did not move. The Virginian turned away.

Silently, when they had done their work, the cowboys of the posse rode off on their various ways. They had no mind to stay together. What they had done they had to do; that did not improve the taste that was left in their mouths. Two of them led the horses that Steve and Ed would need no more. And the Virginian, with one man, rode back toward

Steve give me this to give yuh—when—when we'd finished."

Just a few lines on a piece of paper.

"Good-bye, Jeff. If I'd tried to talk to you I'd have played baby."

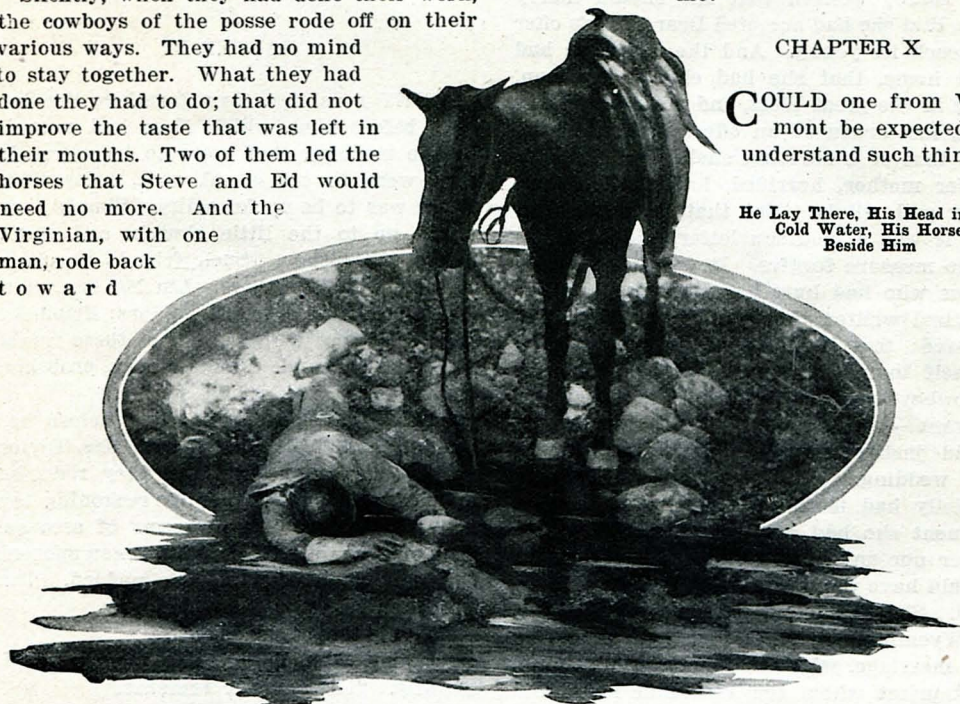
If there were tears in the Virginian's eyes there was none to see him. But he muttered to himself.

"Steve!" he said, softly, but the other heard. "And I thought you had it in for me!"

CHAPTER X

COULD one from Vermont be expected to understand such things?

He Lay There, His Head in the Cold Water, His Horse Beside Him



Sunk Creek, five hundred miles away. Just before they made camp for the night the Virginian's horse shied suddenly. With a start he was out of his saddle, and looking down on something that lay on the ground. It was Shorty. A bullet hole was in the back of his head.

"I expect Trampas done that," said the other man. "I expect he thought Shorty would give him away—him being such a poor little fool."

It was an epitaph.

"But we can't prove it!" cried the Virginian, giving way for one fierce moment.

"No," said the other man, shaking his head. "That's so. But I expect there'll be plenty of reasons for killing Trampas—if one catches him. Oh!" He straightened up, suddenly, remembering. "I 'most forgot.

Certainly, not at first. Nor did Molly. Strange tales, dreadful, distorted, came to her. Her lover, still held away from her, took a new and dreadful shape in her mind—this man who killed wantonly, as it seemed to her. A lynching—and her Virginian had directed it! Small wonder that she was troubled.

Perhaps he might have made her see, in time. But he did not have to face that task—and in it he might have failed. It was Judge Henry, hearing of her pain, who took it upon his own shoulders to make her see the truth, to explain to her some of those differences between Wyoming and Vermont that she had not yet been able to learn.

And so, in the end, she was appeased, and, faintly, reconciled. Such things were fearful; that she maintained. But the judge

made her see that they had justification. She understood, at least, that the Virginian had believed himself in the right, and she had the quality of mind to see that, after all, it was that that counted.

But in those days she had other troubles. Her family, for example. In Vermont there had been a young man, an excellent young man, and rich, withal. It was that she might escape him and the conviction that her family desired that she should marry him, that she had accepted Bear Creek's offer to teach its young. And the news she had sent home, that she had chosen her man, here in the great West, and meant to marry him, had produced an effect in Bennington like that of a bursting shell.

Her mother, horrified, had written tearfully and wildly. But that, because, after all, it was a mother's letter, she could, in some measure forgive. It was her married sister who had hurt her most deeply. For she had written that she was shocked, and grieved; that if Molly, indeed, could bring herself to marry one so far below her as a cowboy—wasn't a foreman a sort of upper servant?—she, for one, did not see how she could justify herself in being present at the wedding.

Molly had flamed at that. And in that moment she had resolved that neither her sister nor any of the others from Vermont should have the opportunity to see her married. She had found love and all it meant in Wyoming. In Wyoming, then, should be her marriage, with the Bishop of Wyoming, that priest whom the Virginian loved and revered, to unite them. And their honeymoon should be, first of all, in the open spaces, in the mountains she had not seen, but that the Virginian knew by heart. Later, when the first joy of it was part of their lives, and she should have gained serenity, they would go to Vermont, and she would show him to the family that had dared to doubt her choice.

Some of this she told the Virginian. It made him happy that she should choose to have it so, for it was so that he would have chosen. He was a little afraid, you see, of this family of hers, so different from any he had ever known. His instinct had told him how it must regard him; how it must fear him, and, perhaps, even hate him, for having won her.

And so their plans were made. He had to choose his time, or did so, at least, with

a high regard for the convenience of Judge Henry and the well-being of the ranch. But he told her that if they were married on the third of July he might take a full two months—and of that time, they decided, then and there, a month should be spent, alone, in the mountains. Another month would take them east, where he might be shown off to the family. And then they would come back, to take up their life together.

CHAPTER XI

THEY rode into town together, the day before that which they had named. In the morning they were to be married; they were to set off at once, after that. There was to be no formality. Simply they would go to the little church, and stand before the bishop. Such friends as chose to come would be there. Lin McLean, married himself by now; the Taylors; Scipio Le Moyne; Honey Wiggin. All of these would surely be on hand. Judge Henry, probably, and his wife, too, would appear.

She was to spend that night before her wedding at the little hotel, with Mrs. Taylor as her companion. And, as they rode, he laughed, and amused her by reckoning the hours that were left in terms of seconds. And, even as they did so, a horseman spurred by, in a cloud of dust. He nodded. The Virginian returned the nod, curtly.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"A man who doesn't like me," he said, steadily. "His name is Trampas."

"Oh," she gave reply. She caught her breath. She remembered the tales she had heard of that raid into the Tetons, of Shorty, with the bullet in the back of his head. "Oh," she repeated. "He—he won't try—"

"No," he said. "Be easy."

But in his heart he was afraid. Not of Trampas! Heaven forbid! But of what Trampas might make him do when they reached town.

Once they reached the town he kept his eyes open. But of Trampas there was no sign. He took her to the hotel, and went with her to her room to see that all was as it should be, promising, lightly, to kill the proprietor if it were not. And there came his three friends; Honey Wiggin, Lin McLean and Scipio.

"We'd like to borrow him, Miss Wood," said Honey. "We'll be good."



They Threw Up His Hand and His Bullet Struck the Ceiling

"You don't know how!" she laughed. "But—he isn't mine yet. So I suppose that you can have him."

"Don't change your clothes," said Scipio.

The Virginian flashed a look at him, and understood. And when he went out his gun was where it had been while he rode. As

a rule he did not carry a gun in town, that being a habit of the cowboys of fiction, rather than those of the range. They went out.

"Thanks," said the Virginian to Scipio. "So—he's here? I saw him, back a ways. But I wasn't sure."

"He's here—and drinking," said Lin. His

She Looked Up and Saw Him
in the Glass, "I—I've Got
to Tell Yuh," He Said, "I've
Killed Trampas"



voice was gloomy. "He's got friends in town, too. They're backing his play. Say the word—we'll take it off your hands."

"A man don't get married *all* the time," pleaded Honey. "This ain't as usual—"

But the Virginian only shook his head.

"I'm hoping he'll behave—until after to-morrow," he said. "But if he don't—I reckon it's between me and him."

They did not look for trouble. They went to a saloon, to have one drink together. And suddenly, maddened by the whiskey he had drunk, Trampas was with them. Men seized him; they threw up his hand and his bullet struck the ceiling. But his tongue they could not check, and he poured out his hate, while the Virginian stood unmoved.

"I don't want trouble with you," he said, finally.

"Yuh never did!" said Trampas, with unprintable additions. Then: "I'll give yuh till sundown to leave town!"

They gasped. Trampas had cast the die. But still the Virginian was quiet.

"Trampas," he said, "are you sure you mean that?"

"Yes!" said Trampas, "and much more."

"Gentlemen," said the Virginian, turning to his friends. "This is my affair. You'll oblige me?"

"It's your affair," said Scipio. He looked around. "Does anyone feel a call to mix in?"

There was no answer. And the Virginian went into the street and looked at the hotel—knowing that she was there. Ten minutes later he still did not know what to do. He met the bishop, who had heard, and was sorrowful.

"You—you must fight?" said the bishop.

"Bishop—how can I help it?"

The cry was wrong from him. The bishop sighed and shook his head.

"Have you told Miss Wood?" he asked.

"Need I?" asked the Virginian.

"At once!"

Slowly the Virginian turned toward the hotel.

CHAPTER XII

HE THOUGHT she did not know. But at the sight of her he saw that fools had told her. She clung to him, sobbing.

"Oh—you're safe—you've come back to me!" she cried. "I was so frightened when I heard—but it's over—!"

He held her, and looked at her, amazed.

"Over?" he said. "Did yuh think it was over?"

She started from him.

"You mean? You're going to—"

He bowed his head.

"What can I do?" he asked. "He's cast a slur upon me. If I don't—meet him, I admit it's true. One of us has got to be killed for that—and it won't be me. I know that. God couldn't play such a trick on me as that."

"You'd murder him—to prove you're brave? When everyone knows that already?"

"Don't say murder," he said, sternly. "My dear—I've got to live here. This is my country. Could I live here when men could say that Trampas had ordered me out of town—and that I'd gone?"

"You care more for what they say than you do—for me?" she asked, tensely. "Then—if you do that—this is the end!"

The beads of sweat stood out on his brow.

"You mean—there'd be no to-morrow?"

She nodded.

He moved toward her. Then he spoke, very gently, as he drew back.

"No," he said. "I was going to kiss you good-bye—but I've no right to do that, now. I—"

He turned toward the door. But she clung to him, tried to hold him back. Gently he freed himself. She screamed, and he went out, with that sound in his ears. In the street he looked about. Suddenly something brushed his sleeve. He fired—twice. And a hundred feet away lay what had been Trampas. He walked toward him, his gun still ready. But he had done his work. He brushed aside those who came running to congratulate him. Slowly he walked back to the hotel. He went to her room and stood in the door. She was sitting, her head bowed on her hands, by the bureau. She looked up, and saw him in the glass.

"I—I've got to tell yuh," he said. "I've killed Trampas."

"Oh—thank God!" she cried.

And she was in his arms.

"But you said—" he began, bewildered.

"Oh—that! I—can't you see—I was afraid for you?"

They laughed together.

The Adventurer

By Berton Braley

IN THE middle of the jungle
Photographing beasts of prey,
Where a single little bungle
Means the Finish right away,
'Mid the motion of the ocean,
Or the plains of Martaban,
Sounds the flutter of the shutter
Of the Moving Picture Man.

On a mountain high and dizzy
Or an airship flying free,
You will often find him busy
And as calm as calm can be,
In the battle's roar and rattle, .
Or the quiet of a bank
Sounds the flutter of the shutter
As he turns his little crank.

He is always taking chances
With the pictures that he takes,
And he *meets* with more romances
Than a story teller *makes*,
Never fearful, he is cheerful
In the face of perils grim,
And the flutter of his shutter
Is the song of life to him.

A Modern Wit

AND A DISTINGUISHED ACTOR

By Frederick Brooke



IF SAMUEL FOOTE, the noted wit, could hear his descendant exchange sallies and verbal thrusts with



Courtenay Foote

his chosen friends, he would not feel ashamed of the modern Foote, for Courtenay is one of the dryest and neatest wits of the present day. He exudes wit and it is natural, not forced; and, unlike Samuel's caustic utterances, it does not hurt even if it stings a bit at times.

If Lydia Foote, the famous actress who later became Lady Harrington, could watch the work of the more modern Foote, she would have good reason to be proud of the manner in which Courtenay is handling the histrionic traditions of the family, for Courtenay Foote is an artistic and notable actor.

In an issue of the London Society and Club journal "Vanity Fair," dated December 24, 1913, there is a full page cartoon of Courtenay Foote which, to those who know how hard it is to obtain this honor, is a sign not only of popularity, but of merit far

above the ordinary. One cannot purchase an appearance in a "Vanity Fair" cartoon. In this same issue appear a few pithy lines which call attention

to the characteristics of the lampooned one. These lines so fit Mr. Foote that I repeat them here.

"As an earnest worker in providing good work in front of the moving-picture lens, few, if any, have surpassed him."

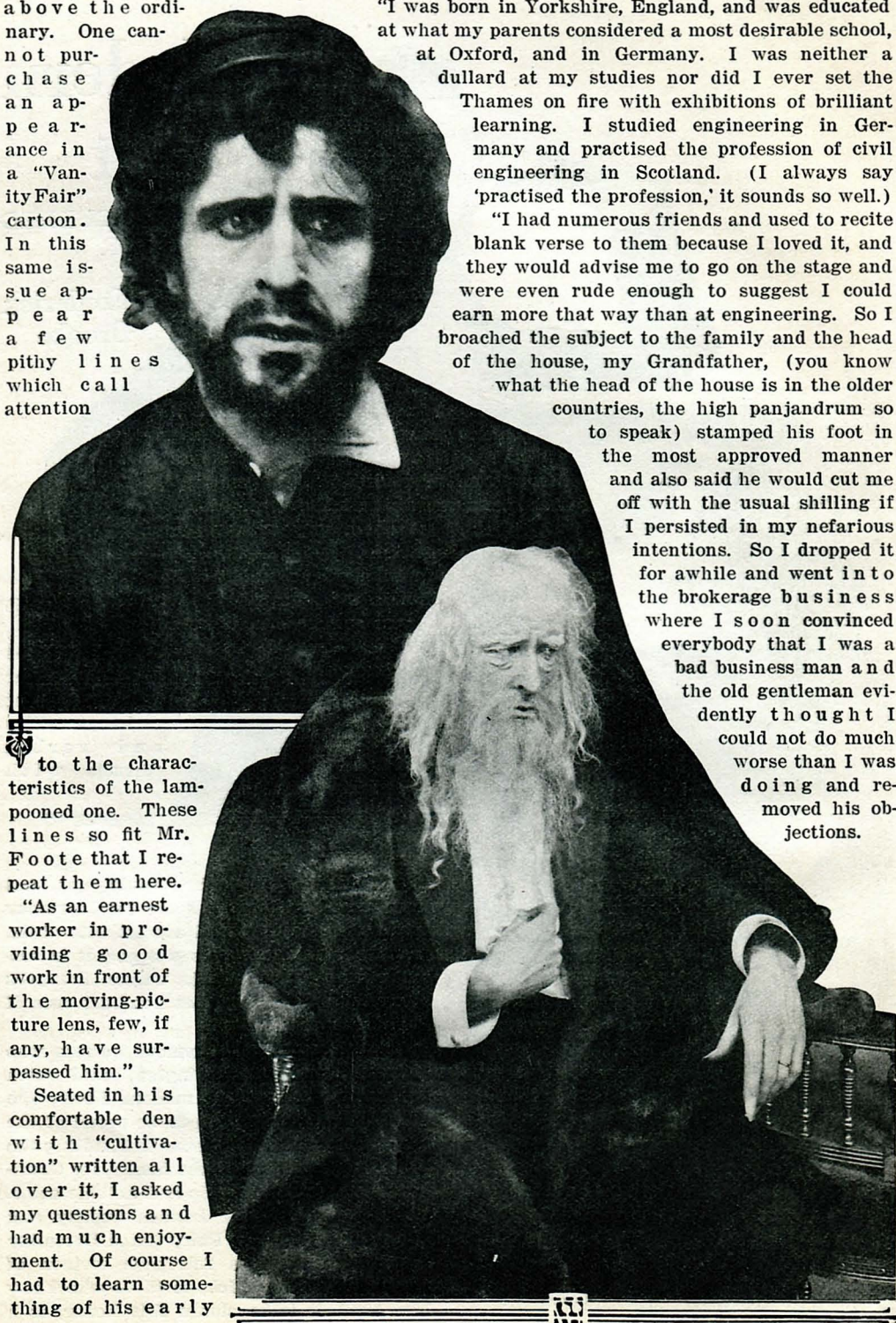
Seated in his comfortable den with "cultivation" written all over it, I asked my questions and had much enjoyment. Of course I had to learn something of his early history.

"I was born in Yorkshire, England, and was educated at what my parents considered a most desirable school, at Oxford, and in Germany. I was neither a dullard at my studies nor did I ever set the

Thames on fire with exhibitions of brilliant learning. I studied engineering in Germany and practised the profession of civil engineering in Scotland. (I always say 'practised the profession,' it sounds so well.)

"I had numerous friends and used to recite blank verse to them because I loved it, and they would advise me to go on the stage and were even rude enough to suggest I could earn more that way than at engineering. So I broached the subject to the family and the head of the house, my Grandfather, (you know what the head of the house is in the older

countries, the high panjandrum so to speak) stamped his foot in the most approved manner and also said he would cut me off with the usual shilling if I persisted in my nefarious intentions. So I dropped it for awhile and went into the brokerage business where I soon convinced everybody that I was a bad business man and the old gentleman evidently thought I could not do much worse than I was doing and removed his objections.



"I often wish I had struck a heroic pose and defied everybody, because it sounds so much better, doesn't it? However, I got an introduction from a relative, the wife of Sir Charles Flower, to F. R. Benson, the Shakespearean actor and scholar, and for that matter, an incomparable teacher and kindly gentleman. I recited to him one night, in the manufacturing town of Oldham. I say recited. But when he said 'enough,' I quite agreed with him, and expected a tart command to return when I came. But evidently I had impressed him enough for a trial.

"In the eighteen months I stayed with the Benson troupe I worked up from small parts to big ones. Yes, Mr. Benson is an excellent tutor, and I am proud of my connection with him and his talented company. He has given the world a number of fine actors and actresses who, when they left his company knew how to use their voices, wear their clothes and carry themselves properly.

"Following this altogether delightful engagement, I went to London and appeared with Charles Hawtry at the Haymarket Theatre in 'Lucky Miss Dean' and 'The Indecision of Mr. Kingsbury.' Then I played Prince Hal with Beerbohm Tree in 'Henry the Fourth' at the Shakespearean Festival, which was followed by an eleven months' engagement with Gerald Du Maurier in 'Raffles,' in which I took the part of Crowley.

"I remained with Du Maurier to play Tommy in 'Brewster's Millions,' and I also understudied Du Maurier. After one or two short engagements at the Court Theatre I again joined Beerbohm Tree, playing Lord Worthington in 'Admiral Bashville.' Then I think I played with Gerald Lawrence in 'Into the Light' at the Court."

"What happened then?"

"I was tired out and wanted a rest so I took an eight months' holiday, traveling over England and going to the Scilly Isles and to Paris. Here I purchased two plays and was in the midst of translating them when an actor friend visited me and told me he was sailing for America. I asked him when.

"In three weeks," he told me, "why not come along?" Having nothing definite in view I said 'righto,' and so I came. Five days after I landed in New York, I appeared with Digby Bell and Catherine Clifford in 'The Debtors,' taking the part of Arthur Clenham. We went on the road with the play and did well. Then followed in suc-

cession Captain Jack Archer in the 'Fires of Fate' under Frohman, Skelton Perry in 'Is Matrimony a Failure,' in New York and Chicago, under Belasco and Viscount Charles Deedford, a part I created with George Arliss in 'Disraeli.'

"Then I took a six months' holiday in England and returned to appear under the Liebler management in the all star cast of 'Oliver Twist.'"

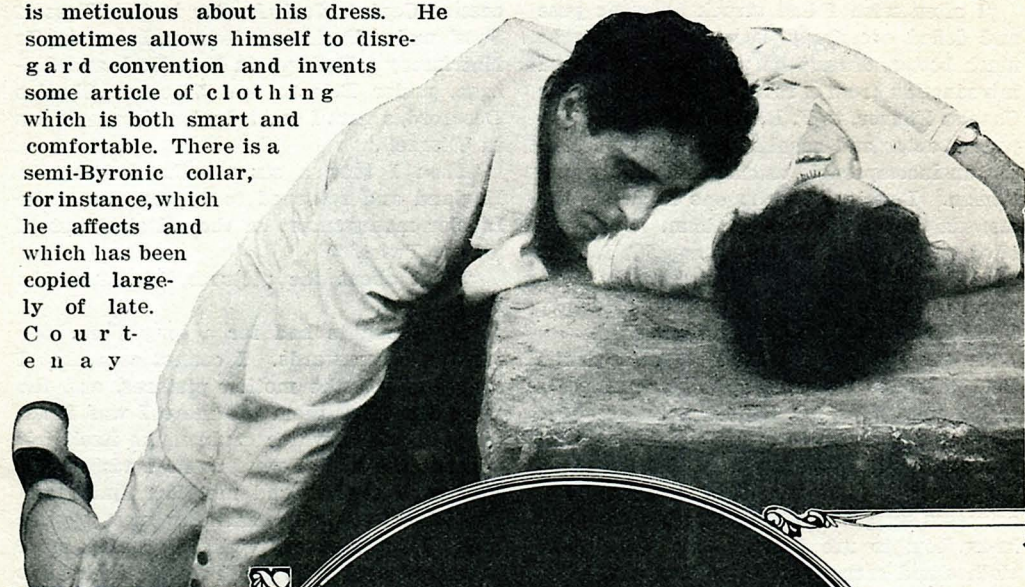
"What about the pictures," I asked Mr. Foote.

"My thoughts had for a long time been turning screenwards. I cannot own that I ever despised the motion pictures, and the more I studied them the more I was interested in acting which could make itself felt without the use of words. So I visited the Vitagraph studios and met Mr. Smith and Mr. Blackton, both charming men by the way. I repeated my visits, becoming more enamored each trip, and I finally decided to try the experiment to see if I could make good. In my first picture I took the lead in the first of the 'Captain Barnacle' series and I liked the work immensely. Later came 'The Reincarnation of Karma,' which really established me, the part of Horatio Sparkins in a Dickens series, Wolf Saltzman in Catherine Carr's 'Father and Son,' and many other parts and plays. I then went to England for another holiday and how I did enjoy meeting my old friends, members of the profession, mostly. I was surprised to find how many of the old timers had gone into moving pictures and to note the advance in the industry in the old country. I attended the first smoker held by the trade over there and I made it a point to visit the Hepworth studios to meet Larry Trimble and that delightful woman and actress, Florence Turner. I have most pleasant memories of my work with her and admire her immensely. She seemed to be very happy in her new work. It was on this trip that I was interviewed for 'Vanity Fair' and cartooned by A. S. P., all of which I appreciate highly.

On returning, I came out here to California with David Griffith to work in Reliance and Majestic films. Yes, I like it out here very much and hope that my stay may be a long one."

Men of the stamp of Courtenay Foote are an honor to the profession of motion picture acting. He is a gentleman every inch of him. At first impression he may strike one as being somewhat foppish, for the fact is that he

is meticulous about his dress. He sometimes allows himself to disregard convention and invents some article of clothing which is both smart and comfortable. There is a semi-Byronic collar, for instance, which he affects and which has been copied largely of late. Courtenay



Foote will help a woman on a car and put her bundle of washing in after her and raise his hat with the same punctiliousness as he would to a woman of his own class. His manner to a cowboy is the same as to a Duke and herein lies much of his charm. He is natural at all times and will change neither his accent nor his manners to suit anybody.

There is one picture in particular in which he appeared which gave striking evidence of his ability. It was a Vitagraph film, a comedy called "He Waited." In this Foote called upon a young lady to take her to a dance and as he waited for her, he grew older and older until at last he was a doddering old man. It was a marvellous bit of acting and of make up. Every little point was studied and everything, every move and every action was artistically effective.



Mr. Foote has just signed a contract with the Bosworth Incorporated and will receive opportunities which he has never had before. The result should be gratifying to Bosworth and Co., Courtenay Foote and the photoplay going public.



"You Lose, Graham, You Lose!" He Said.

"Sparks of Fate"

TWO MEN AND A GIRL AND
A BATTLE BY WIRELESS

By Edith Huntington Mason

Illustrations from the Essanay Film

THE beach sparkled in the afternoon sunlight and an indolent sea rolled slow breakers to the shore. Inside the little wireless station the two operators sat and played cards. It was a friendly habit they had when the one came to relieve the other on duty. To-night as usual, the game went against the younger of the two, Wilbur Hayes, and as usual his dark face expressed his chagrin.

"Did you ever see the hanged luck?" he said. "I never win!"

The other man, Frank Graham, big and tall and with a smile that made all the world his friend, laughed light-heartedly.

"Perhaps you're lucky at love then," he said, "a fellow ought to win at something!"

A knock came at the door and a voice said, "May I come in?" It was a feminine voice, very joyous and young.

"You bet you can!" said Graham fervently, opening the door.

A girl entered, her cheeks deep rose as if from a race down the beach.

"I'm so glad to catch you both," she said, perching herself with pretty assurance on the edge of the work littered table, "I've an invitation for you." Her glance of innocent allurements rested first on one young fellow, then on the other. "Ma says," she went on, indicating with her hand a cottage which could be seen through the window not far up the shore, "that she's going to have blueberry pie for dinner and you're both to come!"

Young Hayes broke into a broad grin. "You don't say!" he said. "Why that's white of her, Ruth, and white of you to come and tell us! Your mother knows that blueberry pie always gets my goat!"

"Oh," said the young woman quickly, "as far as that goes, she's going to have fried cakes, too!"

That was the delicacy which most appealed to the other operator and the little witch must have known it, for as she spoke she smiled right into Frank Graham's serious gray eyes. From which it will be seen that Miss Ruth Donald was, without any intention at all and with no instruction whatever, a past mistress at the art of keeping two young men in love with her at the same time. She was an unusual girl and her two years away at school had given her the poise and sophistication of a much older one. This affair with the two wireless operators had been going on all summer and now that winter was approaching, was no nearer a solution for Ruth than it had ever been. She liked them both tremendously; the big, even-tempered, generous Frank Graham, and the slender, perverse Wilbur whose mood could never be relied upon. But she did not feel that she loved either.

And although she had been able to keep them both on the same friendly footing for some time it was, of course, impossible to do that forever. One day a walk on the beach had resulted in a proposal from the impetuous Wilbur. They were sitting on a log embedded in the sand and the young man had somehow obtained possession of her hand. Miles away the tall staff on the top of the wireless station and a curl of smoke from a tramp steamer in the harbor beyond showed against the sky.

"Isn't there anything a fellow could do, Ruthie?" he said, his lips quivering with the intensity of his feeling. "Nothin' at all that he could do to make you care? It doesn't seem as if it were possible for me to do without you!"

She patted his thin fingers with friendly kindness.

"Now, now, Wilbur boy," she said. "Don't talk to me like that. I didn't mean to let you say it, honest I didn't. For I can't say what you want me to, I can't, really."

He recoiled from her, his brows dark and scowling. "Why not?" he demanded and Ruth looked at him sadly for it wasn't scorned love but injured pride that spoke in that tone.

She rose. "Because I only think of you as a friend," she said gently. "Come, let's go."

But he caught her arm. His expression now was entirely devoid of tenderness, it was all hate. "Is it—is it—Frank?" he managed to say, his jealousy making him stammer.

She disengaged herself with cool dignity.

"Frank is my friend, too," she said. "You've no right to know, but I gave him the same answer I've given you, only the other day."

Hayes' brow cleared a little. "So that's it, is it? You don't care for either of us!"

The light of coquetry came back into the girl's eyes, momentarily serious.

"On the contrary," she answered lightly, "I love you both so much I can't tell which I love the most. Come on back. I bet I can beat you home!" She tucked her fleecy tam o'shanter under her arm and with her hair snapping like fire in the sunlight raced away down the beach with Wilbur after her.

The discovery that Frank, too, had been unsuccessful, did not entirely appease Hayes' jealousy. Even if Graham had received the same answer that he had himself, they were still on the same footing, the other operator had just as much chance of winning Ruth as he had. On the way to the station that afternoon his fertile brain was busy scheming how to get rid of his rival. But an idea did not come to him until he had entered the office and hung his cap on a peg just before going to work.

Frank and an old seaman from the tramp ship which had come into harbor that morning were playing cards. As the former looked up and nodded pleasantly a scheme



. . . In the Direction of a Cottage Where He Knew a Girl with Hair Like an Aureole of Gold
Must be Sitting.

for deciding the question of Ruth Donald's favor flashed into Wilbur's brain. A game of chance should settle the matter! They would throw a few "cold hands" and the loser should go away and leave the field for the winner. There was plenty of precedent in romance for such an expedient and the young man's imagination was captured by the idea. However, he did not like to suggest it in cold blood. So he contented himself with a surly greeting in response to Frank's smile and sat himself down at the wireless machine with his back to the card players.

Graham's good-humored face sobered, and his eyes filled with astonishment. "Say, Wilbur," he said, "you're scarcely civil. Captain McLeish left his ship to come and pay us a little call and now you can't even say 'hello!'"

"I ain't dyin' of it," said the old captain laconically, shifting his pipe from one side of his mouth to the other.

Frank laughed and turned to the game. "All right," he said. Then over his shoulder to Hayes hunched above the table, "Has Ruthie been doing anything to you, Wilbur?" he asked. "Is that why you're so more than usual unsociable?"

Hayes turned as quick as a flash and his face was dark with passion. "Look here, Graham," he said springing to his feet, "I'll thank you to leave Miss Donald's name out of the conversation! What she and I have to say to each other is no concern of yours!"

Graham rose, too, but he was perfectly cool. "I see that I guessed right!" he said. "Too bad, Wilbur old boy! But every man has to take his medicine you know!"

"Yes," said Hayes, his anger turning to moodiness as he sat down with them at the card table, "you don't have to tell me that, only it seems a pity, doesn't it, that we should both stay on here, interfering with each other's chances?"

Graham sat down and crossed one long leg over the other, then he lit a cigarette slowly.

"What in time do you mean?" he said.

Hayes explained his idea eagerly, oblivious of the old seaman who stolidly began a game of solitaire.

"We'll throw a few cold hands," he finished, "and the loser quits his job and leaves town so the winner can have the field to himself." He was still under the thrall of his late emotions aroused by the

interview with Ruth, and was terribly in earnest. Graham's laugh of derision, therefore, brought the red blood to his face.

"Well," he said, "what is there to laugh about? If you weren't a fool you'd see it was a good idea."

Graham leaned his handsome head back against the wall and yawned in a bored way. "It's because I'm not a fool that I don't agree," he said. "No man in his senses is going to risk his chance of winning his girl on a game of cards."

Wilbur rose, trembling with disappointment and anger. "O, then you're a coward, hey?" he said, and struck Graham.

The proverbial flash of lightning could hardly have been quicker than Frank's leap for the other operator, but the table was between them, and the old captain further protected Wilbur by throwing himself in front of him.

"I don't like to see you two boys fightin'," said the old man, "and about a girl, too! Why the world's full o' women! You'd much better play cards to decide it, than fly at each other's throats. It's more civilized."

The two young men stared at each other across the table and now the older operator's face was dark with as ugly passions as those depicted on Wilbur's.

The word coward rankled and upset his good judgment and his common sense. "All right," he said slowly, holding the other with his eye. "I never refused yet to meet a man in any game. I'm not afraid of the cards. We'll play."

They sat down and dealt the hands. In an instant the atmosphere of the room grew tense. The ticking of the clock sounded like the voice of fate and except for that and the excited breathing of the old seaman behind Wilbur's chair, there was no sound.

The cards fell rapidly and the first round went to Graham. Hayes' face grew thunderous. It was to be the best out of three. They dealt the cards again and this time the younger operator won. The next was the decisive round and Wilbur's hand shook as he dealt. He gave a swift glance at his hand, and then a very strange thing happened. While his opponent still kept his eyes fastened on his cards, Hayes, swifter than thought drew an ace from the pack at his elbow. As quickly he substituted it for a card he already held, and in another instant was asking Graham how many he wanted in a tone as cool as you please.

A few minutes of play ended the suspense and Wilbur with a sneering smile of triumph was spreading out on the table the royal straight flush which told the story of his victory.

"You lose, Graham! You lose!" he said.

Frank stared at the cards as if stunned. Slowly the anger which the word coward had aroused and which had driven him to his undoing, faded from his face. An expression of grief took its place. "Ruthie!" he murmured and rising unsteadily walked to the window and looked out.

At the same moment the old captain, stern and grave, rose and bent over Wilbur. "You cheated!" he whispered in the young man's ear. "You cheated and I saw you do it!"

A spasm of fear swept over Hayes. But it was no time to back out now. Without wasting a minute in replying he plunged into his pocket and bringing up a handful

of bills swept them into the others hands, putting his finger on his lip at the same time.

Captain McLeish of the tramp steamer Melba was old, and his faded uniform threadbare, and he had not money enough to pay the crew of his steamer and the steamer had to sail that evening. He had to think quickly or he might perhaps have decided on a more honorable course of action. As it was, when Graham, once more composed and master of himself, looked around, the captain's hand was deep in his pocket and the money was not to be seen.

At sunset when the S. S. Melba sailed out of the harbor she carried with her a young man who looked as if he had been stricken by some mortal blow. The vessel steamed bravely out to sea, the ships in the harbor and the houses on the bluff above them receding slowly, but the young man's gaze was fixed only in the direction of a cottage



The Captain Called Graham's Attention to the Dark Column of Wind Which was Whirling Toward the Vessel

far down the shore near the wireless telegraph station, where he knew a girl with hair like an aureole of gold, and a heart more precious than any metal, must be sitting and reading the note which he had sent her.

"Dear Ruth," it began. His inward eye could read the heartless words over her slender shoulder. "I have given up my job at the wireless station and I'm going abroad for a number of years. Good-bye."

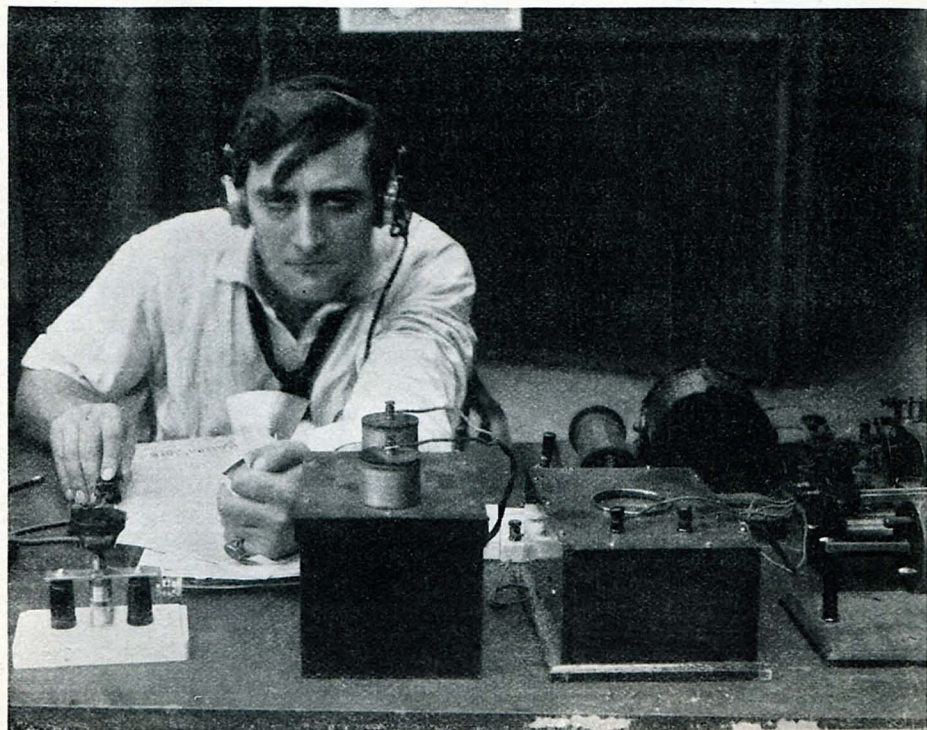
"No explanation, no reason why," he muttered to himself. "Just going away, that's all. God! What will she think?" And all the efforts of his friend the captain to distract him proved in vain.

The operator who was to replace Graham was not coming until the next day and Hayes was on duty at the station that night. There had been little business to attend to, however, only a few messages from the weather bureau. The night was a bad one, for a fierce wind had blown up and the waves were lashing the coast. Hayes rose from his chair and looked out

at the wild water and smashing sheet of rain. His face blanched a little as he thought of the Melba. Had that treacherous ace of his really sent his rival to his death? Was it possible that the old tramp steamer might not weather the storm?

His apprehensions, if they were sufficiently serious to be so called, were entirely justified, for the Melba was having a hard time of it. At six o'clock the captain had called Graham's attention to the dark column of wind which was whirling its way over the sea toward the vessel and ever since it had been a hard fight to keep her above water. But it was from another quarter that she received her death-blow. Toward midnight an explosion in the engine room set the ship on fire and at the same moment a bolt of lightning struck her wireless outfit and knocked the operator senseless. It seemed almost as if her doom had been foreordained.

Captain McLeish encountering Graham in the wireless room where a group of seamen were attending the unconscious oper-



A Last Appeal from Men Who Loved Life and Saw Death Just Ahead of Them



Get an Answer! . . . He Must and Would

ator, turned to him in despair. "Allen was our only operator," he said. "Could you send the call for help for us?"

Graham did not need to be urged. Already he had his coat off and was seated at the instrument while his practiced fingers sought the key. The electricity sputtered and hissed while little flames shot forth, and outside the lightning played savagely about the pilot-house.

"S. O. S.," went the call. "S. O. S. Steamship Melba. Fire in the engine room. S. O. S."

Far and wide went the call within a fifty mile radius, the extent of the range of the old ship's equipment. It was not a wide radius, but it took in a certain wireless station on the coast near the port from which the vessel had sailed, just as Graham had hoped it would. But a young man with a lean dark face and frowning brows, who was on duty there and whose business it was to send out a call for help with the station's powerful apparatus which could reach any revenue cutter within a fifteen hundred mile radius, and whom Graham had hoped would respond, failed to do so.

Something was the matter with him. He heard the call plainly enough, that was evident, for as he bent over the instrument, the receivers to his ears, his eyes on the storm-beaten window, his face whitened and his lips grew tense and his hand shook.

"S. O. S.," came the call, "S. O. S.," imperative, urgent, a last appeal from men who loved life and saw death just ahead of them.

What evil influence could have seized upon the operator at the station to make him refuse to answer? It was the demon of hate which he was fighting, which said, "Kill your rival! Let the boat sink—don't send help—let him die and be gone out of your way forever!" His breath came in gasps, tears of excitement and self-horror rolled down his cheeks and the perspiration burst from his forehead, but still he stayed his hand and made no response.

But although the soul struggle which was going on in that little room in the wireless station was terrific, it could hardly be compared to the supreme struggle for his life and the lives of his comrades which Frank Graham was making in the wireless room

on board the Melba. Again and again he sent out that agonized appeal for help, "S. O. S., S. O. S.," sticking to his task although by this time the water was pouring into the doomed ship and the crew and the few passengers had already taken to the boats. Only the captain and himself remained on board, and now McLeish was standing by the operator's side and while he fastened a life preserver upon the young man, was praying him to give up his efforts to get help and save his own life.

But Graham was a man whose will was granite and whose fearlessness was heroic. Get an answer from that wireless station he must and would, and instead of obeying the old seaman he only bent to the instrument the more eagerly. It seemed almost as if he knew that the force he was fighting was not limitless space, but the hate of a human being and that human being, Wilbur Hayes.

But now the time was short, for the old tramp steamer, very nearly ready to give up the ghost, gave a weary lurch to one side and began to settle down. McLeish tore the receivers from the operator's ears by force.

"Boy!" he shouted, while the wind and thunder tried their best to drown his words. "Boy, if we must die there's somethin' ye ought to know first. That lad back there at the station, that Hayes fellow, cheated ye when ye played that card game. He cheated ye and I saw him and that's God's truth!"

In moments like that of extreme danger people do not waste time doubting each other, and Graham, hearing with ears that even without the receivers still strained for a response from the station, took in what McLeish was saying and a yell of baffled love, and of rage because he had been tricked, escaped him.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he cried, shaking the other fiercely by the shoulders. "Why didn't you tell me?" He pushed the old man aside and ran wildly out on deck. "Ruthie!" he shouted to wind and rain and leaping sea and the next minute was struggling in the water close to the old captain who had followed him out.

At the same instant, Hayes back at the station fifty miles away, was frantically sending an answer to the Melba's call for help. His better nature had come to the fore at last. But too late. The instrument was there still above water, and the re-

ceivers lay on the cabin table just where Frank had thrown them, but there was no one there to hear the call.

The effect which Frank's apparent defection had upon Ruth Donald was startling to the girl. The minute that the note informing her of his departure dropped from her hands she knew that her whole heart and soul were bound up in this man who had gone away, who had left her for some inexplicable reason, never to return.

Self-revelation has a trick of coming upon us at the time when it is most tragic, and Ruth's discovery that she loved Frank instead of bringing joy only meant bitterness now. "O, why couldn't I have known before?" she sobbed to herself all that night while the two men were fighting their duel by wireless across the deep sea. "Why couldn't I have known in time!"

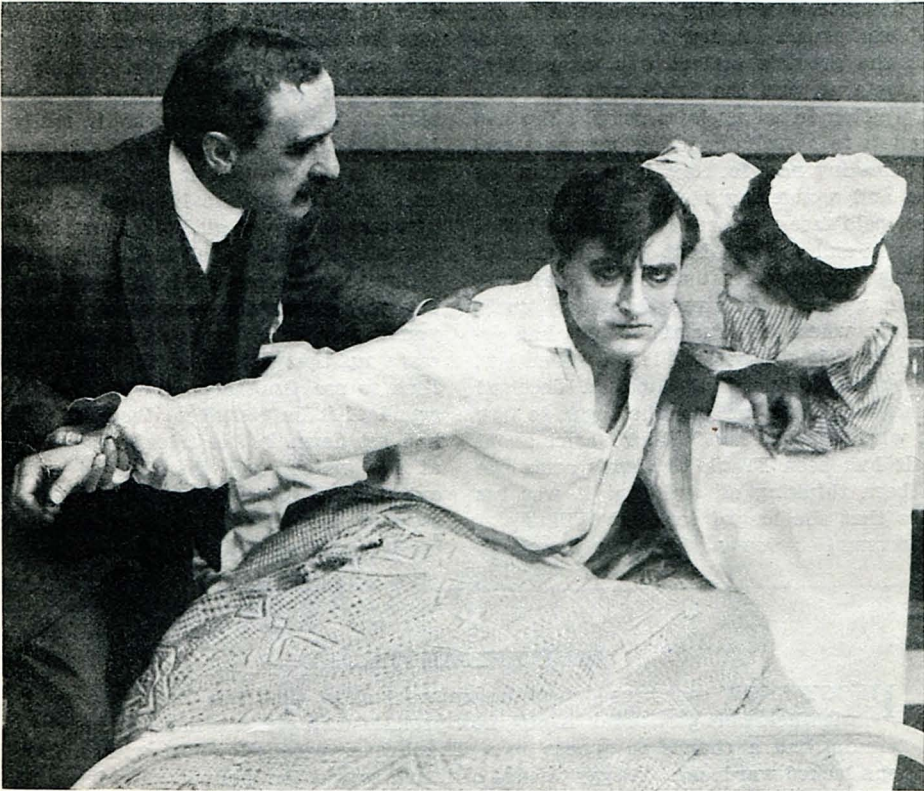
But there was a quality about Ruth Donald's character remarkable in a woman and especially in so young a one. She had always been able to accept the past, to realize that what was done, was done, and not to permit herself to repine. So it was that when this great blow came upon her and she knew she had found her lover only to lose him, she would not despair but set about forgetting Frank as fast as possible. And under the circumstances, it was natural that she should turn to Wilbur to help her. Really to forget is not so much to ignore as to replace one set of ideas with another; and before long the girl was twining the broken tendrils of her heart's tenderness about Hayes. For he was very good looking and he loved her, and he had not gone away and left her as her other lover had done.

As for Wilbur, he had no hesitation whatever in profiting by his rival's absence to make love to Ruth. Although he had been, on the day following the storm, in a wretched state of mind as a result of his tardiness in answering the Melba's call for help which he feared had resulted fatally, his good spirits had been restored almost immediately by a wireless message to the effect that the entire crew had been picked up by a revenue cutter. His conscience, therefore, free from the thought that he had been the means of causing Graham's death, there was nothing to dampen the ardor of his wooing for such a little thing as the remembrance of the trick he had played Graham in the card game, he did not allow

to bother him. Six months from the time of Frank's departure the two were engaged and six weeks later, Graham, lying weak and ill in a Boston hospital where he had been ever since the wreck of the Melba, read in the newspapers of their intended marriage.

The crew of the vessel had been rescued by a revenue cutter which had not observed Graham and the captain clinging to

seemed too horrible that his girl, Ruth, who was herself the soul of honor and of truth, should be tricked into marrying a man whose true character was so little known to her. A groan shook the cot on which he lay and the other patients in the sun-filled ward, turned in weak astonishment to see what ailed the young fellow, who through all his suffering heretofore had never murmured.



He Sat Up in Bed and Thrust Aside the Doctor and the Nurse

some wreckage. The two men had been intensely thankful, therefore, when a man in a hydro-aeroplane had picked them up the next morning just as they had become almost exhausted with cold and exposure.

The news of Ruth's coming marriage to Wilbur Hayes came to the young man in the hospital with more of a shock even than he had received on first hearing that fire had broken out in the Melba's engine room.

It seemed too frightful that treachery should have such a reward as that. It

A nurse came to his side and the doctor who had just entered hurried up. And just in time, for a very devil of rage now stirred the soul of Graham, who was one of those men who are slow to wrath but terrible when aroused. He sat up in bed and thrust aside the doctor and nurse. "Give me my clothes," he said, "I have work to do. Give me my clothes!"

They tried to hold him, arguing that he was too weak to leave the hospital, but wild horses could not have stayed him. He got

his clothes on somehow, paid his bill and, refusing all assistance, reeled from the hospital doors and started on his journey to the little coast town where Ruth lived. The wedding was at five that afternoon and he had just time to get there.

The beach sparkled in the afternoon sunlight and an indolent sea rolled slow breakers to the shore. The flag on the wireless station fluttered gaily in the breeze and in the cottage where Ruth's mother had been spending busy days getting ready for her daughter's wedding there was much mild excitement. A few friends had gathered, the groom's arrival was expected at any moment, and the bride was all ready and waiting in an upstairs room. She had been left to herself for a few moments and was standing now looking at herself in the glass and wondering if that girl with the tense, pale face were really she. She had a firm will and she had bent it to the task of making herself feel satisfied with marrying Wilbur, with all the strength in her power, but now, when the crucial moment had arrived, she felt almost as if it had failed her. A horrible feeling that she had deceived herself came over her and she began to fear that when she had had Wilbur's arms about her it had been Frank Graham's arms she had been thinking of, and that it was his kisses that she longed for—not Wilbur's.

A commotion downstairs made her start.

The bridegroom had arrived, and she must go through with it! She straightened, like a tall white lily, and stood proudly facing the door.

But it was not Hayes who had caused the commotion. A buckboard had dashed up to the door and to the amazement of the guests, who expected they knew not what belated guest, Frank Graham, pale and thin, had leaped out. Pausing only to ascertain the direction of Ruth's room, he had flashed through the astonished assemblage at the foot of the stairs and in the next instant was knocking at his beloved's door.

"Come in," said the girl bravely. She thought it was the summons to go downstairs. When she saw who it really was her knees almost failed her. It was too much to believe that it was Frank Graham who had returned to her just in the nick of time. A cry of gladness burst from her. "Frank! Frank!" she said.

Out through the open window rang that cry and struck the ears of a dark-browed young man in a new serge suit, who had come up the path from the beach just in time to see Graham's arrival. And at the sound of it he picked up the new valise he had set down in his astonishment, glanced at his watch, and then looked anxiously out toward the harbor where a tramp steamer lay at anchor, the slow smoke curling upward from her funnel.

TRUE PHILANTHROPY

PEGGY SNOW cast bread upon the waters a short time ago that was repaid with heartfelt gratitude. A girl, now prominent in pictures in a Los Angeles studio, had a chance to appear in a Thanhouser production last winter, but she lacked wardrobe. "Peggy" heard of it and sought the girl out. She learned that she had talent and appeared to have a future if given a chance. Finding that the girl was thrown upon her own resources and had left a chorus in New York because the life wasn't conducive to health, Peggy took the girl into her own dressing room and toggled her out. She caught several days' work and had access to some of Peggy's best dresses. Then a rumor went around the studio of an opening for an ingenue on the coast. The girl was sent West at Peggy's instigation with an introduction, and landed. Peggy's clothes adorned many of the releases and a few days ago a letter came asking Peggy to sell them. But the Nut Brown "Peg o' the Movies" saw more than money in that letter from a thankful heart. She wrote the girl to keep the clothes, and as for payment, should she run across a girl in like circumstances in the future to pass along some of her own wardrobe. The real philanthropist doesn't necessarily have to graduate from the stock market.

The Littlest Leading Lady

MISS CLARA HORTON—AGE NINE

By Mabel Condon



invisible spot on the short pink dress she wore.

"I don't see any spot, dear," answered Mrs. Horton, looking up from the trunk she was packing and glancing suspiciously at her little daughter.

Clara laughed and raised her eyes—they were swimming in tears and she confessed, "I know there isn't any spot there. But I had to say something, didn't I?"

"Of course, but—" began Mrs. Horton and then stopped.

"I know, but I thought maybe the tears would go away and nobody need know," explained Clara in a penitent voice and

"I'm Nine
Years Old and
My Birthday's
in June and I
Always Have
a Party and a
Cake with
Candles
on it"

transferring
the service
of the



CLARA HORTON sat on top of a brand new trunk and smilingly declared she didn't a bit mind going away out to Arizona.

"Not a bit," she repeated and emphatically shook her head as an accompaniment to the statement. But her lower lip trembled and two little white teeth were just visible as they firmly pressed down upon her lip and held the smile in place.

"What can that be on my dress, mother?" she diverged, vigorously applying a handkerchief to an

handkerchief from her dress to her eyes. "So I just tried to turn attention to my dress, 'cause I don't want people to think I'm a cry-baby 'cause I'm going away so far! And I'm not going to be lonesome, either," she defended, smoothing out the handkerchief's border of lace with her fingers.

"But it should be lots of fun," I encouraged. "And such a change—and then you can always come back, you know!"

"Yes, but meanwhile, who's going to play with me like Mr. Alec Francis does on days he's not busy and I'm not busy?"

Unfortunately, we had no solution to this question and Clara continued:

"And who's going to help me dress my dolls and tell me

bara Tennant won't be around to do it?" Again our answer was silence.

"But—I don't mind, honestly!" she smiled.

She Played the Lead in "Auntie's Money Bag" with Such Delightful Poise That You Would Never Suspect Her of a Passion for Dolls



"I Wear Long Dresses and Do My Hair Up in Some of the Plays and That's Just as Good as Being Grown Up"

what Fifth avenue's wearing, when Bar-



ed and resolutely put away her handkerchief. "Only I will miss the Eclair studio here, and my dressing-room and the nice people. But—" and again she smiled and this time expectantly, "I'll have a new dressing-room and the people in Arizona must be just as nice as people are here. I'll just have to get used to all the newness and then I'll like it fine, I'm sure."

"You see, Clara's been here at the Eclair studio for a couple of years now and she's so used to it and knows everybody so well that it will be a little strange at first, working in Tucson, where she's never been before," put in Clara's mother, who, instead of just being Clara's especial helper, is wardrobe lady, as well.

"Of course, I'm to take the trip with Clara," she added, kneeling beside the

For Months Clara Horton has been Playing the Lead in Juvenile Plays, Which Are "Grown-Up" Plays Done Entirely by Children



young lady so I could wear my hair up like they do." "But," I offered, "Milly Bright and Helen Martin and the other grown-up girls haven't got dolls to play with and—" this was just a guess—"they don't have cakes with candles on their birthdays."

"No, they don't!" responded Clara joyfully. "And I'd rather be a little girl after all, I guess. Besides," as a new thought came to her, "I wear long dresses and do my hair up in those juvenile plays the director has been making! And *that's* just as good as being grown-up!"

"Certainly," we agreed and she continued:

"And sometimes I have a real baby to mind in those juvenile pictures. And lots of times I'm supposed to be a soldier or a tramp or a sailor



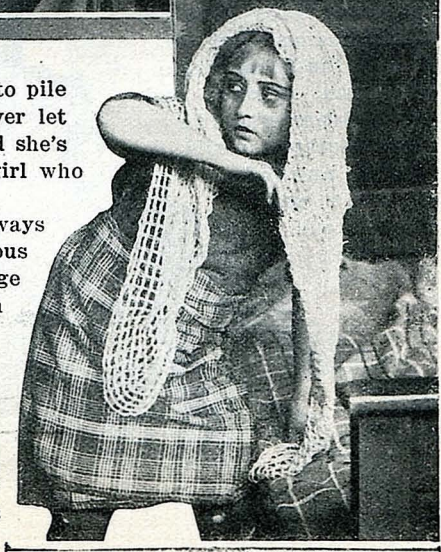
trunk to smooth down a gay little velvet coat and to pile other little garments neatly on top of it. "I'd never let Clara go alone; I've always traveled with her. And she's nine years old now," she said proudly. And the girl who was nine repeated, also proudly:

"Yes, I'm nine. My birthday's in June and I always have a party and a cake with candles on it. I'm anxious to be ten 'cause then, there'll be two figures in my age instead of just one. And I know I'll feel ever so much older!"

The wardrobe lady smiled into the trunk and patted the garments of the nine-year-old. The latter didn't notice the smile and talked on:

"Milly Bright and Helen Martin and the other girls who are grown-up, wear such nice things and do their hair up—and I wish I were a

"At the Court of Prince Make-Believe" Called For Costumes, Scenery, and Last—Though Not by Any Means Least—For Acting of the Highest Order





And Now Clara is Going to Tucson, Arizona, There to be "Leading Lady" with a Company Made Up Entirely of Children

or a society man with a silk hat. It's lots of fun being a man! I like to be a boy, too, and lots of times I am. Only one can't have such pretty things to wear, being a boy, as they can being a girl. So in honest-to-goodness life, I'm glad I'm a girl." She rapped her heels against the side of the new trunk, clasped her hands in her lap and seemed to have forgotten that she was going away from the Eclair studio at Fort Lee, N. J., to the Eclair studio at Tucson, Arizona; and which latter studio Clara doubted would produce anybody as nice as Alec Francis, who devotes



spare moments to herself and her dolls.

"I have some awfully pretty things," was the thought that emerged after Clara's short silence. "And my mother made them for me; all of them," she went on and smiled gratefully at the mother who had made so many pretty things for her. "And I make all my clothes my dolls wear," she continued. "I guess I take after mother that way, in sewing, and after grandmother, too; for they both can sew anything—almost," her truth-telling nature asserted itself over her great admiration for the ability of mother and grandmother.

"Only," she confessed regretfully, "I can't use a thimble." There was an



"The Eclair Kid" Has Already Appeared in 250 Motion Pictures

appeal for sympathy in the big blue-gray eyes and their owner further explained, "When I put a thimble on, my finger just sticks straight out and won't bend, or a thing. But it will, sometime, for I'm going to keep on putting the thimble on it and it can't stay sticking out like that all the time; do you think so?"

"Certainly not," we said, and admired the youthful seamstress' determination. Among your acquaintances had been girls whose thimble-finger acted the same way.

"You didn't tell why you're going to Tucson, Clara," reminded Clara's mother, as she folded a dozen or more pairs of small hose and tucked them neatly away.

"O, I thought you knew!" replied Clara, her big eyes expressing wonder at anybody's not knowing. "There's to be a juvenile company formed at the Tucson studio and I'm to be the leading lady," she announced, changing her position to avoid the shaft of sunlight that was gradually dispossessing her of the trunk.

"For months," went on Clara, "the other children around the studio here, and me, have been doing juvenile pictures; but out in Tucson there's to be a regular company and a regular director, just for us! So *that's* why they're sending me to Tucson and I hope there'll be lots and lots of little girls and boys there who are just my age. I love to play with other children in pictures and afterward. But I'm taking all my dolls so I'll have children to play with, even if there aren't any who are really Tucson children.

"Some of my dolls the people at the studio gave me and some of them I've had for long before I came to the studio at all." She paused and figured out how long that was. "Two years, isn't it, mother—or more?"

"More," replied Mrs. Horton.

"And what did you do before coming to the studio?" I asked the little girl on the trunk.

"Well, first—do you want to know all about me from the first?" she asked.

"Then, my mother will have to start it for I don't remember from the first," she declared.

"She was born in Brooklyn, on Halsey street," Mrs. Horton began, tucking two pairs of white kid slippers into a pink silk basket—Clara's sewing basket. "And from the time she was able to walk, she wanted to dance. She went to school when she was five and at the Christmas tableaux, did a toe dance that attracted the attention of a theatrical man who was present and he gave her a course of study in dancing at a school and then put her in the production, 'Jack and the Bean-Stalk.' The show went on the road after a while and I went with Clara and we traveled from coast to coast."

"I remember the rest, mother," said Clara eagerly when Mrs. Horton paused between

the selection of a small hat-box or a shoe-box for a measured space in the top lift of the trunk.

"After 'Jack and the Bean-Stalk,' I was in a—a—"

"Pantomime," prompted Mrs. Horton.

"—of 'Cinderella'" went on Clara, not venturing to pronounce the word at which she had hesitated. "Then we came over to this studio one day and the director said he was looking for a little girl with long curls like mine, so I was in one picture and after that I came here to stay. Isn't that right, mother?"

"Yes, that's right, dear," came the reply.

"And I've had a teacher for three hours every day and I'm studying hard so I'll know just as much as though I went to a public school every day with the children who don't work in pictures for a living."

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, on noticing her mother discarding the shoe-box. "I must have that."

"I don't think you'd better take that with you, Clara," advised Mrs. Horton.

"But I can't leave it here, mother," wailed Clara, holding the box tight in her arms.

"You can't play with it any more for it's all broken," further advised Mrs. Horton, as though that ended the matter. But it didn't, for Clara had her own idea of what was to become of the broken contents of the shoe-box.

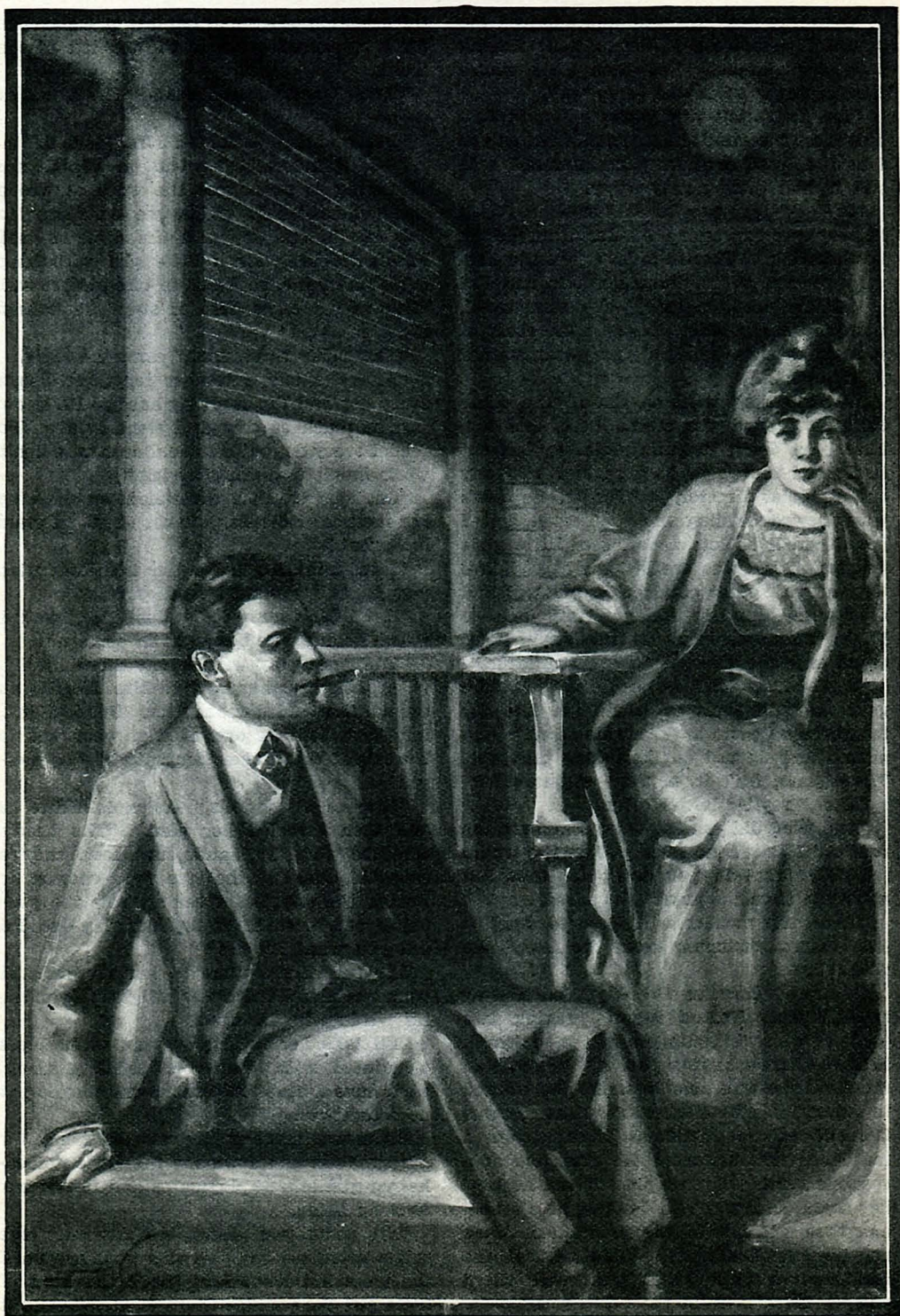
"It's one of my dolls," she explained to us and then revealed her plan. "The head's smashed and the hands and feet, they're smashed, too, and the legs were chewed by Teddy, the pup, but I can't throw the poor thing out, even if it is that way—so I'll tell you what I'll do!"

She turned from me to her mother and back again and there was a light of wonderful wisdom in her eyes.

"I'll take her to Tucson, and when I get acquainted with the other children there, we'll have a beautiful fun'ral and maybe put up a tomb-stone!"

Room was made in the crowded trunk for the shoe-box and I wished the little golden-haired girl lots of playmates and fun in her Arizona home.

"I'll write you about the fun'ral!" she called after me and waved a good-bye until the trees hid her. And that's the kind of little girl the popular Clara Horton is. Is it any wonder that the "Eclair kid" is a universal favorite?



She Was Very Quiet Until I'd Got My Cigar Going Properly, Which Was Evidence Enough That She was Going to Make Up for Lost Time When She Did Start Speaking

By Vivian
Barrington

MISS LAURA LEONARD
HEART SPECIALIST

Illustrated
by J. Clinton
Shepherd

V.—A Mistaken Diagnosis

Being an Account of How it was Discovered that Jimmy Stansbury
Didn't Have a "Yellow Streak"

I GOT to notice, after I'd really begun keeping tabs on Laura Leonard and her little tricks with people who were engaged, or she thought ought to be engaged, that we were usually happier in the Ventnor outfit when we were on the road. By that I don't mean really travelling, of course. But there'd be long stretches when we'd be all together, like a great big, happy family, down South, or out West somewhere, or maybe abroad.

We did that travelling for various reasons. One was that Billy Crandall liked the idea. He was pretty fond of a change of scene himself, and he figured that it was a good thing for the company.

"Wakes them up," he said to me one day. "Why, Fred—even you're nearly human when you've got a new place and a lot of different sorts of people to get used to."

I guess he didn't quite mean that. But he was right enough. We'd get stale when we stayed too long up at the home plant in Westchester county. Of course, it was fine and dandy there. I don't think I've told you much about it. But anyhow, the big boss had really put that place on the map. He'd sold little patches of ground to any of the people who wanted to build houses, and a whole lot of the married ones had done that—and some who weren't married, like Laura, for instance, who had the niftiest little bungalow you ever saw. The terms were easy, you see, and it was a good way to save money—and, beside, if the big boss liked

anyone well enough to fix up a deal for land, and lend them money to build, it looked as if they had a pretty good mortgage on their jobs, too.

Then he's put up a sort of hotel that wasn't the regular kind at all. I lived there, and so did a lot of the others who were foot loose and free—more or less. It was run just for us, and, while it wasn't any charity, and made a bit more than its expenses right from the start, it wasn't intended for a money making scheme, either. All the boss wanted it to do was to break even, so the rates, considered from the point of view of New York, or of the places right near that imitation of a town where the gas wagons stop and the bubbly wine is piped in, were a joke.

And, as for the facilities for making pictures—gentlemen, hush! There wasn't anything known that we didn't have. The studios were all steel and glass. They were cool in summer and nice and warm in winter. If it was hot there was an air cooling plant that must have cost a wad of money ready to go to work, and—oh, well, it was right, that's all—right. We could do more stunts around that place than you ever dreamed of. But if I ever started giving away how we got some of the effects that look so darned near impossible on the screen I'd lose my job, and Billy Crandall—he's our director, you know, and responsible for every foot of our Ventnor brand film—would kill me, beside.

But, even so, the place would sort of pall

on us. Perhaps it was too darned perfect. A place—or a person—can be like that, you know. And maybe we needed a little rough going once in a while. I guess that had a lot to do with it. You see, the Ventnor was our first brand. Laura and I and Billy Crandall had been with it from the very start, when the big boss risked every cent he'd made in a perfectly good commission business busting into the movies—which was a new game then. Some of the others had been around a long time, too, but, for one reason and another, we three were the only ones who'd actually started with the brand and stuck right through. And in the early days we'd made our pictures in a condemned loft building over by the Hudson river, in New York—because it was the only sort of building we could use without getting the owner's fire insurance cancelled.

That owner didn't care whether the building burned up or not, of course—it would have saved him the cost of having it torn down if it had, as a matter of fact. We cared, but we were too busy, most of the time, to think about it at all. Of course, everyone would know how we made good, if I gave real names in this yarn, which I'm not going to do. We lost a lot of money at first, but when we once started getting it back we made the profits of that commission business look like the takings of an ice cream stand on a wet Sunday at Coney Island.

But in those days, of course, we weren't being petted and pampered any to speak of. When it was hot in that fire trap it was so hot that we knew all about it—and, ten to one, we'd be working in a costume play that needed fur overcoats, at that! And when it was cold it was so cold we wondered if blue lips would show in the film—and then, like as not, we'd be doing a bathing beach scene! Even when the money began coming in, we Ventnor people had our rough times. We did a trip around the world, and we had some experiences I'd like to tell about, if there was time. Maybe I will, some time. So, not being like the new crowd of movie people, who'd come in on the crest of the wave of success that carried the industry along, all the luxury up in Westchester did pall on us.

Well, I've wandered along, the way I always seem to do. But I've got something definite on my mind. And this is the start of it. Up there in Westchester we weren't

likely to be happy, for very long at a time. When we really enjoyed it there, was when we'd been having a fierce time outside, and came back to all that comfort. Then it was great. But if we stayed there long enough we'd get mean, and ugly, and quarrelsome, and there were mighty apt to be doings. There were too many of us there, for one thing. And there'd be jealousy, and some things that were worse. You take three or four hundred people, tied up pretty well together, and there'll be a certain number of them that need looking after—especially in a crowd like us. Things that aren't pretty, happen.

I don't mean that we behaved the way a lot of people seem to think. There's folks, you know, who think that anyone connected with the show business is no better than he should be. I don't believe that—not even about the regular stage. And I know it isn't so in the movies. I'm not saying that some sort of unpleasant things don't happen. You're bound to find that, of course. But I do say that you'll find about the same proportion of people who are off color anywhere else.

One thing, though, I've got to admit. And that is that folks, especially young folks, who aren't any too well balanced to start with, are apt to find it pretty easy to go wrong. That's natural, too. They haven't any judgment, as a rule, folks like that. And they find that a lot of the restraints that go in most businesses are sort of cut away in the show business. People call one another by their first names. And they've got to be awful intimate. It's hard, once in a while, for folks like that to figure out just where the imaginary business stops and the real life begins, and they carry one over into the other—not always, or even often, but often enough to make trouble, occasionally.

Laura didn't have any sort of patience with anything like that. She wasn't tolerant a little bit—not when anything like that was concerned. She was clean herself, all the way through, and she didn't want anything to do with folks who weren't. Neither did Billy Crandall, though he put it straight on business grounds.

"If people are cutting up," he said, "they can't work right. Their morals aren't any of my business—but the way they do their work is."

All of which brings us right up to Jimmy Stansbury. Jimmy was some boy. At the

start I didn't like him any too well—as a man. But as an actor, and especially our sort of actor, he had everything. He could act by sheer grace—no one had ever taught him. He could just do it. Give him a part and he'd find out what sort of a man he was supposed to be playing. Then he'd think it out—and, in front of the camera, he *was* that man. That's intelligence, or brains, or whatever you want to call it—anyhow, it means he had a headpiece and knew how to use it. And he had the looks. He was the handsomest devil you ever saw. Black hair, with just the least bit of natural curl, brown eyes, a skin like a baby's, and the kind of body a man gets from playing football and other violent games like that. Matinee idol? He was born one—and that must have made a lot of the trouble.

He'd always had it too easy, of course. He was born to be popular—and men liked him as well as women did, which was going some. Most men, that is; pretty nearly all of them. In college he'd had all the fraternities sitting up nights trying to get him. And he'd made the football team as soon as he showed up in a suit. I'm telling what people who'd known him told me, now, of course. And the man who gave me most of my information happened to be one of those who didn't quite like Jimmy. Because—Jimmy had a little bit of a yellow streak in him, he said. There was bound to be a fly in that ointment, you know. Jimmy was just a wee bit too good to be true.

He'd had a lot of luck, according to this friend of mine. It pulled him through on the football. Just for instance. This chap told me that once, in a big game, Jimmy had the ball, just before the finish, with the score a couple of points against his team. He had a clear field—except for one man. And he went steaming down to him. Just one thing for him—the old straight arm. But he funkyed it, at the last moment, and dodged. That got him by the man who was waiting, all right. But also it ought to have given the man behind time to catch him. But—the man behind tripped, just then, and Jimmy got his score—and a yell from thirty or forty thousand people who could only see that he'd won the game. Of course, when he got away with it, everyone called it fine judgment, and all that. But—I figured that the few who said it was a sticking out of that yellow streak, were right.

We drew Jimmy when Arthur Symonds got

promoted to be a star, his job being that of juvenile lead. He wasn't booked for anything but stardom himself, for very long, but he needed some experience, and he had sense enough to see that himself. And, beside, playing leads opposite to Laura Leonard wasn't anything for any actor to kick about. She was in a class all by herself, and so big that no one even got jealous of her.

Not professionally, that is. In other ways—well, there was Sonya Kreshna. She was a queer one. She wasn't one of our Ventnor people at all, but was working in another company. A Russian—which was why, I guess, we thought she was queer, which she probably wasn't at all, if only we could have judged her from her own point of view. We would probably have seemed much queerer if we'd been set down in Russia.

Sonya and I never really got along. I was scared of her. But she was good, in her own line of stuff—which was a line Ventnor films didn't go in for much. The big boss's wife had spotted her, at a time when a Russian revolutionary film was being put on. Sonya got into her sight in a slumming trip down on the East side, and the big boss, acting on a suggestion he knew was likely to be good, sent her up. And, once she arrived, she stuck. In emotional, tense dramas Sonya was immense, because she didn't have to act. All she needed was to be herself and do as she was told. Laura insisted she was pretty, but I didn't like her style.

Well, Sonya proceeded to get a crush on Jimmy Stansbury. That was funny, because she was a good deal of a high brow and he wasn't. He was clever enough, you'll understand, but his bookcase was stronger on Rex Beach and George Barr McCutcheon than on Turgeniev and Hauptmann—if I'm spelling those wrong, excuse me. When Jimmy took a night in town and went to the theatre he registered the tired business man expression, too, and he wanted a front row seat at a musical comedy or else stall room at a revamped French farce. When he felt serious, and wanted something really deep, he headed for Belasco's latest show. Sonya—well I got roped in once to take her and Laura to a special performance of a lot of one act plays by some Russians whose names I can't even spell. I don't know what those things were about, but if I'm anywhere near right in what I thought was going on, Anthony Comstock must have been loafing on the job. Laura liked them, too, though—

and I guess I'll have to get used to them.

I wish you could have seen that girl go after Jimmy! It was a liberal education. Even I got on to it—and that meant she was going some! At first Jimmy was amused. Then he got scared. He tried to duck. But it wasn't any use. And then he got interested, and flattered. And I thought it was all over but the shouting. Where I was wrong—like I usually am. But, at that, I was primed to stand up to Laura when she opened up about it one night. I'd been dining with her and we were sitting on her porch. She was very quiet until I'd got my cigar going properly—which was evidence enough that she was going to make up for lost time when she did start speaking.

"I don't like the way Jimmy Stansbury's acting with Sonya Kreshna," she said, finally.

"He isn't acting at all," I said. "He ran away as long as he could—and then, when he saw it wasn't any use, he rolled over and played dead. Be reasonable, girl—what more do you want?"

"She's too good for him," said Laura, pensively. "But—if she wants him, that's no reason why he should break her heart. She's got one to be broken, you see, she's not just like the rest."

I suppose Jimmy had left a few palpitating hearts more or less dented behind him. And I guess most of them had responded to glue or cement, too.

"I think I'll break it up," said Laura, suddenly. "He wouldn't want to marry her. I doubt if he'd do it."

"Suffering cats!" I told her, gently as I could. "That's a new play for you, Laura! Sure you mean it?"

"I think so," she said. "He's trifling with her." Her lips set sort of tight. "And she's too good for anything like that."

Well, we had quite an argument. I've hinted that I didn't feel any deep affection for Jimmy, but, at that, I liked him a lot better than I'd expected to when he first turned up. He was sort of decent in a lot of ways. If I hadn't had that sneaking memory of the yellow streak, I'd have been pretty fond of him. And, anyhow, it seemed to me that Laura wasn't making just the right diagnosis. I was willing to admit she was right and I was wrong, as a rule, no matter how things looked. But not this time. I couldn't see Jimmy doing the pursuing.

But I didn't get anywhere with my argu-

ment, of course. I've got to admit that Laura was obstinate. And, beside, after that there did get to be a good deal of talk. When Jimmy once stopped running he made a good job of it. He and Sonya were around together a whole lot, and people began hinting—though never to Sonya—that if they weren't engaged, it might be a good idea if they were. Laura sprang that when we resumed the argument. She was really excited by that time.

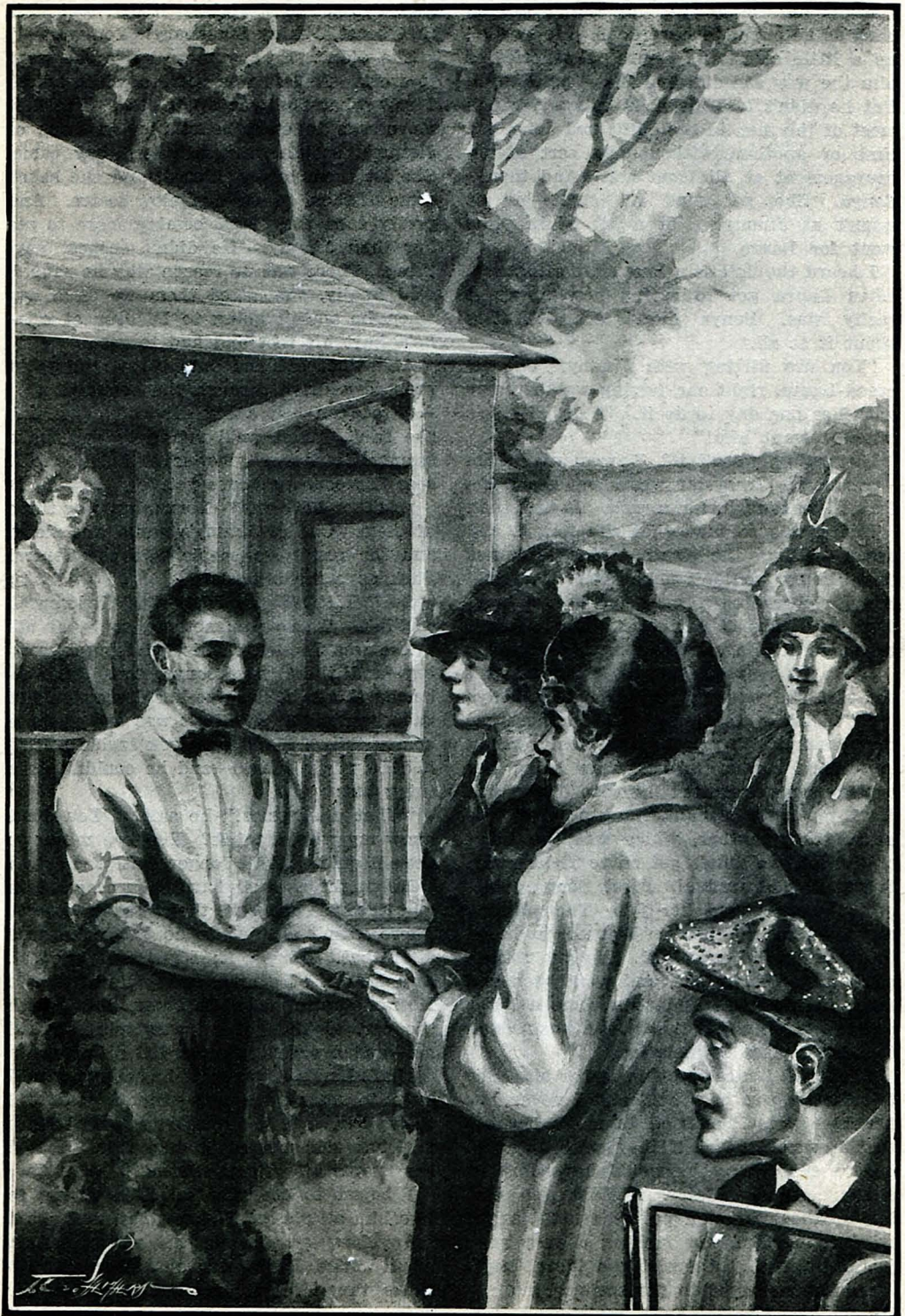
"It's the rottenest thing I ever saw," she said, getting fierce and vehement. "Is anyone wondering whether Sonya will take him? Not a bit of it. The only question anyone thinks of asking is: 'Will he marry her?' That's what makes me so furious!"

There was something in that, too. I guess I'd better explain that Jimmy didn't have to do this movie work at all. He just liked it. In fact, it had made his family pretty sore. It was one of those pretty good families, with a whole lot of money. And until it occurred to one of the women who was spending its money that Jimmy's eccentricity gave the family press agent a chance, they'd been disposed to jump him. But that turned the trick. It made them stronger than ever, because a whole lot of society people fell for him just as hard as the shop girls did, and his mail was pretty well salted with the sort of paper that costs more than the stamp. Jimmy had some classy friends. They used to come out in parties, in their automobiles, to see him work, when he got strong enough to invite them.

"He's a snob," said Laura. "He'd never marry Sonya—he'd remember that he'd have to introduce her to his friends, and that she'd queer him with them. They wouldn't have sense enough to see what a dear she was."

"That isn't any reflection on their sense—it's a compliment," I said. "Take my advice. Stay out of this."

And I guess she wished she had, too, about two weeks later. She started in to cut Sonya out. That was an old trick of hers, and she could work it either way. Once she led a man on, as I guess I told you, and then turned him down—so that the girl she was backing got him on the rebound. But this time the idea was to make Sonya see him in his true colors, and make her sore at him. A nice little plan, but it didn't allow for Sonya's temperament.



"What a Surprise," He Said, "You Don't Know My Wife, I Think!"

Right off the bat, Jimmy didn't fall as hard as he ought to have done. He swelled up a little at having Laura take notice of him the way she did, and that was natural. But he didn't lose his head entirely, which most of the men in the outfit had done, one time or another, without any sort of encouragement at all from her. And then—Sonya. She got mad all right—but it wasn't at Jimmy. Not a bit of it. She went for Laura.

I heard the details a long time afterward, when Laura got to seeing how funny it really was. Sonya didn't act delicately about it at all.

"You are flirting with Jimmy," she accused Laura, right out, having walked home with her one day to do it. "Stop it! He's mine—I want him!"

Disgusting, wasn't it? Unwomanly? H'm—probably! Irregular was about the worst I'd call it, though, for myself. It was that.

Laura was so mad that she forgot, and began telling the truth. She explained that Jimmy wouldn't marry her. She told Sonya she wanted to save her from a blunder. And then it came out. Sonya didn't care whether he married her or not!

Laura got results, all right, if they weren't the sort she wanted. One was that Sonya quit speaking to her. And another was that Jimmy, acting pretty sheepishly, wasn't any more cordial to her than being her leading man required him to be—which filled me with a hankering to punch his head. And another, which was the worst of the lot, we didn't get on to right away. It was sort of gradual. First, Sonya quit—the place and her job. Then Jimmy moved from the hotel. Wanted to be in the country, he explained. He got a little place a few miles out, and went back and forth in his car. And then came a little, nasty, gossiping hint that Sonya was around that little place a whole lot.

That sent Laura right up in the air. She felt that it was her fault, and I never saw her feel worse. I tried to make her see that it wasn't; that if they were going to behave that way they would have done it, anyhow, sooner or later. And I'd been reading up those Russian people a little, and I tried to explain, not making a very good job of it, that I thought the ideas they'd given Sonya ought to get some blame.

But: "No," says Laura, registering tragedy, and meaning it, too, "it's my fault!

And I've got to straighten it out, too! It's that beast, Jimmy Stansbury! You wait—"

She didn't say any more. But she went to work. And it was quite a while before I saw what she was up to, too. Her first move was to start being nice to some of Jimmy's society friends when they came. She let them be introduced, and she asked some of them to her bungalow to tea. And pretty soon they were coming more to see her than Jimmy. He didn't suspect anything. There was no reason why he should. And finally, she asked them up on a day when he wasn't going to be over at all—he'd hurt his foot and had to rest.

And what did she do? Not a thing but propose a drive through the country!

"Fred can beg a big car and drive us," she said. "And we'll run over and make Jimmy Stansbury give us tea! I haven't seen his country house yet!"

"Neither have we!" chorused two or three of them. One of Jimmy's aunts was along, and the rest were people who use Central Park as a front yard.

See? I tried to duck—but I knew I couldn't. There was nothing to it, at all. There was Jimmy, on his front porch, resting—and there was Sonya, too. She belonged there. Otherwise her dress wouldn't have been right, at all—it was one of those homey things. And one look inside settled it. He was cornered—and he couldn't do a thing but:

"What a surprise!" he said. "You don't know my wife, I think? Yes—we meant to keep it quiet a little longer, but . . ."

He might as well have been married in a cathedral and all the Sunday papers. There wasn't a thing to do but make good after that. I knew it; I guess he knew it. And Laura, of course, had planned it out. He came up to me, while I was fussing with the car. I thought he was going to kill me—and I wasn't going to lift a finger.

"Isn't Laura a wonder?" he said. "Sonya'll have to marry me now—and I guess I'll show her. . . . You may not believe me—but she wanted it like this. I told her it was all wrong. But—"

I began to see why I'd been trying to like him all along. I guess that stuff about the yellow streak was all wrong. And, you'll notice, Laura won out, after all. Because they did get married, with us for witnesses, that same day. And there isn't a happier couple in the game!

"The Lynnbrook Tragedy"



"Why Can't You Get Me Something Worth While?" Asked Vivian Gregg of the Perplexed Manager

TWO STORIES—A MOTHER'S AND A DAUGHTER'S

By Marie Coolidge Rask

Scenario by Mrs. Owen Bronson

Illustrations from the Kalem Film, Featuring Alice Joyce

"AND now come—come—with me—to light, to life, to liberty."

An eloquent silence followed the reading of the words. For half an hour the deep, rich tones of James Mitchell's voice had held the attention of his fiancée and her sweet-faced, invalid mother during the reading of the play upon which all their plans for the future depended.

"Well, how do you like it?" he demanded, leaning back in his chair and surveying, with an air of paternal pride, the type-written pages spread out on the table before him. "Do you think it will make good?"

With a deep sigh of satisfaction Ruth Malloy came back to the earth from which the reading of the play had transported her.

"It is splendid!" she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes. "It can't help but meet with approval. Oh, Jimmie, I am so proud of you." She extended her arms across the table toward the smiling young man, now busily engaged gathering the scattered pages of manuscript together.

A spasm of pain crossed the face of the invalid in the chair by the fireside. She pressed her hand to her side but recovered

herself before the young people at the table looked around.

"It was very interesting," she said, softly, "and remarkably well written. The author deserves much credit for his perseverance."

"Thank you, Mother Mine," laughed Mitchell, rising and crossing over to the side of the invalid. "And when the play is produced and the cries of 'Author, Author,' resound from every section of the theatre you are going to be right there in a box to witness the triumph of your first son-in-law." He bent down and kissed her tenderly on the forehead.

"I am afraid I shall not be there," she whispered, gently stroking the hand of her pretty daughter who now knelt by her side, "but I thank you for the kind thoughts which prompted you to include me in your plans."

The sad eyes of the speaker seemed to look far off into the future—or was it the past—as she spoke. The delicate, blue-veined hands resting lightly in her lap seemed more than usually transparent, and the wan, white face bore traces of a sorrow not altogether accounted for by the presence of physical pain. Ruth had often wondered what caused the premature whitening of her mother's hair and brought the pathetic droop to lips which never curved in laughter.

"Mother does not seem so well this evening," whispered Ruth to her lover as he bade her good night, "but she has taken such an interest in the play. You must come tomorrow evening and tell us how you succeed with the managers."

"Oh, I'll come," laughed Mitchell, gaily, as he descended the steps. "Maybe I'll bring the play back with me."

"No, you won't!" called Ruth from the door. "They'll want it—every one of them—and the first one who reads it will keep it, never fear."

Early next morning the young playwright started out to make the round of the managers. He was a trimly built young fellow, keen eyed, with clear cut features, waving dark hair and a genial personality that won for him hosts of friends.

In the office of John Thornton, theatrical manager, a handsomely gowned woman sat petulantly discarding as unfit every manuscript which the weary manager offered for her consideration.

"Too thin," she remarked after a cursory glance at one of the plays. "Not enough

plot," was the comment which the second elicited. "Lacks originality," she said of the third as she tossed it contemptuously back on the desk. "Why can't you get me something worth while?"

The manager groaned, inwardly. "I've cornered the market," he exclaimed, "and still you are not satisfied. Guess we'll have to get someone to write one for us."

"Well, get it done quickly, then," she replied. "For weeks the whole theatrical world has been speculating as to what Vivian Gregg is going to star in next season. We ought to be rehearsing now and here you've not even got a play selected."

Miss Gregg, for it was she, rose, and with the air of an injured queen, took her departure. As the elevator door swung open to admit her, James Mitchell stepped out and disappeared into the manager's office.

When he emerged half an hour later his beaming countenance attested the fact that Ruth's prophecy had been fulfilled and the first manager to whom he had offered his play had promised to consider it.

Vivian Gregg, in her beautiful country home with its carefully cultivated atmosphere of Bohemia, surrounded by congenial friends, received the news that her manager was interested in the work of a new playwright with much satisfaction. Ambitious and avaricious, Vivian Gregg's whole life had been devoted to planning and scheming for her own advancement. As a girl she had known nothing but unhappiness. Everyone had been against her. In her resolution to better her condition, to secure an education and to develop the talents with which she knew she was endowed regardless of the means employed, she failed to realize that she was crushing out all the highest and best instincts of her nature.

Her temperament demanded beauty, luxurious surroundings, pictures, music, the association of clever people. In her childhood she had chafed against circumstances. As a girl she had rebelled against the world's injustice. In the early days of her career she had found herself deceived and disappointed by those whom she had trusted. Her attitude toward the world grew more bitter, her confidence in men was forever destroyed. Henceforth they were nothing to her except as they might be able to serve or amuse her. Dazzlingly beautiful, talented, her rise to a position of prominence in the realms of Bohemia, as well as in her profession, had

at last been the reward of her struggle. The name of Vivian Gregg was known everywhere.

The success and favor which had attended James Mitchell's visit to the great theatrical manager filled the heart of the young playwright with great expectations. He hastened to tell Ruth, but at the Malloy home there was little opportunity for rejoicing. Mrs. Malloy was much worse. Ruth was greatly alarmed. Mitchell himself telephoned for the doctor. When the physician arrived the sweet-faced, long-suffering little woman with prematurely whitened hair was already past hope.

During the days of sorrow which followed all thought of the play was forgotten. Then John Thornton sent for Mitchell, explained the possibilities which lay before him, and himself aided the less experienced man to reconstruct the play along lines especially suited to the famous star, Vivian Gregg.

Ruth Malloy, so suddenly bereft of the mother whom she had idolized, was well-

nigh inconsolable. The fact that she must at once look about for some occupation, and her love for Mitchell, alone sustained her. He pleaded with her to marry him, but she refused to consider this until his success had become assured. With the ultimate success of the play yet in question it would not be wise, she argued, for him to burden himself with a wife. She had a plan, she insisted, by which she would be quite able to support herself until such time as Mitchell should be in a position to marry. What the plan was, she would not disclose.

A few days later, when Mitchell arrived at the house unexpectedly, he found Ruth on her knees before a partially draped lay figure such as dressmakers use. Odds and ends of lace, silk and various fripperies of fashion were scattered about.

"Ruth!" he exclaimed, in astonishment, "You don't mean that you are going to—"

"—open a dressmaking establishment?" finished Ruth, smiling. "Not exactly. Rather an establishment for exclusive designs. I'm



"But Remember," Mitchell Insisted, "as Soon as My Play is Assured This Designing Corporation Goes Out of Business"

rather good, you know, in the development of artistic ideas." She was very pleased at the success of her little surprise.

When Ruth explained her plan in detail Mitchell reluctantly consented. "But remember," he insisted, "that as soon as the success of the play is assured, this designing corporation goes out of business."

"Of course," Ruth answered. "This is only a temporary arrangement—a mere experiment."

But the experiment proved a success. The gown designed by Ruth and exhibited in a shop window brought many fashionable applicants to the young girl with the Madonna-like face, the soft voice and winning manner. She found her designs the fad of the hour. A reception room and assistants became necessary.

"I shall have to use Mother's desk," Ruth remarked, reluctantly, one day when she was explaining her rapidly increasing business to Mitchell.

That evening, sitting before her mother's desk, tearfully looking over the letters and papers so carefully put away by the dear hands she had loved so well, Ruth came across a small packet, tied with faded ribbon. Thinking they were letters from the father whom she had never seen since an infant, she untied the ribbon and opened the letter that was uppermost. A small picture fell out. She picked it up and looked at it. Placing it on the desk, she turned her attention to the letter. It was very brief. As she read it the affection which had shown in the girl's face upon viewing the picture gave place to surprise, shame and anger. This, then, was the cause of her mother's secret sorrow.

"And though you have always been a loyal and loving wife," read the letter, "I am not morally strong enough to resist this other love which has come into my life—"

Ruth could read no more. Throwing herself down in front of the chair in which for years her mother had so often sat, she bowed her head in her arms and gave way to unrestrained grief.

It was with a sad and heavy heart that she entered her little atelier next morning. With the advent of the first customer, however, all was, for the time being, forgotten. Vivian Gregg, the great actress, had seen her designs and liked them. She would consider having Ruth supply the designs for her season's wardrobe. Realizing the

advantage it would be to have the patronage of such a woman, Ruth exerted herself to meet the exacting demands of the spoiled woman. She explained that her method consisted in studying the personality of her subjects.

"That is just what I want," declared Miss Gregg. "I should like every gown to express my soul and personality. There must be complete individuality in every creation."

"I regret that I have had so little opportunity for seeing you," commenced Ruth when Vivian interrupted.

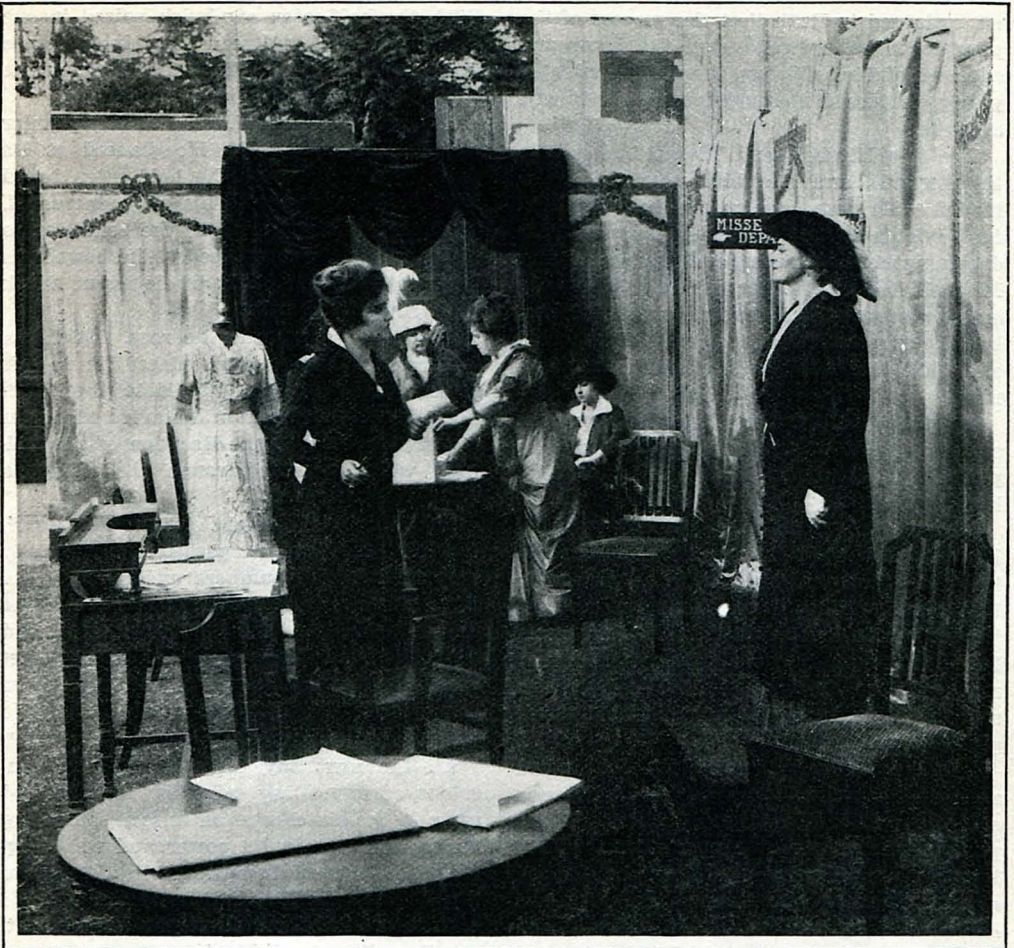
"Come down to my country home," she exclaimed, in a burst of enthusiasm, "and spend a week. Then you can study me in my own environment."

The day that Ruth Malloy arrived at the country home of Vivian Gregg also marked the arrival of James Mitchell. Thornton had insisted that he must read his play to Vivian himself and, pursuant to a suggestion from her manager, she had written to Mitchell, asking him to bring the play and come for a week at the same time when a costumer would be present to design the gowns to be worn in the play. As Vivian was naturally unaware of the engagement existing between the young playwright and the new creator of exclusive fashion designs, Ruth and Mitchell deemed it best to make the journey to the actress' country house by separate trains.

Very beautiful was the environment in which Vivian Gregg had established herself at Larchmont. Broad piazzas, supported by columns of roughly-hewn stone, overhung with masses of clinging vines, surrounded the house. On the lawns tall trees stood like majestic sentinels on guard before a palace. From the window of the room allotted to Ruth a rose garden could be seen that filled all the air with fragrance, while just beyond, a rustic summer house, reached by a small bridge across a miniature lake completed the picture spread out before the eyes of the enraptured guest.

"Like a dream of paradise," she murmured to herself as she turned to go down and meet her hostess. "No wonder Miss Gregg wished me to study her in her own environment."

But if the atmosphere of beauty, art, music and luxury had its effect so instantly upon Ruth, the subtlety of their influence upon Mitchell, the imaginative playwright, was indescribable. For the time being he felt



The Gowns Designed by Ruth Exhibited in the Shops Brought Many Fashionable Applicants to Her Atelier

transported to another sphere. He was not himself. He lived in the scenes and among the people created in his play. He could hardly wait for the moment when he should sit beside the great actress and read to her the lines which he felt so sure she alone would be able to interpret in all their fullness and beauty.

But strangely enough, Vivian Gregg did not seem in the least anxious to hear the new play of which her manager had written.

"They're all more or less alike," she observed, one day as Mitchell joined her on the veranda and broached the subject. "Sit down, I'd rather hear you talk."

It was a disappointment, but, realizing that the moods of the actress must be humored, Mitchell yielded to her request and drew a chair up beside her. Since he could

not read the play he would have much preferred being with Ruth. She was waiting for him, somewhere about the grounds, he felt sure. He would have to explain to her later.

As a matter of fact Vivian Gregg, surfeited with the attentions of blasé men of the world, found young Mitchell himself far more interesting than the play he had written. She knew the play was all right. Thornton had said so, and Thornton was a man of judgment and discrimination. There would be time enough to read the play when they were ready to begin preparations for its production. In the meantime Mitchell amused her and she did not intend to be denied the pleasure of his society.

As days passed the situation became more complicated. In spite of the fact that Mitch-

ell explained to Ruth that the success of the play depended entirely upon the favor and approval of Vivian Gregg, the unsophisticated young girl could not understand her lover's attitude.

The day Mitchell and Vivian had sat on the veranda and she had unwittingly intruded with some designs to be submitted for Vivian's approval, she had hastily withdrawn without attracting their notice. Later Mitchell had sought her out and during the ensuing evening had devoted himself to her, but the actress had at last called him aside and Ruth did not see him again that evening.

Existence in the land that had at first seemed like a dream of paradise suddenly palled. That night Ruth Malloy sobbed herself to sleep.

Vivian Gregg, in the privacy of her boudoir, lay back in an easy chair and laughed. "He's afraid of me," she remarked, half aloud. "Afraid to offend me and he thinks he's in love with that little designer, but—I'll wager he's no better than other men. Before he leaves here I'll have him so completely in my power that he'll never give her a thought."

She crossed to a small desk that stood near and searched for a book of addresses she thought she had placed there. Some photographs attracted her attention. Picking them up, idly, one at a time, she glanced at several and threw them aside. One she looked at long and earnestly. "Fool!" she muttered, under her breath. "The idea of his thinking that I meant to spend the remainder of my life with him. He didn't have money enough to last a year." With a quick gesture she tore the picture in half and tossed the pieces into a beribboned waste basket. "Strange," she thought, "that I should come across his picture to-night. I didn't know there was one in the house."

In a small town, some distance away, a man, tired, footsore and unkempt, sat under a tree by the roadside and ate ravenously a coarse sandwich handed him by a woman at a nearby farmhouse. Lines of grief, dissipation and privation marked his countenance. His head was well shaped, however, his features clear cut and refined. As he ate he scanned a fragment of newspaper spread out over his knees. A printed name caught his attention. At sight of it the man's whole demeanor suddenly changed. An ugly light crept into the faded blue eyes.

With the half-eaten sandwich poised in one hand, he paused and read the printed article through to the end. Then he clinched the paper in his hand and cursed.

"Rich," he muttered, "successful, popular beauty—the vampire!" He glanced at his own ragged attire, at the half eaten bread held in his hand and his rage increased. "And this," he groaned, "is the condition to which I have been reduced." He bowed his head on his knees. His whole frame shook with suppressed sobs.

After a few moments he rose, folded the fragment of paper and placed it in his pocket, picked up his dilapidated hat from the ground beside him and started off across country in the general direction of the railroad which passed through the village a mile to the north.

That night a freight train, east-bound, carried one extra passenger, carefully ensconced on the bumpers under one of the cars. A fierce light of determination shone in the wide-open eyes of the tourist, and when the wind fluttered the buttonless jacket which he wore a bit of folded newspaper was visible in the corner of the inside pocket.

All the next day Ruth Malloy was conscious of impending calamity. She seemed to be in the clutches of an unseen something which held her in its power and was dragging her onward in spite of her efforts to resist. She would finish the designs and go back to town at the earliest possible moment, she thought. Anything to get away from a situation which each moment became more intolerable.

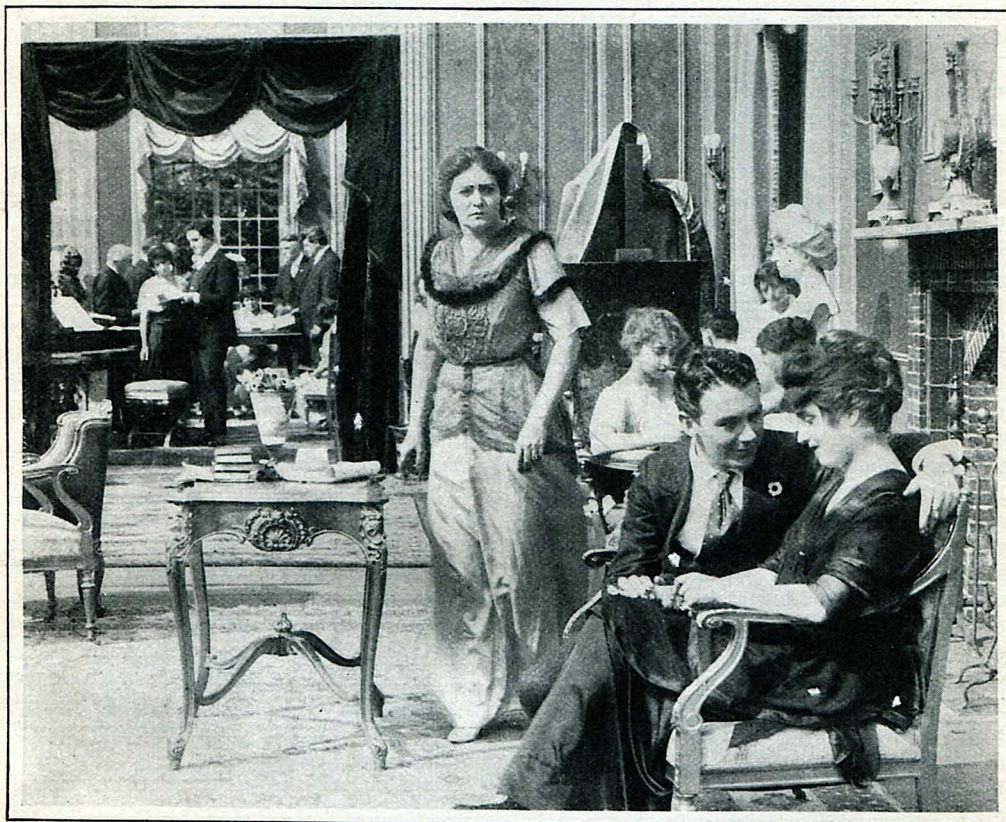
With this idea in view she devoted herself with renewed application to the completion of the designs for Vivian Gregg's gowns. Once during the afternoon she encountered Mitchell. He tried to take her in his arms and kiss her. He had been drinking. He walked unsteadily.

Shocked, frightened, mortified that the lover she had respected as superior to all forms of dissipation should have so far debased himself, she had repulsed him and fled to her room. She had refused to listen to his incoherent words of explanation. What she had heard was his angry retort that since she rejected his overtures he would go back to the one who wanted him, and she had seen him disappear through the curtained doorway leading into the room where Vivian Gregg was sitting.

Not knowing the ways of women like Vivian Gregg, Ruth could not realize the forces which had assailed her young lover when in the presence of the actress. How he had been led on, little by little, to drink more than was good for him, through a desire to please his hostess and ultimately to further his ambition to win success as a playwright for Ruth's sake, that he might marry her and in future keep her far re-

trembled in her lovely dark eyes as she opened the dresser drawer and looked long and lovingly at the little miniature of her mother which she had brought with her. Kissing it, fondly, she slipped it into the bosom of her gown.

"Maybe things will be easier if mother goes with me," she thought, sadly, as she pulled the folds of lace into place and glided softly from the room and down the thickly



Ruth and Mitchell had Planned to Spend the Evening Together But Vivian Called Him Away

moved from the necessity which should bring her into contact and under the patronage of such as he recognized Vivian to be.

In her black lace dinner gown that evening Ruth seemed more delicately beautiful than ever. As she gazed at her reflection in the mirror, however, she was quite unconscious of the charming picture she presented. She dreaded that last dinner—for she had resolved to go home the following morning—for she felt quite unequal to conversation. She was homesick, heart-sick. She longed for the sympathy of her mother. Tears

carpeted corridor toward the wing of the house in which Vivian's rooms were located. It was her intention to explain to her hostess that for business reasons she would be compelled to shorten her stay at Larchmont.

Although the hour was early, the night was very dark. The moon was rising, but fitful, scurrying dark clouds often completely obscured it. There was a melancholy wind. The tall, sentinel trees tossed their long, ghostlike branches and sighed like souls in torment. The summer air seemed

close and heavy in spite of the breeze. A storm was apparently brewing. The ominous, oppressive sense of it was paramount.

Outside the house, crouching low among the shrubbery, now skulking around the rustic summer house and across the tiny bridge, over the miniature lake on which weird shadows were now projected, could be dimly discerned the figure of a man. There were moments when he disappeared entirely. Once, from the shelter of the rose garden he cautiously peered for some little time at the brightly lighted windows of the house. Again, nearing the porch light, he crouched back of a pillar and pulled a fragment of newspaper from his pocket. Studying it cautiously he compared the picture of a house exterior with the lines of the one before him. A pictured interior view held his attention longest. "Madame's boudoir" was the caption under it. Now, evidently sure of his ground, the man again replaced the paper in his pocket and, in the shadow of the great trees, now sighing so restlessly, he waited till the silvery chimes from the great clock in the entrance hall sounded the quarter hour.

"Now—before they go down to dinner," muttered the man as he cautiously swung himself up and over the veranda rail. He drew a revolver from his hip pocket—an ugly, short-barrelled little pistol that a man could hide in his fist, and, with his hat well over his eyes, alternately crouched and crawled forward until underneath the window he sought.

In the boudoir of Vivian Gregg, James Mitchell waited, at the request of the actress, until she should be ready to go down to dinner. She was ready now. They had been having a highball together. The woman was exerting all her blandishments to ensnare the young playwright. She gazed passionately up into his eloquent eyes as she once again brushed aside the suggestion of the play.

"What is the play to me," she murmured, "so long as I have the man who wrote it."

Mitchell extended his arms toward her. The act was unpremeditated, as involuntary as it was natural. She leaned toward him. Her arm encircled his neck. At that moment Ruth, coming softly down the corridor, parted the curtains and beheld the picture.

Horried, numbed at the sight, she stood for an instant as if transfixed. It was the final blow. First her mother had been taken

from her and now her lover was faithless. She felt weak and ill, but she did not speak. She did not cry out nor faint. The velvet portiere fell from her nerveless fingers. She turned, softly, slowly—and found herself looking straight into the barrel of a short, bull-dog revolver in the hand of a tattered, unkempt man with a fragment of newspaper hanging from his coat pocket.

The brief interval of silence which ensued seemed hours to the startled girl. She did not feel frightened. The numbing horror of the past few minutes had placed her beyond fear, but there was a strange familiarity in the look of the intruder which terrified her beyond words. As the man realized that she had no intention of screaming he lowered the revolver. With his disengaged hand he pushed his hat up from over his eyes. A second later Ruth had grasped him by the arm.

"Father—" she gasped, trembling from head to foot, "don't shoot. I am Ruth—Ruth Malloy. You—you are—my father." The words came with difficulty. It was very bitter to have to recognize in the wreck of humanity before her the man who was her natural guardian.

The effect produced by the girl's whispered words was altogether different from the one she had hoped for. He refused to believe her. She saw incredulity expressed in the distorted lines of his face. Again he raised the revolver.

"Wait—" she whispered, tugging at the lace folds of her gown, and drawing forth the miniature of her mother. "Do you recognize that?" She held the little picture close before him. "That," she murmured, half-sobbingly, "is—mother."

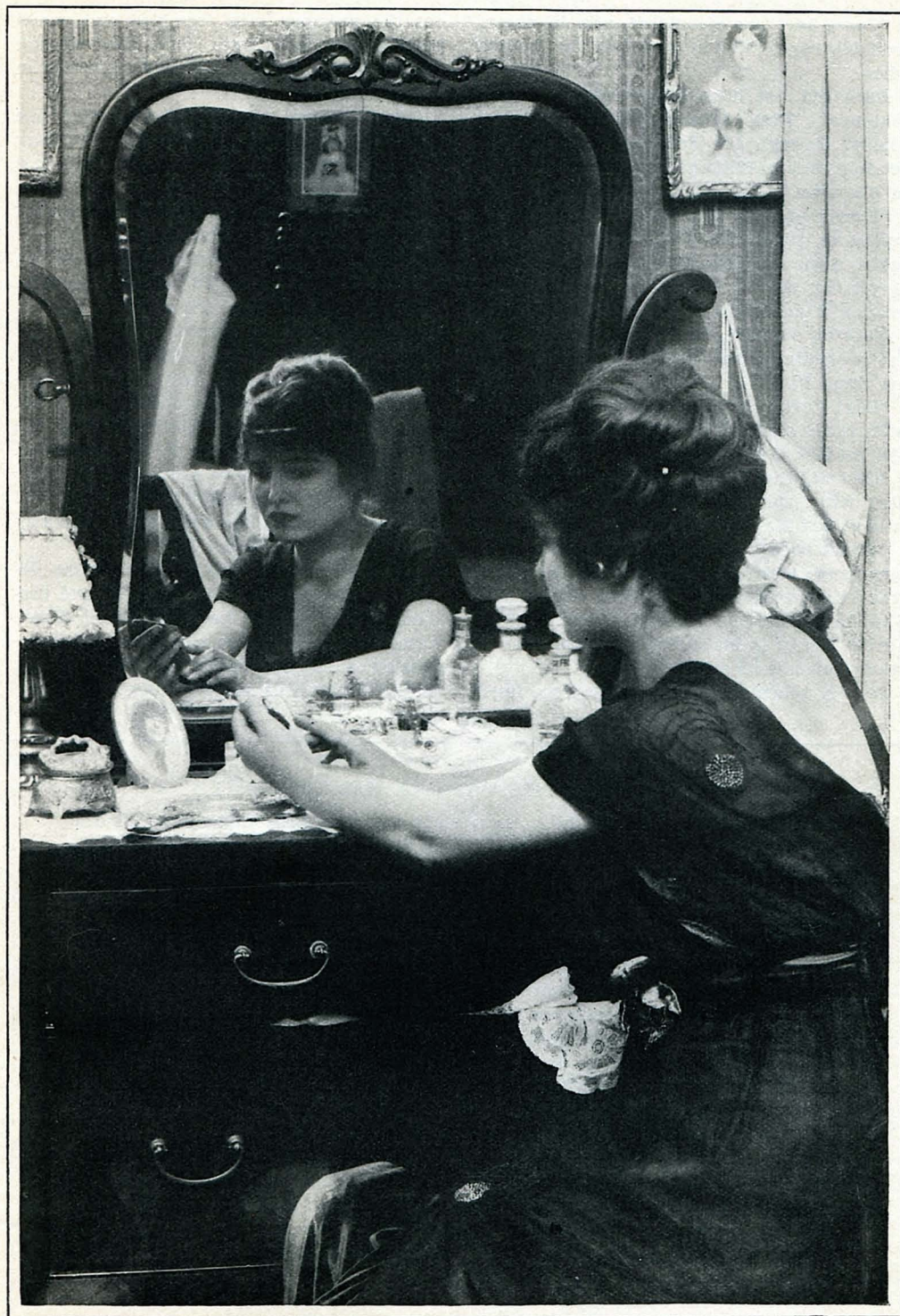
The sight of the picture for an instant almost unnerved the man. He choked back an exclamation as he devoured the picture of his deserted girl bride with eager, remorseful eyes. His hand trembled as he handed it back to the daughter he had never seen since infancy.

"You—" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here—in this house, of all others?"

Hurriedly, her voice choked with sobs, Ruth told him. "And who is in there with her—Vivian Gregg—now?" he asked, pointing toward the room beyond the portieres.

Again Ruth stifled a sob. "My fiancé," she whispered. "He has left me for her. We've only been here a few days—"

The man with the gun interrupted.



Homesick and Heartsick, Ruth Looked Long and Lovingly at Her Mother's Picture

"Curse her!" he ejaculated, now in uncontrollable rage, "Vivian Gregg is the woman who—"

Ruth did not hear the remainder of the sentence. With leveled revolver Malloy dashed through the doorway and into the boudoir where Mitchell stood, with Vivian in his arms.

"Father—father—" cried Ruth, frantically trying to wrest the revolver from the enraged man. "Don't shoot." With a quick movement she succeeded in knocking the weapon from his hand. It fell to the floor.

Nothing daunted, Malloy tore Vivian from the protecting arms of Mitchell and hurled her from him.

"Carl, Carl," she screamed, imploringly, as with arms outstretched in supplication she fell heavily to the floor.

Mitchell, thinking he had a madman to deal with, sprang to grapple with the intruder, but Malloy warned him back.

"Stand back," he shouted. "It is for your own good and hers," he pointed to Ruth, "that that woman on the floor should die. She has done evil enough. The soul of Vivian Gregg is blackened with the ruin of other women's happiness."

As the vehemence of his rage wore itself

out the unhappy man trembled and would have fallen had Ruth and Mitchell not caught him and half led, half carried him from the room.

Vivian Gregg, the reigning star in the dramatic firmament, crouched on the floor where the man she had wronged had cast her. The soul's awakening that had been hers at the moment when she had expected to be launched into eternity was terrible to contemplate. It had practically bereft her of reason. What she saw with those wide, wild eyes as she crouched there on the floor, warding off curse after curse that from unseen, unheard lips were apparently descending upon her may only be conjectured. How long could she endure the torture? There, right before her, lay the fallen revolver. She saw it. It fascinated her. Slowly she drew nearer to it. Her hand reached forth steadily, fearfully, until the fingers grasped the weapon, and the way of escape was at hand.

The woman who wished her gowns designed to harmonize with her soul and personality was soon to have her wish. There were those unseen who stood by—waiting—waiting, while the fingers tightened in that death grip, to bear her soul away.

ONE THE CAMERA MISSED

JAMES CRUZE, who is doing exceptional work as Jim Norton, the Blade's reporter in "The Million Dollar Mystery," gave a thrill that won't show up on the screen, although had Howell Hansel, his director, seen the thrill he would have filmed it.

A kitten had crawled from an open window along the cornice of a building, and got up to where the roof meets the side of the building facing Pepperday Inn. And it started yelling about the time that it felt itself much alone and hungry. Patrolman Gooding heard the cries but couldn't locate it, and about midnight saw a pajamaed form out on the fire escape and heard mutterings. He found out that it was Jimmy Cruze whose sleep was disturbed. Jimmy started to trail the sound. It came from above. He asked Gooding to guard him against anybody trying to take a shot at him in mistake for a burglar and went up the fire escape to the top. His search brought him along the jutting cornice to the Echo Avenue side of the Hall and to reach the kitten he had to climb up onto the roof and mount a roof window and crawl around to the other side. He did it and secured the kitten. He had a perilous time getting back that would have made some of the thrills of "The Million Dollar Mystery" pale, but he never lost his footing. He reached his own window and discovered the kitten to be a maltese angora that belonged to Sidney Bracey, an occupant of Beacon Hall.

While he was doing good for the kitten he got in bad himself, because he can't pass anything now, when a deed of daring roof climbing is in the script.

My Summer Vacation

By Mary Fuller



had to be packed in a mad rush. There were a few hurried "last instructions" to be given, about forwarding mail, and closing my apartment, etc., and finally everyone was ready, and we were whisked away in an auto to a train which in turn whisked us away and deposited us, three hours later, at Shohola, in the depths of the Pennsylvania mountains. Two rickety carryalls met us. This time there was no whisking. I rode beside the driver, and I found the view magnificent, but the way intolerably long.

Our hotel was an unpretentious affair, to say the least, and as the rooms had not been used for months I nearly suffocated with the mustiness the first night. But even the mustiness of months of disuse could not prevail for long against the sunwarmed breeze that came stealing through my opened windows the next morning, and I cried out for joy when I discovered that, so closely was the hotel surrounded by fir trees and oaks, I could see little outside my windows but flickering

I NUNDATED by a sea of clothing and surrounded by a flotilla of trunks I sat on the floor of my New York studio pondering what costumes I should take away with me on my summer vacation. Not knowing what characters I was scheduled to play—yes, my vacation was to be of that sort—gave me an excuse for overhauling my entire wardrobe, an operation which induced a mood of mellow reminiscence but made decision difficult. There was, for in-



stance, the fringed leather coat that I wore in "The Translation of a Savage"—would I have any use for it? Or the torn tunic and the fur skirt that had proved exactly right for "Elise, the Forester's Daughter"—they might prove to be just the thing again. What of that velvet shooting coat and trousers; and the Mary Stuart peignoir; and the plumed fan of the Countess X; and "J. Green's" check suit with pockets in the skirt? Again Mary Tudor's coronet might prove useful—though I had my doubts about it—or the tattered dress of Robinetta, the mountain maid. Oh, what should I take and what leave behind!

When the matter was at length decided—to be honest it was decided by the imminence of train time—everything





through the night, as I had, only to become reconciled, as had I, with the advent of morning and sunshine. But I shudder to think how we would all have felt if it had rained that first morning as it did later.

And since the sun was shining,



leaves and sweet scented pine needles with occasional glimpses of the opposite mountain side when the wind shifted the swaying branches. I found, when I went down to breakfast, that all the other members of our party had suffocated



lasted just long enough to be really exhilarating, and seated myself on a narrow rock ledge, I was really very miserable. One glance at the rocky pass 200 feet below nearly finished me but I managed to get a grip on myself and gazed off resolutely into the upper spaces.



there was nothing to do but go to work. I found that in the first picture I was to be an Indian girl, first discovered sitting on a lofty crag with her wolf dog beside her. Now high places make me frightfully giddy, so that when I arrived at my crag after a breathless scramble that



This method of keeping control of myself, however, was interrupted by my dog who had decided that he, at least, didn't want to stay perched on that ledge. In my struggles to keep him beside me, I expected any minute to tumble off into space with him and be dashed to pieces on the rocks below, and it was almost with a feeling of chagrin that I later viewed the film—all this



now slipping on mossy slime and sitting down in the water, getting across as best I could and expecting every minute to be bitten in the legs by snakes. (It gives you a horrid creepy feeling as if a lot of ants and spiders were running up and down the back of your neck.)

"You'll have to ride this horse bareback, galloping around the camp," came the orders next day when we were preparing for work again. The horse had been sent over from a town 10 miles "up country." It had a vicious look which was patent to others beside me.

"I'll just ride him over to our location myself," said the director—a big, powerful fellow, who was certainly the one to hold a horse—and rode off at a trot. When we in the wagons came up to him about 4 miles



time the camera was grinding steadily away—and discovered that not a trace of my mental agony showed in my face. In the pictures I sat there as placid and unconcerned as any stoical Indian maid.

"And now," said the director when this scene was over, "I want you to slide down about 50 feet of grape vine and land in the crick." (Just the day before I had waded into the edge of this "crick"—a rushing mountain stream of unexpected depths, holes and rocky shallows—and had killed a good-sized water moccasin on a rock and had seen its mate swimming by a little later.)

"In the crick?" I said doubtfully.

"Yes. Come on. I'll show you where."

And half an hour later, I found myself doing a Kelly slide down the rocks into a pool and wading across through deeps and shallows, now stumbling on jagged rocks,



further on, we discovered him trudging along, bruised and shaken, his face and arms covered with blood, and the horse gone and still going, I suppose. When the scene was taken, I rode a "plug" and some one led it. (Another time that Fate has spared me.)

And then it began to rain and rain and rain, for days and days and days, until it seemed as

though the water must surely begin rising in the valleys until it reached our retreat and washed it away. We all ate too much and sat on the porch and cursed the weather. I made a pitifully inadequate attempt to catch up on my mail. I made costumes for the next picture. I outlined scripts for future production. I read all the books I had brought with me and all the books everyone else had brought. And in Chesterton's "The Flying Inn" which I had been saving for months and months I found that delightful poem of his about old Noah and went about chanting:

"The cataract from the cliff of heaven fell
blinding from the brink
As if it would wash the stars away as suds
go down a sink;
And the seven heavens were roaring down
for the throats of hell to drink;
And Noah he cocked his eye and said, 'It
looks like rain I think.'"

Then, when the rain turned warm, I put on my bathing suit and lay in my hammock under the trees. And finally the sun stopped sulking and shone gloriously on the mountains and on us.

So down we hustled, in grease-paint and costume, to the hottest little stone wall in the world, and began photographing in front of a deserted cottage wherein only wasps and hornets lived. Of course the "patsy" of the party was stung.

The next day I was to do an elf-dance in the forest and, of course, it turned out to be the hottest day of the season. The sun was scorching and the perspiration rolled down my face, off the ends of my hair—nearly—and spotted my clothes.

But the evenings, after the heat of the day, were beautiful. Such golden moonlight, feathery-gray dusks, gloom-black trees, tender cricket-songs—and sleeping countryside of silver brooks and forests.

So many "pets" they were always bringing me. First some one brought a butterfly; another, a pigeon; then a green grass-snake; then a pig and a flock of ducks. One evening as we drove up to the hotel, I saw what looked like a toy lamb about two feet high, standing on a table. As I approached, it moved and began eating a leaf. It was a young woolly Angora goat, another pet. And then came upon me another charge in the shape of a spotted terrier bulldog pup. He

was young and squealy and romping and a pest and a dear all at once.

Another pet who clung to me tenaciously was a little girl about 7 years old, at one of the logging camps where we photographed. Mildred and I hunted bullfrogs together one day, and ever after were fast friends. Her hair was tied in a little wispy knot on top of her head, her dress was torn and dirty, and her bare legs, feet and arms were covered with dirt and mosquito bites. But a delightful little mind played behind those blue eyes and chattering lips. One day, according to promise, I brought her a tooth brush and powder—(implements on virgin soil)—and instructed her in the use of them. She was very interested, and between scenes all that day, I could see her over by the lakeside scouring away. Every time our auto went through the camp, Mildred would shout:

"Come on, Mary, play with me," and I would call back:

"I can't; I have to work."

Quite an exciting incident occurred at the camp one day. We had finished a scene up the road in which I had driven a big team, and I was on my way back to the barn with the huge wagon, when the horses suddenly took fright at the two autos by the roadway, shied violently, and started off at breakneck speed down the hill. Those horses were powerful creatures, used to logging and pulling the big supply wagon, and my arms ached as I tried to pull them in. Down the hill we went flying, the wagon rocking from side to side, bouncing over mountain ruts and sending me flying off the seat and back again. As we neared the camp buildings, the horses broke for the rustic bridge, then shied to the right and started for the barn at the waterside. The barn door was too low for me to pass through on the top seat so I tugged fiercely at the right rein. The team veered slightly and just shaved the corner of the barn, but the wagon struck it, tearing off the corner and dragging away the splintered boards. I managed to stop the team a short space further on, and when the director, cameraman, and actors rushed up, they lifted me off, weak and trembling.

But despite the accidents, the work, the mosquitoes and the rain, I spent a delightful vacation, and when I said good-bye to my brook and my mountain, and to my pine scented room under the eaves, I was truly sorrowful. The summer had been all too short.



CONCERNING A GIRL AND A MAN AND A MOUNTAIN LOVER

"The Taming of Sunnybrook Nell"

By Elaine Hunt

Illustrations from the American Film

THE sound of an axe reverberated through the forests of Sunnybrook mountain, regular and even as machinery. And no wonder, for there was no more expert woodcutter in all that region than Steve Ryder, the young giant who swung the axe. His day's work finished, Steve, after piling up the brush and cording the wood, collected a basket of chips. These September evenings were cool and the chips would be fine for old Clon, the mountaineer's fire. And smiling to himself as he thought how pleased Nell would be with him for his kindness to her father, he plunged down the mountain-side, hallooing as he went, just for sheer joy in the sound of it.

Having deposited his basket at the door of the cabin where his sweetheart lived, he went in search of her. He thought he knew just where to find her.

"Sunnybrook! Sunnybrook Nell!" he called as he went, for that was the name by which the girl was known because of her love for her mountain home.

Brought up in the forests as simply as a

little savage, at eighteen, the old mountaineer's daughter was as lovely as a dryad.

As Steve came blundering through the thickets and stood on the other side of the stream she looked up from her task of filling a bucket with water. The sunlight filtered through the cool green leaves and touched her dark curls with gold and brought a delicate flush to her satin cheek.

"Hello Stevie!" she drawled affectionately. "Jest in time to take my bucket. Come on over."

If the young man's progress over the ford was uncertain it was not only the sunlight that blinded him.

"Let's go up to the top of Sunnybrook," he said to the girl. "I've got somepin' to show you." And he put his hand into his pocket to feel again a little round, hard object which represented a year's savings.

Nell had been on the point of refusing—she was a wild, self-willed creature—but the promise of a surprise tempted her curiosity.

"All right," she said, following him back to the house up the bank.

They left the pail at the cabin and then began the ascent of the mountain. Nell was fleet of foot, and independent in spirit, but before they reached the top she was glad to accept Steve's aid.

"How I do love this old mountain!" she said, resting her hand lightly on his arm, as they stepped out on a promontory and the wide green valley below met their gaze. "Jest because it is so hard to conquer it!"

He looked down at her standing there, her curls damp, her cheek flushed, and suddenly she made his head swim:

"That's why I love you," he said, "and this time you've got to say 'yes' for good," and he tried to take her in his arms. But she eluded him with a quick motion.

"Careful," she said warningly. "I didn't say I would, you know. I only said perhaps, sometime—"

He interrupted her, taking from its hiding-place the tiny round object that represented a year's savings.

"But you'll say 'yes' for keeps now, won't you Nell?" he pleaded, "for see, I've got the ring!"

She came to him and hovered around his shoulder like a little bird, looking for bread-crumbs.

"Stevie!" she breathed, "A ring! Do you mean to say—do you mean to say that it's for me?"

"For the prettiest girl in Tennessee!" he said and this time he had no trouble at all in kissing her for she put up her lips of her own accord.

SEPTEMBER in the mountains was very lovely and always brought a fresh supply of visitors to the summer resort on the other side of Sunnybrook. Among these this year were a Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Durkin from Memphis.

Mrs. Durkin was an excellent bridge player, an exquisite dancer and a perfect hostess, but she did not count among her attainments the art of retaining her husband's devotion. Sure of his affection and his wealth she wanted merely to please herself. Her own way was the god to which she had dedicated her life.

As for Clifford Durkin, his attitude toward his wife was very much the same as hers toward him. Fundamentally he was fond of her, but the negative quality of her feeling for him and his natural indolence failed to rouse in him any active evidence of it. The

situation was a common one between husbands and wives, but it might perhaps have been avoided in their case and the bond between them strengthened if their one child, a little boy of two, had lived—but he had been dead for half a dozen years.

It was a spirit of restlessness which had driven the man to the mountains that year, an utter boredom with things as they were, and it had been almost a disappointment that his wife had wished to accompany him. His desire for novelty, something entirely new, was so great that he did not know how he was going to satisfy it.

The sight of Sunnybrook Nell, filling her bucket from the waters of a swift mountain stream, gave him the first intimation of how it was to be accomplished. She seemed, in her simple gingham frock with her dark curls blowing about her, the very embodiment of all the wild life about him. Now he knew what it was he wanted—a taste of romance.

He stepped eagerly down the path. His head was bared in an instant. "May I help you?" he said with one of his most charming smiles. "That looks to me like a very heavy bucket."

She glanced up at him with the same smile which she had given Steve only a few days ago when he had made the same offer. Her large bright eyes surveyed the stranger a moment and then, perceiving that he was undoubtedly good to look at and that he was dressed as the city folk dress, her smile widened.

"Why, I reckon you can," she said. "Here, take hold!"

Cap in hand he seized the bucket while she took the other side. The brook rippled behind them and the sunlight filtered down through the dark green leaves and touched her hair with gold.

"Is this the way?" he said, pointing up the path. She nodded, and between them, their hands almost touching, they carried the bucket up to the little cabin.

That was the beginning of an acquaintance which grew rapidly in the free unrestricted mountain life. Merely diverted at first, Durkin's interest in Sunnybrook Nell became more and more serious, and while his wife spent her afternoons playing bridge on the hotel veranda oblivious to the beautiful scenery around her, he spent his in walking with Nell in the woods or driving with her to the little town not many miles distant,

to get soda water, or having tea with her and the old mountaineer, her father. Clon Sempstall was a great-hearted, simple old soul, and any friend of his daughter's was his friend as well. He enjoyed the city fellow's tales of travel and adventure in distant lands and would sit and listen almost as enthralled as the girl while Durkin spun his yarns.

But this situation, of course, could not go on for very long unremarked by big Steve, even though Mrs. Durkin had been too self-centered to notice it. It was the evening after his return from a trip which had kept him in another county for two weeks, and he could not hurry fast enough to reach the cabin where his sweetheart lived.

His surprise, therefore, amounted almost to shock when he saw, as he came up the path from the brook, his affianced bride standing in the doorway with her hand held in the lingering clasp of a very good-looking stranger.

"Till tomorrow then," he heard the man say before sauntering away into the woods.

Steve waited until he had quite gone—he did not want to do murder until he was

sure what cause he had—then he flung open the cabin door and strode in. Nell was putting away the remains of supper and her father sat by the big fireplace cleaning a gun.

Steve was of that primitive type which stays not on the order of it's going nor wastes time in much speech. He made no attempt to greet father and daughter, merely pointed out of the window toward the spot where Durkin had disappeared.

"That man, who was he?" said he.

Nell had never moved since his abrupt entry, her eyes had been fixed upon his white face and flashing eyes. Now she went on again with her work, smiling nonchalantly as if oblivious of any cause for excitement.

"Oh, just a man," she said.

Steve made a quick motion and caught one of her wrists in his big hand.

"Tell me who he was!" he commanded.

But it was of no use to bully a little wildcat like the mountain girl. The touch of restraint made her anger flare.

"Let go," she screamed, "let go!" and struck him on the cheek.



That Was the Beginning of an Acquaintance Which Throve Rapidly

His strong grip on her only tightened. "Tell me," he said sternly; "tell me or I'll—I'll choke you!"

But now a third figure took part in the drama. Old Clon, the mountaineer, rose laboriously from his seat by the fire and came over and laid his hand on the furious young man's shoulder.

"I guess I'll have somepin' to say about that chokin' business," he said. "Let go my gal!"

Steve was wounded to the quick. He was very fond of old Clon, they had always been good friends. Was it possible they were both against him? Why the whole world was upside down!

He relinquished his hold sullenly.

The delay had given Nell time to think. She took from her finger the little ring with the tiny diamond which Steve had given her only a short time ago and put it on the table.

"I reckon you'd better have it back," said she. "I don't seem sure of my mind. You hurried me too fast. Perhaps, after all, I love someone else."

It was not true at all. Her heart and her soul were Steve's, and it was only the novelty of Durkin's city ways and clothes that had attracted her, and what she said she said out of wilfulness and perversity. But the man did not know that. He picked up the ring and his face grew set and white.

"All right," he said. "All right for you, Sunnybrook Nell. From this day you won't see no more of Steve." He went out, followed by a peal of laughter from the girl which he was too angry to realize was strained and forced.

The mountain was large and Steve's cabin on the opposite side from old Clon's cabin some miles from the hotel, so it was not altogether difficult for him to keep his word about avoiding Nell. The field, therefore, was left clear for the enamored Durkin. But his path was not all plain sailing.

If Steve had suffered from the abrupt severance of their engagement, the girl had suffered more. She had not meant to lose him—only to defy him for a while; and now the thought that he had really gone beyond her reach was driving her wild. It resulted in many petulant moods and fits of sullenness, which left the city bred man quite at a loss, though her whims only made her more charming in his eyes.

They had been driving through the moun-

tains one day and had left the old buggy Durkin had found at the inn long enough to penetrate the heart of a particularly lovely glade. Great rocks loomed up about them, making it a place of mystery and glamour fit background for a love scene. Nell wanted to rest a moment and enjoy the beauty around them. And Durkin was content, for he wanted only to enjoy her.

His silence at last attracted her attention and she roused herself from thoughts of Steve to ask him what was the matter.

He reached out and laid his hand on her soft round arm.

"Nothing is the matter," he said, "only I'm crazy about you, little girl, I'm crazy about you. And I want you for my very own!"

It was a complete surprise to Nell, for though she had realized that Durkin was somewhat in love with her, she had not thought he would ask her to marry him, and that was what, in her unsophistication, she thought he was doing now. Such an idea as that he was married already had not, of course, entered her mind.

So she turned to him kindly and patted his arm.

"Do you really care?" she said.

The words swept the man away on a wave of passion.

"More than all the world," he said, and caught her to him and kissed her lips.

Nell did not altogether like it. She had meant never to let any man kiss her except Steve. But Steve had gone back on her, he had given her up, and she was never to see him again. A dark shadow passed over her face, though the man beside her was clutching her hand and pouring out words of entreaty, of protestations of love and promises of what he would do for her if she would go with and trust herself to him. Then the cloud passed as a brilliant thought struck her. What a wonderful revenge it would be on Steve, if she should marry this rich man from the city, who would take her traveling and give her rich clothes and jewels to wear!

"I'll do it, I'll go with you!" she said.

Transported with delight the man fell to planning with her the details of the elopement. It should be the next night, he said. He must have a few hours to arrange his affairs, then they would start on a trip around the world.

Of course, he knew as he said it, that



"Nothing Is the Matter" He Said. "Only I'm Crazy about You, Little Girl, I'm Crazy about You!"

the trip he had in mind would in all probability last only a few days and that the reason he had delayed it until the next day was that he might prepare his wife for his absence on business for a while, but so great was his infatuation as he made love to Nell all the way home, that almost he persuaded himself that the trip around the world was a reality.

In the meantime circumstances were fighting for Steve in an unexpected fashion. He had spent that day while his poor little sweetheart was planning her own ruin, in fishing and had caught such an enormous string of trout that he made up his mind to take them down to the hotel to sell.

He rode over and, leaving his horse at the lower gate, sauntered up to the inn. Out on a sort of natural terrace, high up above the road, he saw some people sitting, two men and a woman. One of the men seemed to be sketching the other, while the woman, very big and fair and handsome, with a wonderful lace dress on, was sitting by and chatting with them. This group would not have interested Steve at all and he would have gone on his way to the

kitchen, if he had not chanced to recognize in the man who was playing the part of artist, the man who had stood at old Clon Sempill's cabin door a short time ago and said good-bye to Sunnybrook Nell, with such evident warmth of feeling.

A premonition came over Steve and he dropped the string of fish in the road and stood watching the group on the terrace. In a moment the woman in the lace gown laughed loudly at something the artist was saying and, leaning forward, playfully rumbled his hair.

It was the intimate kind of act which a wife might permit herself toward her husband, and as such the mountaineer recognized it. The blood surged darkly to his face. However, he felt he must be sure, and, controlling himself, beckoned to a maid who at that moment came out on the veranda. She came gladly, for the young man was very good-looking.

"Say, Sis," he said, "you live here? Can you tell me who those people are up there on the terrace?"

The maid knew perfectly well for the inn was not crowded, and she told readily.

"They're Mr. and Mrs. Durkin of Memphis, you know, those rich people," she said, "and the man Mr. Durkin is making the picture of, is—"

But she was not allowed to finish. An oath of such astounding vigor escaped the young mountaineer that she fled in terror back to the inn convinced that he had suddenly lost his wits.

A burst of merriment came again from the terrace and the sound of the carefree laughter of the scoundrel who was playing with his girl's affections, almost drove Steve mad. Durkin, had he but known it, had never come nearer death, for Steve, like every woodsman in those parts, carried a gun in his hip pocket. But a saner thought came to him. Before he did any punishing himself, he would tell Nell of his discovery that Durkin was married, and let her deal with him.

Full of this resolve he hurried back to his horse, leaving the trout in the road, where he had dropped them, and mounting, set off at full gallop for old Clon's cabin. Eagerly he knocked at the door. The old mountaineer opened it and stood blinking.

"Come in," he said stupidly.

Steve saw by his manner that something was wrong, for Clon's eyes were red, as if he had been weeping.

"What's troublin' you, neighbor?" said Steve.

"It's Nell," said the other man. "Last night I hearn her sobbin' in her room and when I asked her the matter she said—she said—"

"Yes?" whispered Steve.

"She said she hadn't meant to tell me. but she was goin' to marry that Durkin fellow, and she was grievin' to leave me alone."

The young man's heart stood still. But there was hope yet, for had he not just left the villain back at the hotel sitting on the terrace?

"Where is she?" he asked Clon. "Quick, tell me where she is?"

"She's down in the village," replied Nell's father. "She went down to her aunt's house this morning. She told me Durkin was goin' to meet her there this evening about eleven, and they were going to take the midnight train." He broke off with a sigh. "Oh Nell! Nell!" he said.

Steve was stunned. The worst had nearly happened then. If he had not chanced to see

Durkin at the hotel . . . A groan finished the thought. What could he do to help her, what could he do? If things had gone as far as that, if Nell had allowed herself to become infatuated enough to promise the man to elope with him, would she believe Steve when he told her the truth about him? Steve feared she would not. He must think of some way to confound the villain before her eyes. For a long while he sat in the darkened cabin, the silence broken only by the weary sighs of the disconsolate old man. Then an inspiration came to him.

"Where's your buckboard?" he said. "I want to drive back to the hotel."

Clon led the way to the little stable behind the cabin and the two men hitched the horse in silence.

"I'm going to bring her back," he said to the old man. "Good-bye."

Two hours later he was returning over the same road and beside him in the buckboard was a very good-looking woman, big and fair, who wore a fashionable white suit and hat.

"You say it has been going on some time, this—this affair?" she asked Steve, and she spoke like a woman who has had a hard blow to bear.

The mountaineer nodded.

"Yes, Ma'am," he said, "and I thought if you was to come to Nell's cabin and stay there, and I was to go down to the house where she's waitin' for him and tell him before her face that his wife was waitin' up at the cabin for him to take her back to the hotel, I thought then she might see that I was telling the truth, and they might both on 'em see reason."

The woman bowed her head, praying that they might indeed "see reason." She really did care for Durkin, and the sudden fear of losing him had brought home to her own responsibility in the matter. Perhaps if she had not been so selfish, so fond of her own way, perhaps if she had put herself out more for him she might have guarded him against this infatuation. The horse jogged briskly over the rough road and the big mountaineer made no sound except now and then an encouraging cluck to his steed; and the moonlight poured down in beauty like the rays of self-revelation that were piercing the woman's heart. "If only I could think of some way to bring him back to me—something to rouse his sense of

honor," she thought, turning and twisting her jeweled hands in her lap.

They reached the cabin and there must have been healing in that moonlight drive, for a blessed thought had come to her. Six years ago that very day, as chance would have it, their little boy had been born. Her husband had always remembered the anniversary until this summer, when his preoccupation with Nell had made him forget it. She thought now that if she re-

Durkin from the hotel, tying his team at the door. Durkin had only just come.

Steve got out and twisted the reins around the whipstock. His horse knew how to stand. Then he stood hesitating in the moonlight, praying to all the gods he knew that he would be able to go through with what he had to do, without committing murder. Two shadows showed on the blind, a girl's and a man's, and the man had his arms about the girl. The mountaineer



A Premonition Came over Steve as He Stood Watching the Group on the Terrace

minded him of it, it might touch his heart and bring him to his senses.

"Ask him," she said to the mountaineer who was eager to be gone again, "ask my husband, when you see him, if he remembers what day it is. You won't forget, will you?" She looked anxiously up at Steve, and her lips trembled.

"You bet I won't," he said, and pressed her hand sympathetically.

It was just eleven when he reached the little house in the village where Nell was staying. He had arrived at a fortunate moment, for he saw the man who had brought

smiled grimly, and strode to the door.

An old woman opened it, Nell's aunt, but Steve did not stay to ask her permission. He pushed past her and into the tiny sitting-room beyond the hall. They were there, Sunnybrook Nell, with a flushed excited face, was bending over a valise,—and Durkin, pale and anxious, was helping her to close it.

At sight of Steve the two stood, fascinated, without changing their positions.

The young man wasted no time in preliminaries.

"I've something to say to you, Durkin," he said, "a message from your wife. She's

waitin' for you up at old Clon's cabin. She wants you to take her back to the hotel."

The guilty man started violently and the perspiration stood out upon his white forehead.

"My wife," he stammered, "my wife?"

"Yes," said Steve, "and there was something she wanted me to ask you. She wanted to know if you remembered what day it was?"

"My little baby's birthday!" he said in a

motion toward him. With his head bowed, he left the room, and they heard outside the sound of departing wheels.

Steve hesitated, then made a swift step toward the girl.

"Come with me, Nell," he said.

But she backed away.

"Leave me alone," said she, without looking at him. But he would not let her shame balk him. Without further ceremony he caught her up in his arms and hurried out



Where a Man and Woman Stood in the Moonlight Drinking Their Cup of Bitterness—Together

low, stricken voice, "my little baby's birthday!"

Confession of guilt was in every tone of his voice, and at the words, Nell, who had stood staring in frozen unbelief, turned suddenly from him and put her hands over her face.

And in that simple act Durkin saw the end of the affair. His mad dream faded, and remorse seized him instead.

"I guess I had better go," he said hoarsely. And then, with an effort to catch Nell's hand, "Won't you forgive me?"

But she made not the slightest reply nor

to the buckboard. In another moment they were speeding up the mountain-side, passing in their flight, a little, rough cabin, half way up the mountain, where a man and a woman stood in the moonlight, drinking their cup of bitterness—together.

Clear to the top Steve drove, to the very spot where they had first pledged their love. He got down and lifted her out, and the stubborn silence she had maintained all the way gave way to a burst of angry tears.

"You've no right," she said, sobbing, "you've no right to treat me so! I wish you'd go away and leave me alone!"

Steve put his hand over her mouth, roughly.

"Shet up," he said sternly. "Do you know why I brought ye here?"

She gasped in astonishment.

"Why?" she said.

"'Cause if you don't promise to marry me tomorrow, I'm going to—" He interrupted himself to nod impressively—"I'm goin' to throw you over the cliff!" He gestured toward the shining valley that lay below the promontory where they were standing.

The girl burst into loud wails.

"Then you don't love me!" she sobbed.

"You don't love me! You wart to kill me, and I love you so!"

The young mountaineer indulged in a wink at the moon.

"Oh, you do?" he said. "That's different!" Then, with his tone changing quickly to tenderness, "Why, little girl," he said, taking her in his arms, "you know I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head for nothin'. Steve was only foolin'!"

She raised her tear-stained face.

"An' you won't kill me?"

He covered it with kisses.

"Well, not ef ye're good!" he said.

If the Movies Had Moved in the Days of the Past

By LLOYD KENYON JONES

I WONDER what the screens would show,

If in the golden past,
The movie-man had filmed the scenes
And held the captives fast:

Would Jonah vanish in the whale,
Or would he (I opine)

Hold up two fingers to the gang,
And shout, "The water's fine!"

Would captive Daniel read to 'Shaz
The writing on the wall,

"Be sure to drink old Babylon's Best,
And order more, that's all!"

And would the Red Sea's waters part
And let the hordes pass through,

Or would a ferry ply its trade
And fee the poor Hebrew?

If Caesar's slaying had been filmed,
To Brutus would he shout,

"You cheap ward-heeler, have a care,
Look out what you're about!"

Would Cleopatra nurse the asp
And tease it, to be slain.

Or shout, "Come Antony, old sport,
With more of that champagne!"

And Bonaparte, at Waterloo,
Where lay the sunken road,

Would he stand pat and take the gaff,
Or try to shift the load?

Would we behold upon the screen
At Valley Forge, the sigh

Of Washington, or read these words,
"Oh, say, but coal is high!"

And would Calcutta's setting show
A "bust" quite on the side,

Or Rajah Dowlah playing cards
While Black Hole victims died?

What would the movies tell us of
The heroes and the mob?

Pray, would the romance grow or would
The truth the glitter rob?

And yet, they're canning all our deeds,
And bottling all our woe,

And to the coming ages all
Our frailties will show.

Our greatest men, of bandy legs
And pendulating girth,

Will not evoke much reverence,
But rather cause much mirth.

We cannot hide behind the mist
Of misconception then;

The movies still will show us up
In eons past our ken.

Why Famous Film Favorites or sook outlights' ascinations or filmdom ame

By Johnson Briscoe

Miss Snow is Surprisingly and Delightfully Free from Affectations of Any Sort



She Says She Hasn't Played a Part She Really Liked for Nearly a Year. Her Part in 'The Marble Heart' was No Exception

WE GOT along splendidly together, Marguerite Snow and I. The whole proceeding had much more the spirit of a social call, as against a cut-and-dried interview. She was a perfect interviewee, and she pronounced me an equally satisfactory interviewer, "so different from a horrid man who called upon me the other day and whose first words were, 'Now, say something brilliant!'" The attractive Miss Snow, so surprisingly free from affectations of any sort, I found, can be delightfully witty and entertaining, without any such absurd, fatuous cue as that.

Our chat began early in the morning, at the Thanhouser studio in New Rochelle, when a group of players were start-





ing out for a morning's work upon the seventeenth episode of "The Million Dollar Mystery," and I was bidden to join them. Though feeling momentarily a bit *de trop* and somewhat like excessive excess baggage, I climbed into the waiting automobile and boldly plumped my person between the radiantly dark Marguerite Snow and the divinely fair Florence La Badie, upon my left and right sides respectively. It was a thrilling ride, I can tell you.

Having learned by long experience that in the matter of motion picture chats it is quite necessary to plunge into business at every possible opportunity, I tried to preserve my equanimity, while sandwiched between such loveliness, and gather material while I could.

"And was Denver your birthplace?" I rather stupidly began, for, you see, it was rather difficult to insinuate questions, as the

two girls were busy chatting about a party which they had attended in New York the night before, at the Jardin de Danse. (Incidentally, so far as I could gather, the Thanhouser stars, when not before the camera, spend much of their time in a round of social gaities.)

"Why, yes, you can say so in print, if you like," replied Miss Snow, "though, as a matter of fact, I generally claim Savannah, Ga., as my birthplace, though I was really born in Salt Lake City." This seemed to me a somewhat prodigal geographical usurpation, so I pressed her for details.

"Well, you see, it was this way. My father, William G.



Beautiful Marguerite Snow, the Princess Olga of "The Million Dollar Mystery"

Snow, was a minstrel comedian for twenty-five years, of the team of Snow and West, and of course he traveled constantly. It simply happened that mother was in Salt Lake City when I was born. Almost immediately thereafter we went to Savannah, where we lived for several years, my father dying when I was a baby. After a time mother and I went to Denver, where I passed all my childhood."

By this time we had reached our destination, which was the famous House of Mystery, the background for many of the thrilling events which occur in "The Million Dollar Mystery," and here we found awaiting us James Cruze, Frank Farrington,

Sidney Brace, and director Howell Hansel. Almost immediately they plunged into the business at hand, and dainty Miss Snow (she is really one of the most exquisite creatures imaginable) was soon engaged in the villainous, nefarious schemes on which the wicked Countess Olga has been employed from the very first in the "Million Dollar" episodes. A luxurious limousine, the mysterious house, a heavily veiled lady, the iniquitous Braine (in the person of Frank Farrington), a suit-case, a bunch of jonquils, all were picturesquely, heterogeneously mixed together, forming another link in the chain of circumstances in this most absorbing tale

When a moment's res-



In Private Life Miss Snow is the Wife of James Cruze, Who Plays the Part of Jimmy Norton, the Reporter, in "The Million Dollar Mystery"

pite came, I asked Miss Snow whether she liked portraying such a picture of moral depravity as the Countess Olga.

"No, I do not," was her unhesitating reply, "though I begin to feel now as if I had never played anything else. It seems as if I had been a part of 'The Million Dollar Mystery' always." Her face clouded, momentarily, as she added, "I really haven't played a part I liked for almost the past year. I don't like being an adventuress anyway."

More work followed. Olga was again exercising her evil influence over the heroine, Florence Gray (and what an adorably pretty



She Made a Lovely Boy in "The Dog of Flanders"

heroine Florence La Badie does make, to be sure), after which Director Hansel pronounced the morning's work completed.

"Until three o'clock, when you may report at the studio again."

We climbed back into the automobile, this time with Mr. Cruze and Mr. Farrington as companions, and were whisked off to the Cruze homestead for a bite of luncheon. As all, or certainly most of you, know, Miss Snow is Mrs. Cruze in private life and the Cruzes have a most com-



fortable, attractive home in New Rochelle, about five minutes' walk from the Thanhouser plant. The very air of the house spells comfort, without ostentation or display, and their marriage, a genuine romance of the studio, may truly be said to be an ideally happy one. You have only to be fortunate enough to see them in their home to realize that fact.

The ceremony of luncheon completed, it was still some time before they would be required at the studio, Miss Snow and I lingered over our coffee cups for additional intimate chatter. Meanwhile, in the living-room, Miss La Badie played Victor Herbert's fascinating "Badinage" upon the piano, while Mr. Cruze smoked innumerable cigarettes.

"The stage? No, I shall never take up that work again, I am sure. I liked it, of course, when engaged in it, but the risks are too great. Youth and pretty faces, rather than real talent, are what count upon the stage now. Then there is always the danger of your company closing, or of your not making good. Now in pictures there is no risk at all, you have steady employment, without fear of closing, and, too, I couldn't possibly have a home like this if I were an actress. Having lived all my life in hotels, first as a child and later when I went on the stage, of course, I am in an especially favorable position for appreciating a home."

As I was aware of the fact that Miss Snow's stage career had been short, but surprisingly successful, I determined to find out, if I could, whether there was not a frequent longing in her heart for a row of footlights, a boxed-in set, and an audience, with the assistant stage-manager calling, "First act." I put the question to her direct, and she met it directly.

"No, I don't long for the stage any more, for the simple reason that I don't allow myself to think about it. Nor do I trust myself even to visit the theatres, for fear the fever might return. Why, do you know, the very last play I saw was John Mason in 'The Attack,' which was over two years ago. Of course, there is a small, very small, chance that I may return to the stage some day, but I think it is highly improbable."

All the same, and despite her protestations, I cannot but believe that there must come occasional times when the lure of the stage door is poignantly felt by Miss Snow. Very few young actresses there are who have been more successful than she, especially when

you consider that her stage experience numbered less than five years in all. She studied in Denver under Marguerite Fealy, Maude Fealy's mother, and during the Summer of 1906 played one or two small parts with the stock company at Elitch's Gardens, Denver. What might be called her real stage debut occurred February 11, 1907, at the Crawford Theatre, Wichita, Kan., when she played Mlle. Dangler in "Monte Cristo," in the support of James O'Neill.

The very next season Miss Snow stepped into the title role in Henry W. Savage's production of "The College Widow," and the next season came her Broadway debut, when she created Elsa in "The Devil," at the Garden Theatre. After that came a season in stock work, divided between Grand Rapids, Mich., and Wheeling, W. Va., and in the Fall of 1910 she was seen at the Bijou Theatre with Thomas Jefferson in "The Other Fellow." This play being a failure, I suspected that then she turned her thoughts towards picturedom. It was so.

"My going into pictures was largely accidental," said Miss Snow. "A girl friend of mine was posing for the Thanhouser people and she suggested that I accompany her one day, just to see how motion pictures were made. While watching the work, Mr. Thanhouser asked me if I would like to appear in a picture which they were about to take. Largely for the fun of the thing, I said I would and I was pressed into immediate service, costume, make-up and all, in a picture called, 'Baseball in Bloomers.' Suddenly the director called out, 'Everybody into the machine and out into the country for pictures.' 'What,' I cried, 'go out-of-doors in such a costume and in winter weather like this? Not for me!' And I immediately took off my costume and returned to New York. A week later, however, my telephone rang and there was Mr. Thanhouser speaking, urging me to reconsider my decision, saying he wanted me to appear in a picture, 'His Younger Brother,' and adding, 'It is all indoor work this time.' So I consented, and was a member of the company for about six months.

"The Summer of 1911, I temporarily returned to the stage, being leading woman of the stock company at the Belasco Theatre, Washington, D. C., where I played the title role in 'Peter Pan,' Kathie in 'Old Heidelberg,' Nora Brewster in 'Waterloo,' Glory Quayle in 'The Christian,' and Helen Heye in

'The Lottery Man.' After that I took up picture work again, being the first regular lead with the Kinemacolor company, where I remained for about two months, and then I re-joined the Thanhouser forces, where I have been ever since.

"It was a strange thing that as soon as I had determined to remain permanently in pictures, I received no end of offers for excellent theatrical engagements, the lead in such plays as 'The Bird of Paradise' and 'The Butterfly on the Wheel,' but I resolutely turned them all down."

At this moment we were interrupted by the arrival of a caller in the person of Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman, the author of that notorious novel, "Hagar Revelly," and an intimate friend of the Cruze-Snow family. It seems that Dr. Goodman frequently turns his hand to scenario writing and he has lately completed a play called "Zudora," in which Miss Snow is to play the name part. At once, of course, conversation turned upon that subject and Dr. Goodman, apparently a stickler for detail, endeavored to make it clear to his heroine exactly what sort of costumes he wanted her to wear.

"The sort of thing I want Zudora to wear, for both house and street dresses, must be modeled along the lines of the dancing costumes worn by Lady Constance Stewart Richardson."

Miss Snow gave Zudora's creator one look.

"What!" she exclaimed, "appear in the streets in a garb like that? It can't be done!" Right then and there I resolved to see the Goodman scenario when reproduced upon the screen, especially to note the ultimate compromise effected in Zudora's street apparel—for I am all with Miss Snow!

It was evident to me that business, and not the business of a magazine chat either, was to be in order for some little time, so there was nothing for me to do but take leave of my agreeable, hospitable hostess. This I did forthwith, and my last sight of Marguerite Snow was that of a slight, girlish figure standing in the door-way ("Now that you know our address, do, please, remember it, and come some time—unprofessionally"), she was smiling, as only she alone can smile, with her sparkling, deep brown eyes, voicing the farewell, of which I was all too loath to take advantage. But time and suburban trains wait for no man.

Perhaps more than one of my readers have marveled because not once here have I spoken of this Thanhouser star as "Peggy" Snow. Somehow or other, purely instinctively, all along I had felt that she disliked it. Finally, I asked her as much.

"Yes, indeed, I do dislike being called Peggy," she replied, quite heartily, but everybody does it, and now that I have been nicknamed 'Peg o' the Movies,' there doesn't seem to be any hope, does there?"

Augustus Phillips

HE was seated in a motor-car in front of the Edison studio in the Bronx, and I blithely passed him by. And who would not? The Augustus Phillips, today of Edsonville, and the Augustus Phillips, yesterday, of Spoonerville, are two entirely different persons in appearance. Having seen him only upon the screen in late times one was scarcely prepared for the change.

It was at least five years ago that I last saw Augustus Phillips in the flesh and now I find him ever so much younger in appearance—all probably due to the rejuvenating influence of picturedom! For one thing he is very much thinner, a state of grace also probably due to the strenuousness of the picture player's career, and there is about him a buoyancy, even a lightness, the sort of care-free poise which comes with doing suc-

cessful work, qualities which I had not noted before in him.

What's more, I said as much when, after absolutely assuring myself that it really was he, I climbed into the machine and sat beside him. (No, dear readers, the machine did not "spring into instant action and we soon were moving along the hills and valleys of the adjacent country side." It probably reads more romantically that way, but as a matter of fact the car was one of about thirty passenger capacity, a small sight-seeing wagon, and in a few moments we were unceremoniously ejected therefrom, to be replaced by a crowd of made-up Edison actors, all bound for the day's work, some distance from the studio. We then repaired to one of the Edison business offices and our interrupted conversation was resumed.)

"Why, yes, I am ever so much thinner

than I used to be. Last year we spent considerable time in Maine taking pictures, at which time I lost a lot of flesh and I've never regained it—though I'm not sorry! Goodness knows, compared to the strenuousness of my former work, I should be a mountain of flesh."

"Then you find picture work easier than the stage?" was a question which sprang unconsciously from me, for he is about the very last actor in filmdom to whom I would put such a question.

"Infinitely," came the terse, somewhat withering reply. "There is simply no comparison between the two. In this business your work comes in cycles, you work strenuously hard when you work, or else you don't work at all. Now, for instance, during the past three weeks I have had practically nothing at all to do, while in a few days I start work under Charles Brabin's direction in a Paul Revere picture, in which I play the title role, so I shall probably figure in most all the scenes. As probably every picture actor tells you" (as, indeed, most of them do!) "the very worst part of this business is the waiting about, hour after hour, between scenes. Many times I have been dressed and made-up the entire day and have never heard the camera's click."

With the title head of this interview department always before me, I asked the inevitable question as to why he left the stage for the studio.

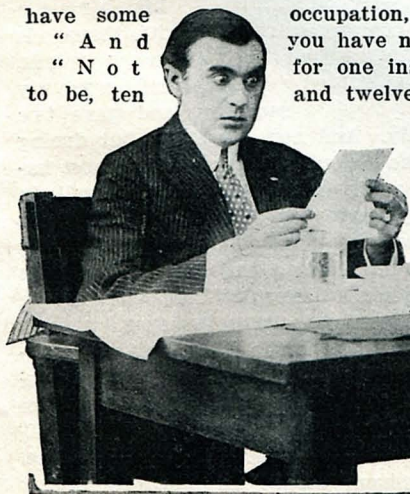
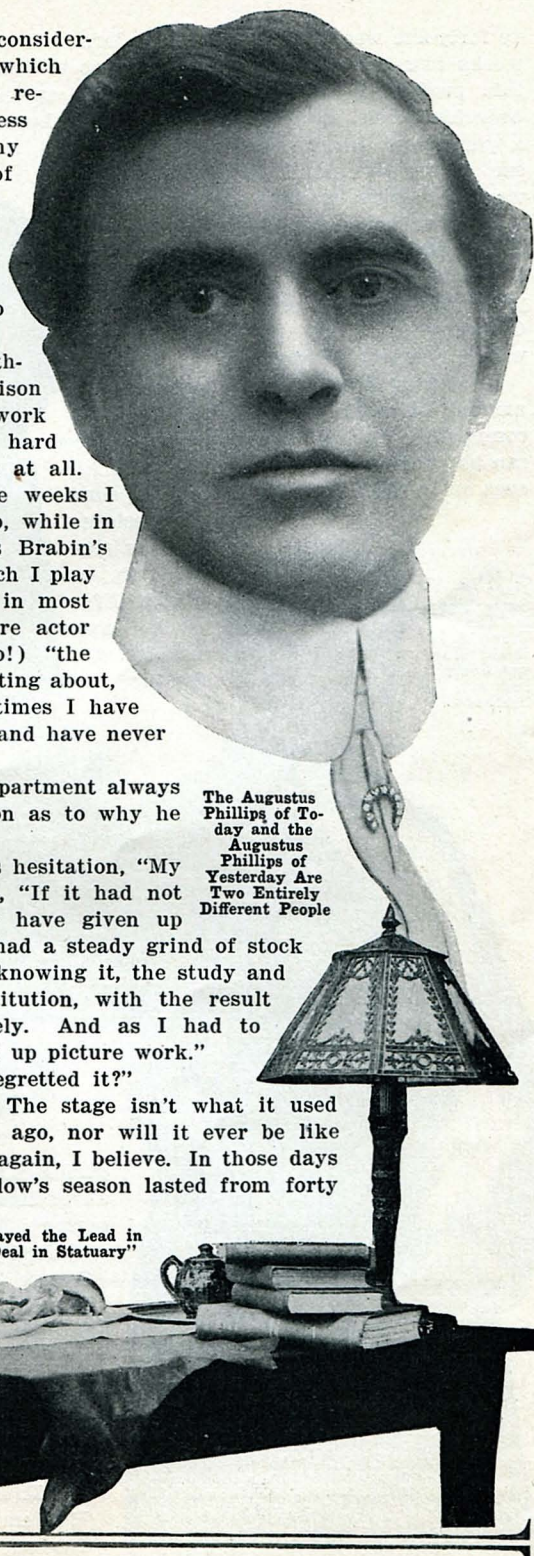
He shot at me, and without a moment's hesitation, "My eyes." A short pause, and he continued, "If it had not been for them I should probably never have given up acting behind the footlights. You see, I had a steady grind of stock work for over eleven years and, without knowing it, the study and hard work played havoc with my constitution, with the result that my eyes

have some
"And
"Not
to be, ten

failed me completely. And as I had to
occupation, I took up picture work."
you have never regretted it?"
for one instant. The stage isn't what it used
and twelve years ago, nor will it ever be like
that again, I believe. In those days
a fellow's season lasted from forty

He Played the Lead in
"A Deal in Statuary"

The Augustus
Phillips of To-
day and the
Augustus
Phillips of
Yesterday Are
Two Entirely
Different People



to forty-five weeks, while nowadays he's lucky if he works twenty-eight or thirty. Compare that with this profession"—here a beatific smile spread over his whole countenance—"wherein I have a permanent home, congenial employment, a car of my own, and all the time in the world to enjoy baseball and the theatres, with a salary every single blessed one of the fifty-two weeks in the year. And I should like you to say that I am particularly happy with the Edison Company, the only picture firm for which I have ever worked."

In looking back over the monumental amount of work which Mr. Phillips accomplished during his stage career, one can but understand, even trouble with his eyes aside, that he must indeed feel care-

free over release from the rigors of a stage life such as he knew. Undoubt-

As the Duke of Sutherland in "The Unsullied Shield" He was Every Inch a Gentleman



He is Equally at Home in a Comedy or in Such a Play as "The Two Doctors"



most unremitting labor possible, when every week he played a new role, crammed his brain with thousands of new words,

rehearsed every morning, and gave two performances daily. And not only that, but during all of this time he played nothing but the most important leading parts, such roles as Svengali in "Trilby," Sydney Carton in "The Only Way," Sir George Sylvester in "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet," Augustus Billings in "Too Much Johnson," Lord Wheatley in "Phroso," Basil Jennico in "The Pride of Jennico," Gavin Dishart in "The Little Minister," and Benjamin Fitzhugh in "The Man from Mexico," respective roles in which Broadway fame has been won by such actors as Wilton Lackaye, Henry Miller, E. H. Sothorn, Kyrle Bellew, William Gillette, William Faversham, James K. Hackett, Robert Edeson, and William Collier. What a treat it

"After a trying period with my eyes, I joined the Edison forces on January 1, 1911—they gave me the salary I asked for, too, so I have no kick coming—and there isn't any one in picturedom more satisfied than I."

Bent upon discovering the fly in the ointment, if by any chance there should be one, I ruthlessly put the question, "And do you never feel the call of the stage?"

He looked at me rather reproachfully, it seemed to me (yes, apparently, the fly was there!) and after a second or two pause, he said:

"Why, certainly, I get the stage fever

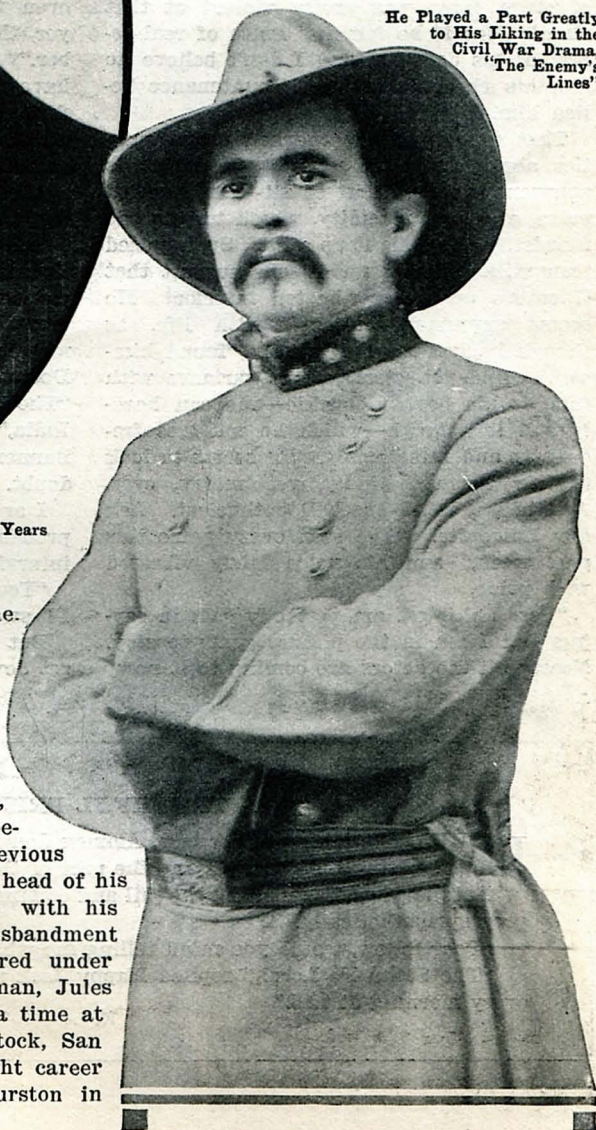
He Played a Part Greatly
to His Liking in the
Civil War Drama,
"The Enemy's
Lines"



I Find Him Now Much Younger Than He Was Years Ago—Probably Due to the Rejuvenating Influences of Picturedom

would be to see Mr. Phillips upon the screen in some of these roles!

It was during his ten years as leading man of the Spooner company, supporting Edna May and Cecil Spooner, that Mr. Phillips acquired this enviable, but certainly nerve-shattering, repertoire, dividing the time about equally between New York and Brooklyn. Previous to this engagement he toured at the head of his own company and was for a time with his brother, Philip Phillips. After the disbandment of the Spooner company, he appeared under the Shuberts as the young Frenchman, Jules Baenbien, in "The Wolf," was for a time at the head of the Alcazar Theatre Stock, San Francisco, and concluded his footlight career as chief support with Adelaid Thurston in "Miss Ananias."



every now and then, and sometimes it's awfully hard to fight it off. Only the other day I received word from Eugene Walter that he wanted to see me, that he had a part in his new play just suited to me. Well, I had a talk with him—he had remembered my work in his play, 'The Wolf'—but when he discovered that I had been playing in pictures all this time, he simply threw up his hands and exclaimed, 'Good Lord! Well, you had better stick to that game, there is more in that than stage acting now.' And of course he was right—though I didn't dare ask him anything about the role he wanted me for, because my attack of stage fever was pretty violent at that time." But if he felt any sense of real regret at his decision, and I don't believe he did, his cheerful, satisfied countenance belied him.

That is one of the marked characteristics about Mr. Phillips, the one which is apparent probably first of all—his unruffled poise, a sort of placidity, which tempts one irresistibly to ruffle it up a bit. Such poised tranquillity almost makes one suspect that it covers up a super-heated interior! He seems supremely satisfied with life, as though he had most distinctly "found himself." And yet, strangely at variance with this, is his boyish chuckle—one can hardly call it a laugh—which he indulges frequently and infectiously. He seems to look at life through kindly, yet merry, eyes. And he's a rabid baseball enthusiast. Ask any Edisonite. "I've seen every game this past week," and his voice fairly vibrated with pride.

"Yes, I think I am perfectly safe in saying that I am in the picture game to stay. Nearly all the actors are coming to it now;

you would be amazed at some of the people who are trying to break into the game, here at the Edison place. But the field is pretty thoroughly overcrowded now, though there will always be plenty of room at the top for the really talented."

"Tell me, just about how many parts did you play during your stage career?" I asked, knowing that the list must be a staggeringly monumental one.

He smiled a bit wanly, and said:

"Well, I should hazard, altogether, easily five hundred. When you stop to think of the years in stock in New York, Brooklyn, San Francisco, and Columbus, O., and even the years in repertoire before that, yes, the list must easily be over that number." Is it any wonder then that pictures have taken such a hold upon him, that he finds much rest and recreation, even with all its attendant strenuousness, in the film game?

The Phillips "fans" swear by him chiefly for his unusual screen versatility, for he is equally at home either in comedy or emotional roles, and you need only recall him yourself in recent releases to realize that fact. Pictures such as "Molly, the Drummer Boy," "A Deal in Statuary," "The Two Doctors," "A Question of Hats and Gowns," "The Enemy's Lines," "My Friend from India," and "The Birth of the Star Spangled Banner," proved it without question of a doubt.

I arose to go, and my genial interviewee, probably knowing the trials which beset the interviewer's path, said, quite seriously:

"You may write anything you like, and I'll swear I said it."

But he really did say the things I have set down here!

A TRUTHFUL PRISONER

DURING the taking of a recent Ammex Comedy at National City, California, Jack Livingstone was playing the part of the prisoner.

Enid Markey was visiting the jail and coming to Livingstone's cell exclaimed very sympathetically.

"Poor fellow, would you mind telling me what brought you here?"

"The Santa Fe Local," replied Happy Jack respectfully, "leaving San Diego every morning at 9.15."

"The Dancer and the Vulture"

By Dorothy Chase

Illustrations from the Kalem Film



IN a city in which he was probably no worse than a great many other men, Hampden Graeme had nevertheless acquired, among a few people, the name of the Vulture. It was thus that they spoke of him, often considering it unnecessary to identify him more closely. A famous architect, his name was associated with a great number of imposing monuments to his skill. Hotels that had a world wide reputation, two huge railroad stations, the capitols of half a dozen states—these were only a few of the buildings that had brought him fame. They had brought him more than fame; he was a rich man. His income was enormous. And, now that his fame was based on a solid foundation, and his income was assured, he was able to have something that he valued even more than fame and wealth—leisure.

There was no need for him to work as he had done. All that was required from him now was a brief period of attention to the commissions that came to him. To the younger men who were glad and proud to work for him, almost without considering their reward, simply for the sake of the experience they gained and the value of the association, he made suggestions. Then, when they had made their drawings, he would go over them. Here and there he would suggest a change. Very seldom, so rarely, indeed, that it was a matter of wonder in the office, he would approve a drawing unreservedly, and without changes of any sort. The young man receiving such approval was like one who has received an accolade. It was enough to prove that he was a coming man.

Graeme, by reason of his unquestioned artistic supremacy, was privileged in many ways. It was possible for him to enjoy his career as a libertine among women, that career that had earned him the epithet Vulture, without suffering the ostracism that would have been visited upon a lesser man. His one merit, perhaps, was his utter frankness. He preyed upon women, but he did not cloak his actions with hypocrisy. There was no concealment about his desires; there was little concerning his methods.

Nor was there that delicacy and subtlety that might well have been expected from so great an artist. His eyes rested with favor upon many women; he seemed utterly to lack discrimination. He was as likely to bestow his attentions upon the painted women of the restaurants, almost of the streets, as upon the wife of a friend. And he seemed able to compel them to his will. The women frankly seeking just such a connection as he offered were no more easy for him to conquer than those who had wholly escaped suspicion until he cast his spell over them. So, at least, it seemed. Actually, of course, he must have been repulsed more than once, many times, indeed. But these defeats he managed to conceal.

He was an assiduous first nighter. He had the freedom of almost every stage door in the city. With one manager, indeed, who had the courage to deny him admission to the parts of his theatres reserved for the performers he had come to open warfare. But he had been routed by the manager's defiance.

"My theatres are for the entertainment of

the public that pays to see the plays I offer," said this manager. "My companies are engaged by me, and paid to give their artistic services to the interpretation of these plays. And the ladies who honor me by working for me will never, with my consent, be subjected to the annoyance of importunities by blackguards who can afford good clothes."

But this manager was an exception. Many of his fellows had hesitated to give Graeme the privileges he sought; some of them he had won over by backing their productions. He was secretly interested in half a dozen musical comedies each season. A girl who, being desired by him, resisted, was likely to find her services no longer in demand.

The attitude of men—and of some women—toward Graeme was a curious one. Unquestionably, repelled by his morals, or his lack of them, they still tolerated the man, received him, accepted his company when he chose to bestow it upon them. He was a great artist; he was a man who could, when he chose, talk brilliantly. His entertainments in the extraordinary house in which he lived were famous; some, to which a selected group was invited, better deserved the term notorious.

The general feeling, which accounted for the way in which Graeme's life was regarded, was, probably, that he had two distinct sides. One represented Graeme, the artist, the charming host, the wit. The other was Graeme, haunter of the night life of Broadway, prey upon women, exploiter of the tempted women of the theatres. There were times, as has been hinted, when the two personalities clashed. There were hints that a long illness had been due, not to appendicitis, as had been reported, but to a wound from the revolver of a friend. There were other stories. . . . But these had been hushed up. It had been to the interests of both sides to do this. And there was a general feeling, among those who might have resented Graeme's conduct and made their resentment of some effect, that, after all, it was more or less his own business. In this day and generation, they felt, women should be able to look after themselves. Graeme's reputation was well known; a woman who trifled with him was like a moth, flying about a flame. It was that feeling, as much as anything else, that pulled Graeme through.

Had they seen some of the things that went on behind the screen that concealed

his private life, these easy moralists might have changed their views. Had they been able to understand the strange, illusive psychology that was involved in some of the attachments the man formed, they would have recoiled with horror from their own indifference. To them, fairly free from such temptations, the case, from the woman's point of view, seemed a simple one—a direct question of right or wrong. There are few questions as simple as that; there are few problems, indeed, that can be stated in plain, direct terms of what is right and what is wrong. There are factors that must be taken into account; factors which Graeme understood thoroughly, and which he turned invariably to the attaining of his desires.

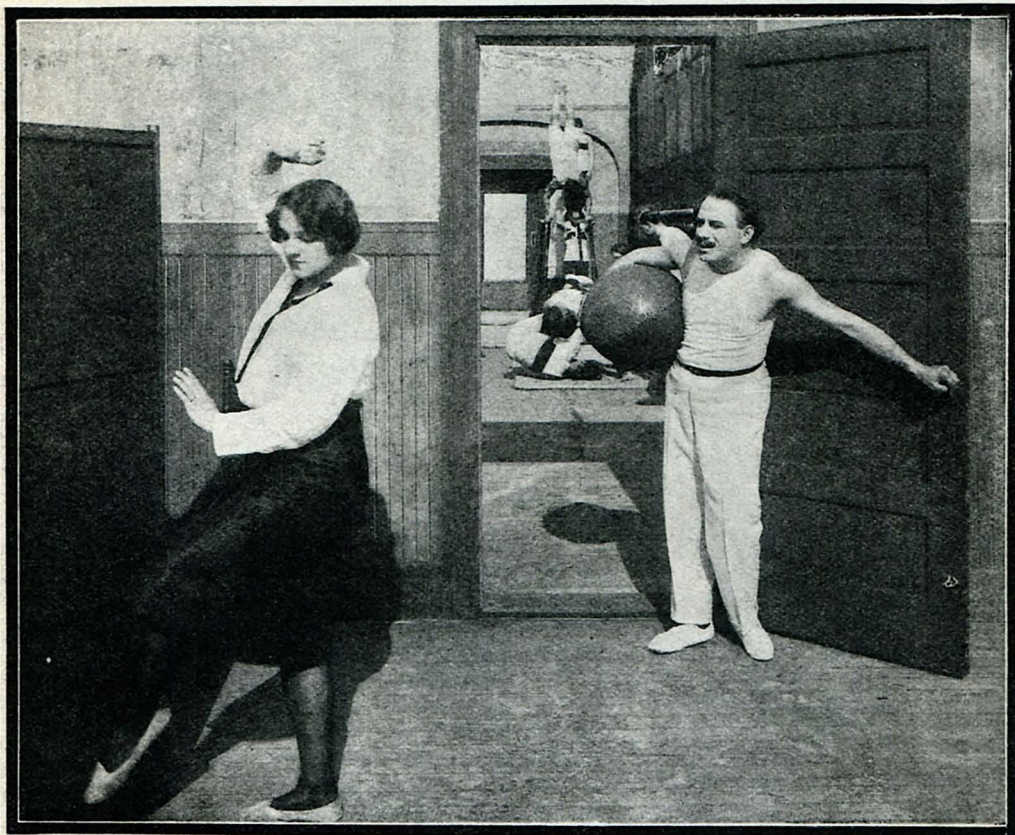
He had heard of Ruth Hendee two or three times before he saw her. But, strangely enough, what he heard did not interest him to the point of looking her up. It was interesting enough, as a matter of fact. Thrown upon her own resources the girl had shown herself original by the manner in which she undertook to look after herself. Without special training of any sort, the most likely thing for her, as everyone told her, was a job in a store. She might make six dollars a week; that was not enough, however, as she saw it, to satisfy even her own needs. And she had to take care of her mother as well as herself.

The stage, after a few attempts, she found impossible. She had no training, of course; in the chorus she might, with luck, have made enough money. But managers didn't want her. She wasn't of the type to attract them. Still the stage seemed to her her best chance. And she had worked out a daring and an original conception. She had some skill in dancing; not much, but some. It was not enough to get her an engagement even in a cabaret. But she had intelligence, too, and she did some studying. With the little money she had she invested in some remarkable costumes. Here, as a matter of fact, she made her great bid for success, though she didn't know it. For two or three of her dances her costumes were bizarre in the extreme. They were also scanty. But this fact never occurred to her. By the time she had come to the point of designing a costume she was absorbed in the dance she had thought out, and the costume was merely a further means of expressing the spirit of the dance. But to the manager who finally had sense enough to listen to her, Moe

Barnes, it represented a distinct appeal to the sort of men who buy front row seats at musical comedies. And it was to this, though she didn't know it, that she owed the engagement he promised her.

Ruth was wild with delight when Barnes gave her her contract; she was so impatient to sign it that she scarcely looked at it. It represented so much more than the actual engagement. Ruth had plenty of confidence

it chanced, did her practicing and the exercising she required to keep in trim at the same place. And sheer accident threw her before him. He and some other men were playing with a medicine ball; it fell against a door, pushing it open. And Graeme, following the ball, saw her, and stopped dead. She was practicing a step, utterly unconscious of him. But he took her in, from head to foot. And, as he closed the door,



Graeme Following the Ball, Saw Her and Stopped Dead

in herself; the way she had spent her small reserve of money proved that. And all she wanted was the chance Barnes was giving her. She had no doubt but that she could succeed.

It was soon afterwards that Graeme saw her. Graeme kept himself always in the pink of condition. His excesses never seemed to affect him; the reason was that, while his companions were sleeping off the effects, he was in a gymnasium, from which he emerged, clear eyed and fresh faced, while they were calling for bracers. Ruth,

very gently, the look of the vulture was in his eyes.

What followed was the sort of thing that had become usual with Graeme. It was the fact that most of his friends were ignorant of his methods—what he proceeded to do now was typical enough—that they tolerated him. First of all, of course, he found out who she was—all about her. And his plans were simple. He managed to meet her; she saw no reason to distrust him. He was introduced, conventionally enough, by the manager of the gymnasium. And, professing a



"You've Got a Contract With Ruth Hendee? . . . Cancel It!"

great interest in her dancing, he led her to talk to him about it. She was at a stage where such talk was rather vital to her; no one else seemed to understand what she was trying to do. Even her mother was a little horrified; she had an idea that Ruth meant to appear as one of a ballet. For Mrs. Hendee, Pavlowa and the great dancers who had transformed the art did not exist.

So far Graeme did nothing he should not have done. But his next move was his secret

noon, when Graeme, as had now become his custom, met Ruth at the gymnasium as she finished her practice, he saw that her eyes were full of tears. In her hand was a note that bore the letterhead of Barnes's office.

"Bad news?" he asked, concerned.

She told him. He cursed Barnes and all the tribe of managers to comfort her; then he frowned.

"Does it matter so much?" he asked.

"So much?" she groaned. "It means my



Before His Guests, She Danced Better Than She Thought She Could

one. He knew Moe Barnes; he had backed more than one production for him. And when he was ready, he appeared in the manager's office.

"You've got a contract with Ruth Hendee?" he said. Barnes nodded. "Let me see it." He glanced through it.

"I see," he said. "Up to your old tricks, Barnes. Well—I'm glad. Cancel it. She can't do a thing—can't hold you to it."

"But I don't want to. She's going to make a hit!" protested Barnes.

But Graeme was not to be denied. And his power was too great. Protest as he would, Barnes had to yield. And that after-

noon, when Graeme, as had now become his custom, met Ruth at the gymnasium as she finished her practice, he saw that her eyes were full of tears. In her hand was a note that bore the letterhead of Barnes's office.

chance is gone! And how am I to get another? This seemed incredible!"

"I have it!" he cried, suddenly. "You want a chance—an audience that will talk of your dance. Do it at my place. I can give you an audience Barnes couldn't drag into his theatre. I'm giving a party on Saturday night—I had meant to ask you. If those people like your dance you'll have half the managers in the city after you next day. Do you see?"

Her eyes lighted up. She did see. It was a greater chance than the one she had lost. She accepted, of course; accepted gratefully, humbly. He laughed at that.

She did dance well. Before his guests she danced better than she had dreamed she could. And yet—the dance fell flat. There was, when it was over, a ripple of the most perfunctory applause. But no one could have construed it as a demand for an encore; Graeme alone seemed really pleased.

The cards had been stacked against her. That was a hand picked audience. Graeme had given it its orders. And its duty was to make the girl think that her dance was a failure; that this little group of cultured people, as she supposed them to be, would have none of it.

He slipped into her dressing room when they had gone. She was huddled, still in her dancing dress, in a chair. Her eyes were dry; for her the tragedy of the moment was too intense for tears. He comforted her, and she was able to sob in his arms.

"You shall not go—not to-night," he said. "This is to be your home—you are to be mine. You—"

Faintly she resisted. She murmured something of delay.

"Can't you trust me?" he said. "There are formalities—they are impossible at night."

She stayed. . . . Once more Graeme had had his way. Sometimes in one fashion; sometimes in another. . . . Yet they were always ready to excuse him.

But for once he had blundered. There was a maid, who came to Ruth in the morning, when the cold, grey light had changed the aspect of everything. She lay in her bed, dreading to remember, yet with memory forcing its way behind her defences. She sobbed. And the maid sneered at her.

"Oh, you'll get over that!" she said. She laughed horribly. "I was like that, too. He doesn't remember me, you see. If he did, would I be a maid in his house? I must have been one of the first! There have been so many since—like me—like you—"

"I don't know how he got you," said the maid, dully. "It don't make any difference, though. You'll be like me and all the rest. You'll be queen for a little while. And then he'll see the next. Then you'll go—with some money, if you want to take it."

Not for a moment did Ruth doubt this girl. The scales fell from her eyes, and she saw what she had done and what she had become. She shook with horror. And then the telephone rang by her bed. It was Graeme. Would she breakfast with him in ten minutes? She took a sudden resolution.

In the stipulated time she was ready. With a smile she poured his coffee. She chatted lightly through the meal.

"Well," she said, with a laugh. "It's over, isn't it? I failed—and you didn't! Oh, well—I'm an artist. I needed experience. I have to thank you for a sort I might not have had the courage to gain for myself!"

He stared at her as if she had spoken in Chinese.

"Are you mad?" he said, flushing. Above all things he hated the idea that anyone might laugh at him. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, I know all about you!" she said. "You should look at the maids more carefully, my dear Graeme! You should be sure that your discarded lady loves are not hired to serve their successors! My maid, you see, has just been telling me about you—and those who came before me. Who is the next? Have you picked her out? Because—the place is vacant! I resign, you see!"

"I'm going—now," she said, in a voice that cut. She moved toward the door.

The very foundations of his life seemed to be crumbling about Graeme. For the first time a woman was discarding him, casting him aside. He felt that he had been tricked.

"Wait!" It was a strangled cry. He moved toward her, as she turned, and took her arm. He drew her toward him, and bent her backward, so that he could look into her sneering eyes. "Would you believe a maid—a lying maid—against me? I—I want to marry you! I want to marry you today—now! My car is waiting. We can go to Connecticut—there are few formalities."

"As if you meant it!" she sneered.

"I'll prove it!" he cried. "Get ready!"

Miraculously, he did mean it. She had found the one weak spot in his armor. He was afraid of being tricked. They were married two hours later. And, as the car passed a station, on the way back to New York, she stopped the chauffeur.

"Thank you!" she said. "I've no doubt you'll find it easy to get a divorce—desertion, you know! Or I can, if you don't care to. The alimony will keep me nicely—and with your name for the bill boards I think my dances will succeed!"

He stared after her, speechless.

And gallantly she walked out of his sight, straight and proud. And then came to her intolerable shame and self-loathing and passionate despair.

But of these things the Vulture never knew.

Dot Farley

*Comedienne, Tragedienne and
Photoplaywright*

By Richard Willis



Miss Farley was Advised Not to Ride Hell Cat, so, of Course, She Did.
And She Stayed on, Too. Much to Hell Cat's Annoyance

I REMEMBER about a year ago seeing Dot Farley on the screen at a Hollywood theatre in a Frontier Film which kept the audience alternately chuckling and roaring throughout its length; in Los Angeles the following night at a first run theatre I saw Dot Farley in a society drama; and later in the week I held my breath over her daredevil escapades in a Western photoplay.

Now there is nothing amazing—though it is fairly unusual—to see an actress in three such widely varying roles as these. But it is amazing to find her playing all three of these roles so uncommonly well. She used all the time honored devices of the slap stick comedy, but with a difference—a difference that invested falling upstairs, jumping over a hedge or simply making a face with so irresistible an appeal that the audience was convulsed. In the society drama she held one spellbound with admiration of her flawless interpretation of her role, and in the western play her feats of daring left one gasping. It was easy to believe the common report—"that Dot Far-

"The Toll of the
Warpath" Called
Forth All Miss
Farley's Splen-
did Ability





ley will do anything."

Before I go any further let me explain why I am calling Miss Farley so familiarly Dot Farley. Her real name is Doratheia, but if anyone called her that suddenly she would probably look around to see who was wanted without its occurring to her that Doratheia was her own name.

"You can see that I'd not feel at home if anyone called me Doratheia," she remarked, "when you learn that I went on the stage when I was three years old—doing a song and dance in E. A. Macdowell's 'Wedding Bells'—billed as 'Chicago's Little Dot' and have never known any name but Dot since that time—and I don't expect to lose it until I retire," she added thoughtfully.

"What!" I said, much startled. "Have you retirement in mind?"

Miss Farley laughed. "Certainly not for a long time yet—although I do rather look forward to the time when I can settle down in a home all my own with my flowers and my horses and be a real nice

family sort of person and have a cat and dog."

I had to confess that while I was certain that she could be "real nice" if she tried, I couldn't imagine her "settling down."

"Settling down" has an astonishingly inactive sound and Miss Farley and activity are such boon companions that one can't conceive of one without the other. But in our discussion of "settling down" it developed that by this Miss Farley meant simply giving up acting which forms a large and important part, but is by no means the whole of her work. Few per-



In One of Her Earliest Pictures, "A Gypsy's Love"



She Can Invest Merely "Making a Face" with an Irresistible Appeal that Convulses Her Audiences

ple know who writes the photo-plays and especially in a case like Miss Farley's, who would ever hear, for instance, that she has written more than 200 photo-

plays all of which have been produced on the screen.

She got her start in writing photoplays thus: Once upon a time when she was with the St. Louis Motion Picture Company, they were up against it for a story, really up against it, and Miss Farley came to the rescue with "On the Verge." It was a photoplay with a cast of only three people which was then almost unheard of in a picture play and in many other ways it was so entirely different from anything they had ever had, that they were all enthusiastic over it. Since then Miss Farley has written a great number of the plays which have been produced by her company and in which she herself has acted. She says that she does not enjoy writing comedies as well as dramas and western stories, but that she writes a lot of comedies just the same. With characteristic modesty and generosity Miss Farley gives most of the credit for the success of her comedies to her director, Mr. G. P. Hamilton, the president of the Albuquerque company, "who has a perfect genius for adding those little touches of humor which make or unmake a comedy or slapstick farce, and in Mr. Hamilton's case it is always 'make' and never 'unmake,'" she said enthusiastically.

You may have noted that I used the phrase "characteristic generosity" in connec-

Dot Farley, the Comedienne, in "Her Wedding Day"



Dot Farley, the Tragedienne, in "The Lust of the Redman"

or her sunny good nature. She is, in fact, too ready to give credit to others, especially if you have no means of gaining information about her other than from herself. But I had the advantage of knowing Miss Farley by reputation before I met her and I had the further advantage of meeting and talking with her mother.

Alma Farley, Dot Farley's mother, is also a member of the Albuquerque company—not because she is Dot Farley's mother, but by virtue of an ability won and demonstrated on the legitimate stage through years of work. It is difficult to discover whether Mrs. Farley admires Dot more than Dot admires her, but it is not difficult to discover that the admiration of each for the other is superlatively high.



Miss Farley was Utterly Captivating in "False Pride Has a Fall"

tion with Miss Farley. And I believe that generosity comes nearer to being that attribute of this charming actress that is most characteristic than even her energy, her ambition,

"The Fifth Man"

The Mad Scientist and His Jungle Captives

By Lloyd Kenyon Jones

Illustrations from the Selig Film



"FIVE years from this day and hour!" John Gaunt muttered in an inarticulate strangle. His strong features relaxed and his face blanched. But the game-ness was deep-born in him, and his four companions scarcely noticed his woeful lack of composure.

There was something creepingly uncanny about this gathering around Thomas Wynn's festive board. Jovial fellows with their newly awarded degrees—filled with the gay camaraderie spirit of their college days—they had come together to drink their last toasts before three of them embarked on the high seas of life and adventure—(and mayhap tragedy, too).

"Well, five years from now," Thomas Wynn had said, "when the hour of nine has struck, we meet here again—older and possibly wiser—though I doubt it—and full of stories, I wager, about our adventures in the great world."

As they raised their glasses again, John Gaunt fancied that a cloud had floated through his wine and his heart beat fast as he gulped the beverage.

That was the beginning of it.

And the years sped by, with their myriad episodes—and loves—and enmities—and hopes—and despairs.

Even Baby Wynn had learned to lisp the names of those dear companions of her daddy's, for Thomas Wynn had been happy in love and successful in business—and as true as a plummet-line in his early faiths.

The clock on the mantel had pointed to nine of the evening more than eighteen hundred times since the troth of comradeship had been plighted. On this particular night Mrs. Wynn and Dot had taken a hasty, laughing farewell to the nursery, leaving every-

thing in readiness for the coming guests.

Jim Farrell was the first to arrive—but Jim had led a colorless life, what with a wealthy uncle's heritage, motor cars and estates. His adventures were made-to-order, fashioned to suit his whims.

Frank Carney came next—as blithe as a boy in his teens—as care-free as an upland breeze. Well, three of them were present at any rate, but originally there had been five. What of the others?

"I wonder what became of —" but Farrell's words were interrupted by the butler's appearance. Silently he handed a special delivery letter to Mr. Wynn.

"It's from Happy Gallagher, boys," he said huskily. "He's dying—likely dead—in Bombay, with a bullet in a lung—game to the core in his last hour, just as he was in life."

Farrell coughed uneasily.

"But the fifth man!" he exclaimed. "Has fate been even less kind to staunch John Gaunt?" No one answered.

There was an undertone of tragedy in this belated meeting. The bravado of youth was missing; the anticipated joviality was absent. Time plays no end of mysterious tricks on mortals. Despite themselves, these three friends found their conversation lagging—sinking into commonplaces and irksome small talk.

Frank Carney saw it first. Then Jim Farrell looked and shuddered. It was a face—hair-grown, unkempt, wild, but a man's face for all that. Thomas Wynn turned sharply as the stranger stepped uncertainly into the room.

"Boys!" the creature cried in a dry, high-pitched voice. "Boys—don't you know me—John Gaunt?"

Incredulity melted into half-belief, and then

into pity for this poor specimen of humanity.

Gaunt clutched at a chair-back unsteadily.

"A glass of wine, quick!" he gasped. "That's better—thanks. I came—almost in time. My memory stood me in good stead there. But what I am about to relate may seem stranger even than I, your companion—the fifth to subscribe to the pledge of fealty—John Gaunt, look."

later—Port Limon on the Caribbean—thence to the interior, beyond the mangrove swamps with their pestilential vapors, into jungles as dense as ebony night—alive with a million billion monsters; things that prowl, and wriggle, and creep, and fly.

"There were several of us at first, but the tropic jungle drove the others back in fear of its dangers. Three of us continued until



I Feigned an Unconsciousness That Satisfied the Careless Scrutiny They Bestowed on Me before Beginning Their Meal of Fruit and Raw Meat

Tenderly, they eased him into an arm-chair. His thin hands clasped and unclasped spasmodically, his features twitched, his lack lustre black eyes stared far beyond the barriers of the room.

"It was gold, dear fellows—the mad lust for new-found wealth!" he began abruptly. "Even when we toasted one another in this same room, the taste for it had seeped into me. You recall my destination? First, it was Rhodesia, but that was not a poor man's country. I came back to Central America

the blue silhouettes of the Sierras came into view. We walked through clumps of mahogany that would have brought a ransom for a grand duke—mad for the feel of virgin gold.

"And then a day dawned that seemed surcharged with evil. It gripped at my throat like an invisible fury, and a maelstrom of green and purple danced before my eyes. It was the fever, I suppose, but look where I would this mad confusion rollicked through me. And boys, I could see that clock, with

the minute-hand climbing toward the zenith and the hour-hand part way up. And I could hear Jim Farrell laughing and saying, in sickening monotony—"To the fifth man—big John Gaunt!"

"I wandered aimlessly, with the jumble of words in my ears and the whirling riot of color before my eyes. Then the clock—that same clock that has tolled the hours of my tragedy—was chiming. Its silvery melody became rhythmic. A brook—as clear as a crystal fountain, was babbling at at my feet. I dropped my rifle and fell to my knees and drank until my soul rejoiced and the swelling in my throat and lips receded. I laved my hands and even cooled my head in the brook's bed, bending over so it could run through my hair. Then the voice of Jim Farrell ceased—and the face of the clock faded—and I sank upon the grass—and slept.

"Something disturbed me. I awoke slowly, for my slumbers had been heavy. Fellows, you think now that you gaze into a madman's eyes. Look closely. Mine are merely dilated and uneasy. The eyes I saw when I sat bolt upright were long since segregated from reason. They danced, like heat waves from a stove's blistering surface. They were like beads of washed-out opal—and set in a white man's face, a face fringed with uncombed beard that bristled like a mad dog's furrowed scurf. But he was not alone. A negro, lithe limbed as a

hard run hound, stood beside him; an aboriginal specimen of the tropic's waste. They carried spears—keen-pointed as new-ground awls. The negro was partly clad in skins—the Caucasian was roughly dressed in European garb.

"A specimen! the old man chuckled. 'What a find, Congo, what a find! It will complete our wonderful collection—eh? Of the same classification, Congo, as the other—*genus homo!* What tricks does dear fate play!'

"I did not gather the meaning at the time. Indeed, my mind was blurred, and the hinges of my knees had lost their springs. I arose awkwardly and could have cursed myself for it. The savage beat me to my gun. I was a prisoner—a miserable captive, impotent as a babe at its mother's breast. They had me. I could see that. It takes more than the spirit to fight. It calls for the flesh, and fever surged through me till every bodily



With a Black Palm Pole, I Fried One Barrier from Its Fastenings.
Joan Stepped Out and Sank Into My Arms

movement was like a mortal hurt, but the sharp weapons of my captors sped me on. Then I recalled having shouted and shot my rifle just before I had reached the stream. I had been a fool. It is in the fabric of the city bred man to bungle, and I had bungled ingloriously. I was filled to overflowing with self-accusations, but after all, was not captivity better than the talons of the black vultures that circled far overhead? They were like messengers of death, and I took my eyes from them, and began to feel that

some haven—possibly some vast happiness—awaited me at the trail's end."

John Gaunt paused, while he quaffed the glass of wine that Thomas Wynn urged upon him. The man's strength was nearly spent, and at times he seemed to hasten as though his tale had thus far been eventless and wearisome and the real story was coming.

"There had been a space cleared in the jungle," he continued at length. "A palm-thatched hut occupied its central area. It was a long, low structure designed with no little skill. One man preceded me and the other followed as I crawled inside. I shall never forget the stifling odor that greeted me—heavy with a fetid, sickening current that swept in from all sides. Then I looked around me and understood. There were almost uncounted exhibits of the taxidermist's art—crouching cougars, slender-limbed pumas;

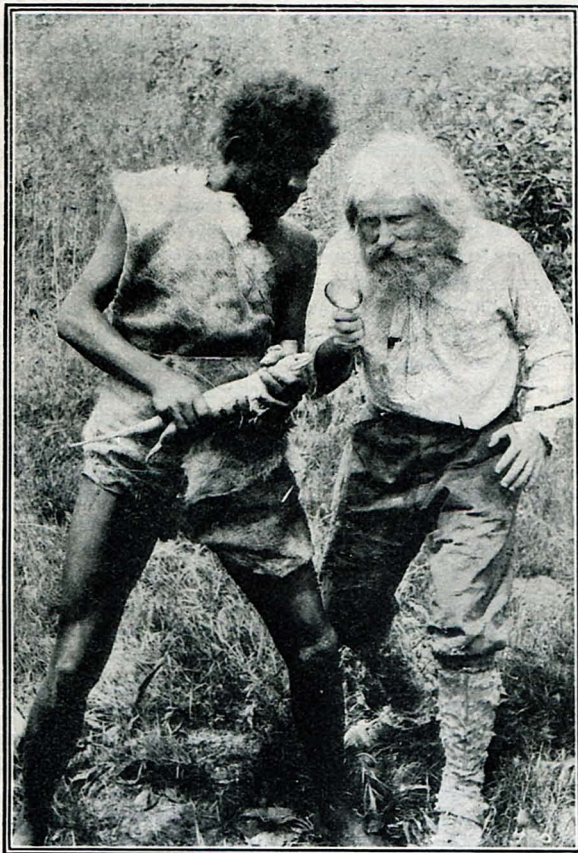
green, horribly realistic iguanas, the lizard demons of the Southland; birds of rare, gay plumage—and well-tanned skins of monster snakes. It was a mausoleum of the jungle's treasures—glass-eyed and motionless, long dead but horribly offensive. So these were the specimens? And I, John Gaunt, was to be added to the list! Would they tan my fever-filled hide, or had this wild scientist a more artistic means of embalming me?

"They gave me scant time to meditate. One preceding me, another dogging my heels,

they led me to the pens. Here the living specimens were caged! A huge black bear sniffed curiously at me—to learn, no doubt, if I too, were bereft of reason. A sleek puma, couchant, eyed us viciously from his prison-depths. Some day, they would cease to entertain—and then the grewsome museum inside the hut would gain in numbers.

"Here, Congo!" the scientist chuckled meaningfully. "Bring the latest finds hither. Let me study their differences, for like as not they are offshoots of strange tribes!"

"There was a movement within this last cage that seemed so different from any I had seen, that I started in fear. A graceful figure was arising—and I fell back in unbelief! A beautiful girl looked eagerly through the wooden bars! So this was the 'specimen' to which he had made covert reference? I rushed toward her, and she smiled in frightened unbelief. And for the moment I forgot



For Days They Would Hunt Amicably for Specimens and Gloat Over Their Finds. and Then, Suddenly Anger Would Overtake Them

the unseated intellects that dogged me. I was the first man meeting the original woman in Eden's bowery fastness! A frightened roaring pulsed through my ears—my temples throbbed. I sank to the earth, felled by a terrible blow from a bludgeon."

John Gaunt covered his face with his long, trembling fingers. The thought of his discovery was greater than memory could bear—and with good reason, as the end of his recital disclosed.

"A real woman!" Frank Carney gasped.

"Caged like a beast?" Farrell interposed.

"A real woman, a very beautiful woman!" Gaunt sobbed. "A girl with a heart and a soul! God, how the sight shocked me. Poor little creature—held in bondage with a score of snarling, complaining beasts as next-door neighbors; and with scorpions, tarantulas, centipedes endangering every living moment—*now* as then!"

"Now?" Thomas Wynn queried incredulously.

"I am ahead of my story," Gaunt apologized. "The skins that formed her scant attire, were over-run by ants—a thousand times a thousand little red, restlessly industrious insects. The cage itself reeked with the musty leaves that carpeted it!"

"They took me back to the hut and dropped me on the reeds that covered the floor, where I feigned an unconsciousness which satisfied their careless scrutiny. The day was as humid as a vapor bath, and the slave, worn out by long walks and constant vigils, dropped into a sleep after he and his mad master had partaken of a quantity of raw meat and fruit.

"The scientist, believing that he alone was conscious, crept into an adjoining room. I followed him, being careful to make no noise. My weakness made me more capable at going on my hands and knees than walking. There was a great cut in my head that never for an instant left me free from pain. I was too dizzy to risk rising to my feet. The scientist had removed a large stone from the floor. There was a compartment beneath and from this he withdrew an earthen pot. It was filled with golden coins—five-franc pieces I learned later. He gloated over them. He was not too mad to appreciate gold, but the vision mocked me. Was it not gold that had brought me to this plight? The yellow metal, elusive as a woman's smile, exacts its price, fellows. You pay for it even when you wrest it from nature. It carries a sting, be it won in the marts of the world or dug from the earth. There was bitterness in my soul against it till I thought of the captive girl, and then my being thrilled with the determination to free her. To free her, did I say? Can I ever deliver her from that living death? But I hasten again. Let me take things in their good order. When the madman returned, he found me in my place—prone, eyes closed, breathing heavily like one in a stupor. Soon his vigilance relaxed. His head nodded. He slept. Scarcely daring to

breathe, I arose. I looked for my gun. I could not find it. The slave lay too near the spears to venture touching them. But I knew that moments counted—moments a million times more precious than the shower of five-franc pieces in the apartment beyond.

"The girl saw me coming. She reached out her hands impetuously toward me, and I realized that life would ever be a void without her. I told her my name as I worked at the bars. She whispered hers—Joan Darey, unfortunate daughter of an equally unfortunate sea captain. With a black palm pole, I pried one barrier from its fastenings. Joan stepped out and sank into my arms. My poor added brain had room for only one thought at a time. I had forgotten my captors. Joan was first to see them. I tell you, boys, the devil's lair was in that jungle, and he was abroad that hour. The stamina wasn't in us to run far. I carried Joan part of the way but she was nearly fainting from fright and exhaustion. At last I thought we were reasonably safe, and at any rate, Joan was calling for water. Placing her gently in the grass, I made a hasty search. A small brook was running nearby. I confess I satisfied my own thirst first, but how could I return with time so pressing and dangers so imminent? I carried an earthen cupful of water to her. She drank it greedily and sobbed, and all the pent-up longings of my heart were loosed. I wanted to hold her to me and soothe her fears away.

"Joan's scream aroused me to our dangers. The demons were upon us! I fought valiantly for a time. My cause alone sped my muscles. A well-directed blow with a club silenced the negro for a time, and I came to grips with the mad scientist. I would have bested him, too, with poor little Joan helping as she could. But the slave had gotten himself together, and the two of them overpowered us.

"They trussed me and carried us back. Miss Darey was returned to her loathsome pen, but a doubly sinister fate awaited me. They had propped me against the puma's den, and that long-muscled beast apparently sensed their diabolical plans, and waited hopefully. After an agitated consultation, they unbound me, and forced me into the puma's inclosure—me, weakened beyond all endurance—me, racked with fever and crazed by the malignant destiny that had overtaken and conquered me.

"The supple creature approached me cau-

tiously at first. It thrust its moist nose into my face as I sat limply in a corner. The madmen outside laughed uproariously. The beast laid a paw on me half-playfully. Unthinking, I brushed it away. The puma backed to the farther end of the pit and crouched, whining and lashing its tail. Joan, who had been watching, screamed a warning. It is well she did, for I was unfamiliar with the habits of jungle denizens. She had been forced to watch them for years—for years,

ing as the wooden bars of my prison, I relaxed. The puma was wonderfully quiet. Next day, it joined the exhibits inside the hut. I wonder what would have happened to my poor body had the puma won!

"Two years passed—two eons that had neither beginning nor the promise of end. But there was a meed of compensation in all this misery. Joan's cage and mine adjoined. Often, beneath the tropic moon, we'd plan—and hope—until we nearly forgot our pitiable



She Fancied That She Heard the Shouts of Men—and the Crackling of Undergrowth Beyond the Clearing

gentlemen, in the misery of that vile confinement. Do not ask me to describe the battle. The sharp claws and saber teeth tore my garments to shreds and lacerated my protesting flesh. I was fighting not alone for my life—but for two lives; Joan's and my own, but for hers, chiefly. It was only minutes; it seemed hours. I know that at last I got the brute beneath me, back up. I clasped my arms around its neck until they pressed upon the sinuous flesh like a vise. I held on until spots of blood red and deep purple danced before me—and until these had changed to black. Exhausted, with my arms as unfeel-

plight. We almost overlooked the calamity that would befall us should our captors depart or die, and leave us there without food or drink. I shall not attempt to tell you the horrors of those dragging days—of our dreams that alone saved us from madness. I am nearing my conclusion, although heaven knows that a climax more thrilling—is still to be reached. The ant-pests that I had so abhorred, were my salvation, at least. They had eaten through one of the wooden bars. My heart thumped so tumultuously when I discovered it, I feared the men in the hut would hear its wild beating. I was out upon

the ground, but so weakened by my confinement, I could not liberate poor little Joan. She begged me to rush away—to go to the coast and summon aid. I could not risk a fight with our tormentors. I reluctantly obeyed, and wished her a hopeful farewell. It was days and days before I found a settlement. How I reached Limon, I can never guess. It was the way a homing pigeon finds its cote, I guess. And only by that sense can I hope to rescue Joan. They thought me mad in Port Limon! I worked my way aboard ship back here. Boys, as there are souls within you, believe me and save Joan!"

John Gaunt buried his head in his hands and sobbed hysterically. But his fellows did have souls and wills and wealth. Which accounts for the sudden activities of Capt. Carr of the good yacht, *Scorpion*, and the hasty departure of four determined, prayerful men for the mystic tropics.

JOAN DAREY had long since mourned John Gaunt as dead. How else could he be so long traveling to the coast and back? She had checked the days with bits of bark torn from her prison, until the pile was almost beyond counting. Bad blood was brewing between master and slave. For days they would hunt amicably for specimens together, and gloat over their finds, and then, suddenly, anger would overtake them.

She could see that, too. They talked incessantly of gold, but there was something else amiss. The negro had begun to notice the fair girl behind the wooden bars. He had watched her in much the fashion in which the puma had gazed at Gaunt—with a purpose equally savage. He had caught at her hand viciously numerous times as he passed food and drink to her, and a loathing for him had grown in her soul like a yellow canker. Suppose the aged scientist were murdered? Could she take her own life as the only means of escaping the fate that would then claim her? She might remain only a "specimen" to the old madman till the end of time, but in the eyes of the negro, she was a white woman—and young and beautiful.

The quarrels between master and slave grew daily. Sometimes it was gold; more often it was Joan. The climax of these strained relations could not be long delayed—and John Gaunt was not near her to help her die—or live!

One day the negro raced wildly from the hut. A few gold coins fell from his waving

hands. The mad master was close at his heels. Congo rushed to her cage, as Joan shrank back, pleading vainly. But the scientist was upon the black, and it was soon spear against knife—superior animal force against crazed cunning. Joan covered her face as she saw the negro's spear penetrate the old man's side. But in his death agony, the scientist wheeled and plunged his dirk into Congo, till the hilt alone was visible. And thus they sank to the earth together and there they died—with the vultures winging overhead and holding back from the tempting feast only because the caged animals cried in fury—a passion first for combat, and later of hunger and thirst.

Thus the day of tragedy ended—and finally another day dawned, with the red orb of the sun sending its rays of torture upon the famished captives—the jungle beasts and hapless Joan.

A second day dawned, but Joan was in a stupor half the time, and even the angry wailing of the maddened beasts did not disturb her. At times she would arouse as from a fevered dream and hold the arid bowl to her swollen lips, believing that a drink of ice-cold water was pouring down her throat—only to realize anew her terrible dilemma. Then a new obsession came upon her. She fancied that she heard the shouts of men—and the crackling of the undergrowth beyond the clearing. And she was almost certain, in her delirium, that she saw John Gaunt running toward her.

It was John Gaunt—and back of him were Wynn, and Farrell, and Carney—and others. She tried to raise herself on a trembling elbow to greet him, as Gaunt ripped the barriers from her prison, but she fainted in his arms. Only the cooling touch of water revived her—and for many days she hovered in the penumbra of the shadow. But hope had returned—and with it love—the two great healers of heart and body and soul.

When she was strong enough, they visited the hut and Gaunt uncovered the pot of golden coins. And it was Thomas Wynn who insisted that they belonged to Joan as her rightful heritage. But Joan had known the divine rest of John Gaunt's arms about her, and the divine joy of John Gaunt's mouth pressed against her own and she had no thought for gold. She knew only that misery ended and life itself began with the love and protection of her rescuer of the jungle—the Fifth Man!



“The Leading Lady”

THE STORY OF A HAPPY SUCCESS AND AN UNHAPPY FAILURE

By Mary Aurilla Swift

Illustrations from the Vitagraph Film

“O H, SISTER, I am so hungry.”

The voice of little Salome Winters quavered. It was very hard for her to keep back the tears that welled to her eyes. She pulled coaxingly at Tryphena's hand. “It's been such a long walk,” she urged. “Couldn't we have just a little mite of supper?”

The white-faced young girl with the glorious dark eyes paused at the child's words and slowly searched through her well-worn handbag.

“Darling,” she answered, “I haven't a cent. I don't know what we are going to do.” The tears which a moment before had

trembled on Salome's lashes, overflowed and coursed unrestrained down her pallid cheeks. “But we'll have to eat,” she sobbed. “If we don't, we'll starve.”

Poor Tryphena! She had not lost sight of that fact. All the way from the theatre she had been thinking of the same thing. Neither she nor Salome had eaten since the night before.

After her mother's death, when Tryphena Winters had announced to the interested neighbors at Rushville Center that she was going to take her little sister Salome and go to New York to seek a career on the stage, dire prophecies had been made. Tryphena

thought of them now. She had fought bravely and had, in spite of rebuffs and disappointments, contrived so far to eke out a livelihood. At first she had taken a room up town. Then, as their little supply of money diminished she had moved not once but several times until now they occupied squalid attic rooms on Broome street. Both she and Salome had secured occasional employment as "extras" at the theatres and in the movie studios but that was all. Success seemed a long way off. Even the brightest hopes of youth burn dim when hunger knocks at the door. Tryphena, usually so buoyant, found her courage as well as her strength failing rapidly. Of her own hardship and privation she thought little but that Salome should suffer, too, was more than she could endure.

"Don't cry, dear," she whispered, brushing the little girl's bright curls back and kissing her softly on the forehead. "I'll ask Mr. Schwartz, who keeps the shop in the basement, to let us have some groceries on credit until day after to-morrow."

But the words, so cheerily spoken, aroused no answering hope in the heart of the speaker. There was little chance, she thought, that the East side merchant would extend credit to comparative strangers even for a few hours. She was not surprised, therefore, when the thrifty Schwartz turned from his conversation with a young man just outside the shop door and listened unsympathetically to her timid request, for a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk.

Slowly, ponderously, the stout groceryman turned and pointed to a roughly lettered sign hanging by the store window.

"See dot sign," he remarked, laconically. "N-o—no c-r-e-d-i-t—credit. No credit. Vat ve vant iss money—cash. Ve can't afford to do business mit credit."

"But we have had nothing to eat—" commenced Tryphena, then stopped abruptly. The well set-up young man to whom Schwartz had been speaking was looking at her intently. Her face flushed. She wished she had starved before she had ever humiliated herself to the extent of asking Schwartz for food. Grasping Salome's hand she turned and almost dragged the weeping child through the door and up the several flights of dark stairs to their poor apartment.

"Oh, it's no use," she moaned, sinking dejectedly into a chair and clasping Salome

to her breast. "There's no one to help us. Nobody cares what becomes of us. New York is so big, so thoughtlessly cruel, so selfish—"

A low knock sounded at the partially open door. Tryphena sprang up in alarm.

"Who is it?" she exclaimed, hastily, striking a light.

"I beg your pardon," answered a man's voice, "but I believe you ordered some groceries just now. The groceryman could not leave his shop so I brought them up." As he spoke the volunteer deliveryman pushed the door open and entering, deposited his parcels upon the table. He was the same man who had been lighting a cigar in front of Schwartz's store when Tryphena had asked for credit.

Tearful, hungry and at the point of exhaustion, Tryphena made a desperate effort to appear dignified. "You are mistaken," she commenced, when Salome interrupted with a cry of joy.

"Oh, sister," she exclaimed, tearing open the brown paper parcels with small, trembling hands, "look—oranges—and cereal—and cake—Oh, do let's eat right away." She was already hungrily pulling the peel from one of the oranges. Tryphena, herself, longed for a taste of the fruit. She felt weak and dizzy from long fasting. The room whirled about her. She reached forth one hand to steady herself.

"I cannot accept these—" she faltered, pointing to the food upon the table, then suddenly reeled and would have fallen from weakness had the stranger not caught her and gently placed her in a chair.

"What you need is food, all right," he remarked, unmindful of her last remark and at the same time pouring out a glass of milk for her to drink. "I thought you looked a bit pale when you were talking to Schwartz." He drew a card from his pocket and extended it to her. "If you do not wish to feel indebted for the food," he continued, "and since Schwartz gives no credit, you may, at your convenience, return the money to that address." His reassuring smile no less than his words convinced Tryphena that he was to be trusted. She took the proffered milk and drank it gratefully.

"My car broke down," continued the young man, "and I started to walk to the subway. It was just accidental that I stopped to get a match from Schwartz to light my cigar. Awfully glad to have been able to be

of any assistance." He turned as if to go, but paused as Tryphena rose and extended her hand.

"Your kindness," she murmured, brokenly, "I can't tell you—how much it means—I—" the remainder of the sentence was drowned in a flood of tears.

Arthur Kellogg waited till the paroxysm had passed then drew a chair up beside the table and sat down. "Won't you tell me what the difficulties are?" he queried. "Maybe I can be of assistance."

As Tryphena grew more composed she told him of her hopes, her ambition to become a great character actress, her disappointments, her difficulty in securing employment and her responsibility in caring for little Salome. When she had finished, Salome afterwards declared, there were tears in the kindly blue eyes of their benefactor. He rose to go.

"Thank you for telling me," he remarked, sympathetically. "My father is in-

terested in theatrical matters. There's a new play going to be put on soon. There's a character part in it that's great. If you could originate it successfully your future would be assured."

Tryphena's eyes sparkled. "Oh, if they would only let me try," she exclaimed. "I would rehearse night and day, if necessary. I know I can act. All I want is the opportunity."

It was quite evident to Kellogg that she spoke, not as a stage-struck girl but as a born artist, temperamentally conscious of her own

ability and chafing in the stifling atmosphere of uncongenial surroundings.

During the days which ensued young Kellogg made various pretexts to call at Tryphena's little apartment. Salome learned to know the sound of his footstep in the hall below and would run gaily to meet him. As for Tryphena, the advent of Arthur Kellogg into her life had caused a quiet contentment and happiness such as she had never known

before. At his recommendation she had been cast for the character part in the new play of which he had told her. All her spare moments were devoted to studying her lines. If she succeeded her success would be due entirely to him. She must not fail. She must be a credit to him. She told him this the day he brought her a bunch of wonderful roses and over their crimson petals begged her to become his bride.

"I have loved you from the first moment I ever saw you," he declared, smiling down

into her lovely eyes. "For years I had wondered where and when I should meet the woman who was coming to meet me—the woman decreed by fate to be my wife. I always felt that when I did meet her, no matter under what circumstances, we would recognize each other."

And Tryphena had answered, even though her heart yearned to answer otherwise, that she was enamored of her art. That until her success as an actress had become an established fact she could not and would not marry him.



Over a Bunch of Crimson Roses Arthur Kellogg Asked Tryphena to Become His Wife

"I can bring you no dowry," she declared. "I have neither money nor social position. People would say you had married beneath you. You would be spoken of lightly for your lack of discrimination in choosing a wife. If I marry you now it would be but a poor return for all that you have done for me. Wait until I have achieved success and distinction; until my picture is published in the magazines and I have fully emerged from obscurity."

Reluctantly Arthur Kellogg consented to the plan but he made one stipulation. He was to have a personal and active part in the development of this actress of the future.

"Try the make-up for the character in the new play this evening," he said one day when he met her at the up-town theatre, "and I will come down and help you rehearse."

"Salome has tonsillitis," warned Tryphena, but Kellogg only laughed.

"Awfully sorry for Salome," he replied, "but I can't help it if she's got the smallpox. I'm coming just the same. Tell her to be good and I'll fetch her a box of candy."

That day Arthur Kellogg received a peremptory summons from his father. In his wall street office Kellogg senior, financier and theatrical backer, received his son with every indication of annoyance.

"Sit down," he remarked, curtly. "I've something to say to you, presently."

Arthur waited, wonderingly, till his father finished giving dictation. Then, as the

stenographer left the room, the elder man whirled about in his arm chair and faced his son.

"What's this I hear from Marsh about you being interested in some new actress they've got for the new play?" he queried. "I thought your specialty was settlement work." This last in a tone meant to be disparaging.

"It is. That's how I happened to discover her. She and her sister were in dire need."

Kellogg senior snorted, angrily.

"Stuff and nonsense!" he exclaimed. "D'y mean to tell me you've found an actress that's any good down in the Ghetto? Nobody ever heard of her before. Where'd she come from? What do you know about her? I want to get at the bottom of this thing. I've got money in that production and I don't propose to have its success jeopardized by your interference. It's going to take a mighty clever woman to play the part of Hermione and they say the contract has already been given to this



Arthur Promised to Help Tryphena Rehearse for the Part Assigned Her in the New Play

Ghetto prodigy of yours."

"Not exactly. She's been promised the contract if she can make good," replied Arthur. "She's capable."

"Capable," sneered his father. "What do you know about her capabilities? She's working you for a good thing, that's all. First thing you know she'll be suing you for breach of promise or something."

Arthur smiled. "I hardly think so," he remarked, coolly, "for my highest ambition is to make her my wife. She has only to say the word and I would gladly marry her."

"Marry her!" Broker Kellogg sprang to his feet and gazed at his son in anger and amazement. "You talk like an ass," he stormed. "You'll marry Eugenia Whittemore and no one else. This is the first time I've ever heard anything from you to the contrary."

"I never said I would marry Eugenia," commenced Arthur when his father interrupted.

"It's been understood," he insisted. "The Whittemores expect it. Both you and Eugenia have been brought up with that idea."

"Well, we've been brought up wrong." Arthur smiled as he made the reply, but if he thought he could stem his father's anger and disappointment by joking he was mistaken. The broker paced the floor for an instant then turned and brought his hand down heavily upon the broad, mahogany desk.

"Where is this woman—this actress?" he demanded. "Give me her address. I'll go see her myself and—"

"You will not," interrupted his son, now thoroughly angry, "for I will not give you her address. Tryphena Winters is a talented woman, in every way worthy of respect. I will not have her annoyed and insulted least of all by my father." He turned toward the door.

"Bah!" ejaculated his father, in disgust. "We'll see about this. Before I get through with her I'll prove to you that I'm right and that you've been taken in by a mere adventuress."

He seized his hat and stick and followed his son from the office.

That evening, little Salome, ill with a sore throat, sat up in bed and watched her idolized sister make up for the character of Hermione in the new play upon the success of which, Tryphena had told her, all their future happiness would depend.

"Is Mr. Arthur coming this evening?" asked Salome, eagerly. "Will he see you looking like that?"

"Yes," laughed Tryphena, as she gazed at her reflection in the mirror, then paused to apply lip rouge more thoroughly. "He wants to make sure that I am letter perfect before I appear at rehearsal. It seems there are others better known than I who want the part and unless I can distinguish it by unusual originality I'll stand no chance whatever. Arthur is giving me the benefit of his ideas. All I need do is carry them out."

She rose as she finished speaking and entered the adjoining room to welcome her lover.

"Would you recognize me?" she queried, as Arthur held her at arm's length.

"Not in the least." Approval and admiration shone in his eyes. "Now if you can only make an equal success of the acting," he continued, proudly, "that play will be the hit of the season."

During the rehearsal which followed a strange scene was enacted in the hallway without. Kellogg senior, portly and pompous, a trail of curious tenement dwellers at his heels, ascended the stairs and paused just outside the door where Tryphena, in the role of Hermione was giving a dramatic recital, the artistic character of which could not be denied even by the irate broker. As he listened he realized that the success of the new play demanded her retention in the character allotted to her but this fact did not lessen his anger against her. He entered the room with scant ceremony.

Arthur sprang up from the couch on which he had been sitting. Tryphena, deeply engrossed in the part she was playing, brushed the disorderly wisps of hair from before her eyes and gazed at the intruder much as the woman "Hermione" would have done.

"Father!" exclaimed Arthur, "I told you—"

Ignoring his son the broker turned toward Tryphena.

"I came to see you," he announced, with more rudeness than Arthur had ever believed him capable. "As to your ability as an actress I've nothing to say but, as an adventuress, I've come to tell you that you needn't think you can fool me as you have my son. If you want money here it is—" He pulled a roll of bills from his pocket as he spoke and commenced to separate several of a large denomination, "but it's the last you'll get. Remember that."

"Sir! I don't understand you." It was the voice of Tryphena, piercing through the disguise of the wretched Hermione. "Surely you don't mean—"

"You forget, Father," Arthur interrupted, "that you are addressing my affianced wife. I must insist that you treat her with respect. Nothing you can say or do will alter my decision. Unless you are willing to apologize to Miss Winters for the words you have just said, I advise you to leave this room and leave it quickly."

"You mean to tell me," stormed the broker, "that you intend to marry this—this woman in spite of all that I have said?"

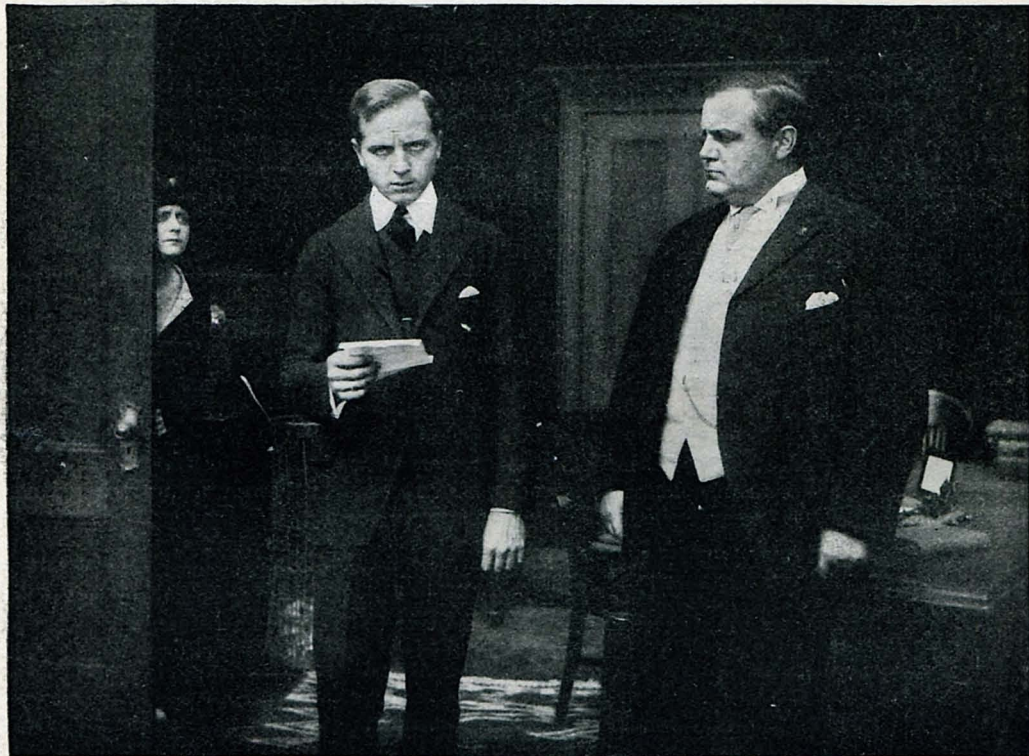
"That's what I mean."

"Then you are no son of mine. You needn't think you can bring your upstart wife to live off from me. Not a penny of mine will you ever have. You may go your way. I've nothing more to say."

Flushed with anger he rose and strode from the room. But if his words were harsh

his son seemed bent upon contracting. It would not do to refuse to give Tryphena the coveted part in the new play. That would mean financial disaster. Her rendering of the part was a revelation. It was marvellous. It alone would ensure the success of the play. Some other method must be devised. By the time he reached his club he had decided upon the method.

The following day Tryphena received a message from the broker urging her to come



As She Entered the Office Tryphena Heard the Voice of the Broker in Conversation with His Son

his heart was very sore, for the son who had thus disappointed the hopes of years was his only child, son of an idolized wife who had died when Arthur was a baby. It had been the broker's most cherished wish to see him married to the daughter of his dearest friend and now—all at once to have his plans frustrated by the machinations of a scheming, adventurous woman—for such he deemed Tryphena to be—was more than the elderly, nerve-racked business man could bear with calmness. As he retraced his steps he found himself plotting, scheming, planning to break up this mesalliance which

at once to his office upon business connected with the play. Arthur, she knew, was out of town. There was no time to consult him. Fearing that she was to be refused the part of Hermione she hastened to the broker's office.

With remarkable tact the wily financier referred to the events of the previous evening in such manner that his own attitude was largely minimized. He explained, plausibly, the reasons for his uncontrolled rage and flattered the young girl by his sincere approval of her acting.

"With your talent," he averred, "you

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should one day rank with the highest in the profession. I can quite understand why my son should have been impressed by your wonderful ability. But," he continued, "as a sensible young woman, I am sure you must see for yourself the injury you would be doing Arthur by marrying him under present circumstances."

"Oh, I do—I do," interrupted Tryphena. "That was just what I told him."

"Very good," exclaimed the elderly diplomat. "Now I was going to suggest that you devote yourself exclusively to study and the development of your talents as an actress. You will need backing. Advancement is not gained nowadays on merit. It is pull that counts, influence, financial backing. Arthur has nothing. He has neither money nor influence. You will have to depend upon older and more established men."

His tone was so kind, so fatherly, so totally sincere that Tryphena listened intently, wonderingly, credulously. She nodded acquiescence.

"I will supply that backing," went on the smooth, even tones of the financier. "It is the least I can do by way of apology for my hasty words last evening. I make only one stipulation. That is, that in my presence you tell Arthur of your decision to devote yourself to the stage. If you love him, you will do this. His future happiness is in your hands. If you would gain the success you covet and for which you have real ability you must give him up. If you do not, it is within my power to ruin every chance of success you may ever have and, as you yourself admit, without that success you could not consider becoming the wife of a man so far above you socially and financially that his marriage to you would mean his downfall and ostracism."

He waited for her reply. To Tryphena the shock of the suggestion that she renounce Arthur almost unnerved her. She could not gainsay the arguments presented. The broker had her at his mercy. It was either success without Arthur or the loss of both. She was too stunned to speak for a moment. Her breath came in low gasps. She rose to her feet. An idea was formulating in her mind.

"I—I understand," she whispered, weakly. "I will meet him—here—if you like—tomorrow." She turned to go.

The broker rose and held open the door for her to pass out. A glint of triumph shone

in his hard gray eyes. "I thought you would decide wisely," he remarked. "Until tomorrow, then—good afternoon."

She was gone. He turned and threw himself into his office chair.

"The old man's something of a diplomat, yet," he muttered to himself as he clipped off the end of a cigar and, lighting it, leaned back and sent a series of gray smoke rings floating upwards.

Hurrying home Tryphena lost no time in writing a note to Arthur explaining the whole situation.

"I will do as your father wishes," she wrote, "for your sake, but remember that whatever I say to you in his presence is not from my heart. I love you now. I always shall love you. I shall work with only one object—that of becoming worthy in every way to become your wife and to stand side by side with you in whatever social position you may be placed. Without success I could never marry you. That success can never be attained without your father's promised support. Therefore I have given my word to renounce you—until such time as you see fit to claim me publicly as a woman worthy in every way to bear your father's name. Until then, beloved, farewell. Remember, the role I shall assume tomorrow in your father's office, will require more intensity of acting than any other role I shall ever attempt in my life."

Satisfied with the note she hastily despatched it and commenced to make preparations to move from the sordid rooms in which the happiest days of her life had been spent. Her action, she felt in appraising Arthur was not exactly fair but it was the only means at hand. Arthur, upon reading the note would understand, so she need have no concern for the morrow. It was with almost a light heart that she slept that night. How could she know that Arthur did not return home as expected that day. That when he did come he went direct to his father's office, summoned there by long distance telephone and that the note she had so carefully written was tucked away in an obscure corner unseen and unread.

As she entered the office next morning she heard the voice of the broker in conversation with his son.

"I was right. The girl is an adventuress," he was saying. "There's the contract she is going to sign for next season. I know the men who are backing her."

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From THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for November

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Arthur stood with the contract referred to in his hands. Tryphena entered quietly and crossed to where they stood. How ghastly Arthur looked. She had not dreamed he was so clever an actor. Had she not sent him the note she would have actually believed the shocked expression of his face was genuine. He turned toward her.

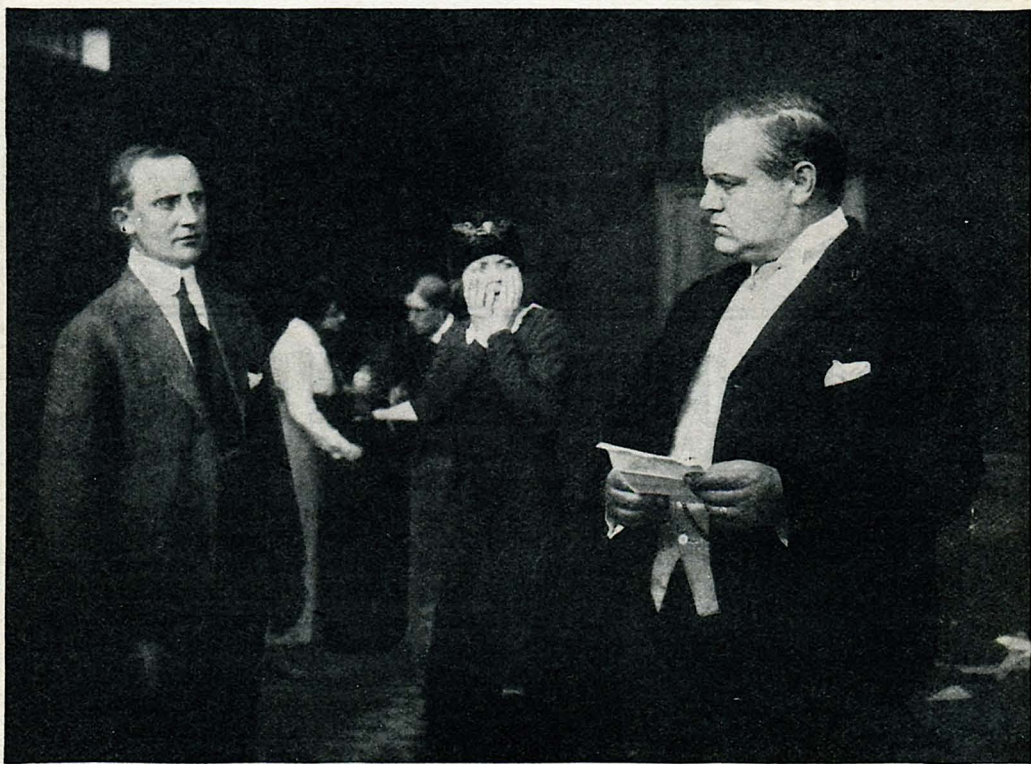
"Is what my father says true?" he inquired in a dull, weary tone.

She bowed.

was parched. Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. She could hardly pronounce the word.

"That's enough. I can't bear anything more just now." Without another word Arthur Kellogg staggered like an aged man into the inner office and closed the door between them.

"I will see you again," said his father to Tryphena. "You will find that I am a man of my word."



Tryphena Was Terrified but the Eyes of the Elder Man Were Upon Her

"Yes," she answered. "I have decided that I must give up all thought of marriage. My profession comes first."

"And you do not love me—you were imposing upon me just to get a position?" The terrible revulsion of feeling toward her was evident in his tone. Surely this was not acting.

Tryphena was terrified but the eyes of the older man were upon her.

"She has acknowledged it," he remarked coolly.

"Have you?" Arthur repeated the question.

"Yes," murmured Tryphena. Her throat

DURING the season which followed he kept to his promise. The success of Tryphena Winters in the theatrical world was phenomenal. Money, influence, popularity were hers. Endowed with great natural talent and rare beauty she needed only opportunity to bring the public to her feet. Her name became a household word. She was entertained at dinners and receptions. Never once was her name associated in any way with scandal or with undesirable associates. "She is a credit to the American stage—an honor to the profession," were expressions frequently used in reference to her.

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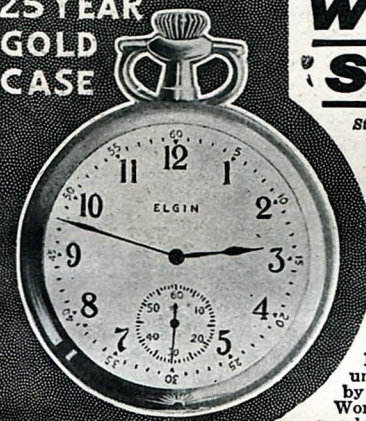
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But as she moved ever higher in the social and intellectual world even so did Arthur Kellogg go downward.

Never once after that fatal day in his father's office had he seen Tryphena. He had purposely avoided all places where there was any possibility of his meeting her. He lost interest in the great matters of social uplift which until that time had been his special study. He had periods of recklessness when his moods threatened to overthrow his reason. His ideal of womankind had been shattered. He had loved so deeply. The shock of his disillusionment had been so great that he was never the same afterward.

His father noted the change in him with horror and dismay. In vain the broker tried to rouse his son to an interest in life. The daughter of his dearest friend to whom he had hoped to marry him, wearied of waiting, had married a foreign nobleman. The business to which he had hoped Arthur would turn his attention, dwindled. Young blood was needed in the firm, but Arthur took no interest. Speculations went wrong. Plays that were supposed to be great money-makers failed utterly. The broker saw the success of a lifetime being gradually undermined. He became morose, bitter. The knowledge that he was himself the cause of his son's downfall added to his unrest. One day they found him in his room, dead. Heart failure, the papers said, though there were those who had reason to think otherwise.

It was the autumn after Arthur's father's death. A play at the Forty-eighth Street theatre was having a wonderful run. Without paying much attention to either the name of the play or the names of those in the cast, Arthur Kellogg, elbowed along by the crowd, found himself within the foyer. An usher recognized him.

"I've got something for you," he exclaimed, hastily. "One of the boys just found it this morning. It's in the office."

He disappeared for a moment and when he returned he thrust a soiled and untidy note into the young man's hand. "Must have been chucked around for a long time," he

observed. "Don't know who lost it. Hope it's nothing important."

He went off and Kellogg, settling himself in his seat down close to the stage, mechanically tore open the note and ran his eye over the contents. The next moment those near him thought he was about to faint. He recovered himself, however, almost instantly and with the missive clutched in his hand, fixed his eyes on the stage.

Suddenly there was a great outcry. "Here she comes—here she comes—" The applause was deafening. A beautiful woman was making an impressive entrance on the stage. The ovation was so great that for a moment she could not deliver her lines. She came down the center of the stage.

"Tryphena."

Everyone heard the cry. It was the voice of the man who a moment before had appeared ill and faint. He rose to his feet, a note still clutched in his hand.

"Tryphena," he cried again. The beautiful woman on the stage heard it and turned, hastily, in the direction of the cry. She pressed her hand to her heart. Her face paled beneath the makeup. Ushers rushed down the aisle toward the man who had caused the disturbance. They were not quick enough. Another instant and he was upon the stage. The beautiful woman was clasped in his arms. He was showering kisses upon her. He turned toward the audience.

"I claim this woman as my bride," he shouted in a voice that everyone in the house might hear. "My name is Kellogg—Arthur Kellogg. I am proud to offer my name to the woman you see before you, Tryphena Winters, after this day, my wife."

In the tumult of applause which followed, Tryphena managed, between smiles and bows to the audience to whisper tearful words to her lover.

"I thought you had forgotten," she murmured.

"I only just received your note," he murmured low.

The triumph of the leading lady had been achieved.

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THE PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS' DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY A. W. THOMAS

The Path of Originality

TOO many amateur scenario writers attempt to turn out salable plays and fail because they follow the line of least resistance—using the same ideas, the same plots, the same themes as the thousands of other writers in this particular field. Now the name that we give to that magic something which distinguishes the work of one writer from all of the rest, is originality. And it is a question whether or not originality can be cultivated. Certainly it cannot be acquired. But it may be lying dormant in the writer, waiting only for a chance to lift its head. And it will never get that chance from the writer who follows the trail already blazed by others. Let him once branch out, let him only depart from that beaten path down which the rank and file of amateur writers take their way, and his originality, if he possesses it, will inevitably show itself. It takes courage, to be sure, to make the departure. But "nothing ventured, nothing gained" is as true of photoplay writing as of everything else. The scientist who explodes an old theory and demonstrates a new, is the one who wins fame and honor. The general who adopts new and bold tactics usually wins by this strategy. Even the clerk who puts his wits to work, and instead of going on day after day following the accepted routine, devises a newer and better system or even one labor or time saving device, wins promotion. All risk some thing in the belief that they have something better to take its place. In photoplay writing it is even more important to find a new way. Originality is the one and only thing that will lead to a permanent success. And once let the writer find a path of his own he will discover that it takes him in only one direction and that is towards the motion picture studio. And, while there may be some few of us who deny that this is our goal, insisting that "art for art's sake" is our watchword, still the majority of us are

not self-deceived in this way. We all know that the aim and end of our writing is to get our plays accepted and produced, and such success will come only to the man with originality.

The Evolving of Plot

PLOTS abound everywhere, but it is only the close observer who can find them. I wish I could get every new writer to pick up the thread of a story and say this to himself: "Out of what was, came what is and out of what is, must come what is to be." The mere idea, undeveloped, means nothing. Ideas and themes must be developed to be of worth; they must be brought out, cultivated, coaxed, as it were, into being something of merit. The dying embers in the old fireplace can be fanned into a flame. The embers, unburned, were nothing but unconsumed wood, and might be likened to the undeveloped plot. But they needed fanning into life, otherwise in a short time, no fire would have been left. There is nothing so much needed in photoplay writing as development of the idea—the plot. Let a man look back to the little one story house in the country in which he was born. How large that house looked to him as a boy, but when a neighbor built a two story home, how small the old place seemed. Then he went to the city and saw the huge skyscrapers, and how small his old home looked when he returned. But was it really smaller? No—the *man had developed*, the home and high buildings remained the same. A plot at first looks like a mere speck, but let the author develop that speck and it grows and becomes as a skyscraper beside the little old home. The trouble with most new writers is that they only *partially develop*. They begin, but do not finish. A house only partly completed is not ready for occupancy. A story only partially worked out is not ready for the studio. Build your plot as you would a house—

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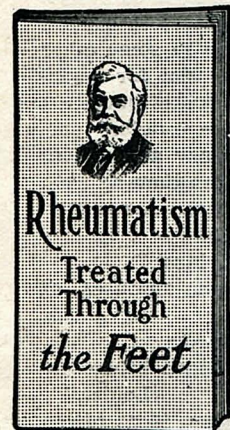
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complete. Develop the idea until it becomes the finished plot. Only a half success will come to the writer who but half builds a story.

Henry Higgins Returns

THE experience of Henry Higgins should prove invaluable to others of his class—the amateurs who have sold one or two stories. Henry can speak better for himself, for since we heard from him last he has developed and improved, even though he seems a trifle discouraged just now.

Wampum, Pa., Oct. 31.

Dear Editor:—

I have come back. So has my plays. Remember, I told you I sold one? I sold another. But I can't get "one across" any more. I thought I had arrived, but I guess I had just begun. I just "flooded" the studios with my scenarios, but I'm still buying stamps for them. I can't find any plots here, so I'm going to travel. If I can sell two I can sell more. Where would you advise me to travel? Let me know at once, because I have seven dollars saved for the trip.

Henry Higgins.

Henry, the editors will buy your plays when you send some that are just as good as the two they purchased. You have not "arrived," you have only prepared to start. Stay in Wampum, settle down and think, think, think; concentrate and you'll be surprised what plots there are over there in Pennsylvania that have never yet been thought of.

Choosing Proper Titles

SHORT, appropriate titles are as easy to think out and apply as long, inappropriate ones. Recently the editor read a story with this title: "Love, Jealousy and a Prize Rooster." Another was: "The Waves That Thou Gave To Me." Certainly, there was no thought applied to such titles. How different were two titles given to his plays by a Xenia, Ohio, writer: "Roses of Forgiveness" and "The Appeal of the Empty Crib." Writers would do well to compare the short, terse, well-worded thirty-six point newspaper heads with their own lengthy scenario titles, and note the genuine effectiveness the papers secure. Then let them do likewise. It is merely a matter of practice.

When to Use Quotation Marks

Almost an endless number of photoplay writers, some new and inexperienced, others with acceptable work to their credit persist in using quotations on leaders, inserts and cut-ins when they are not only unnecessary but positively bad. A leader preceding a scene requires no quotations if it is the simple statement of a fact such as this:

Leader—The General loses his wallet.

But if it were a cut-in leader, recording the same fact but in a speech by one of the characters, quotation marks should, of course, be used, thus:

Cut-in—"I have lost my wallet!"

Notes, parts of letters, newspaper clippings and the like require no quotation marks, and why writers use them is a mystery to the editor. Inserts serve to explain technically what is not done in some other manner, and there is no reason for beginning and ending them with quotation marks. A leader used for explanatory purposes only to save unnecessary action does not call for "quotes" and more than a "flash back" or a "bust" of an object. A recently-submitted story read like this:

Leader—"They Agree To Meet."

Introduced in the story was an insert of a note which read as follows:

Insert—(note) "Dear Frank:

I will meet you at the South bridge to-night.
Louise."

Added to these two mistaken ideas of the proper use of quotation marks, was the location of a scene given this way:

Scene 42. "Library."

If the leader and insert given as examples should be quoted, then the locations, and in fact, all the action of the scenes should be quoted. It would be just as logical. Use quotation marks only where necessary.

Condensing the Story

THERE has been a marked improvement in the submitted scenarios of the members of the Photoplaywrights' Association of America during the past six months as to their length, which is most gratifying when compared with the manuscripts of many other writers who have not yet learned the art of condensation. One one-reel subject by a Canadian author read a few weeks since contained 667 words in the synopsis and a single scene contained 224 words. This detailed way of

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William Lord Wright's The Motion Picture Story

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explaining the action and intent of the story to the studio editor is superfluous. All he requires is a plain, matter of fact statement of his idea in synopsis and scenes, the briefer the better. Much can be told in a few words, but this the author must learn by experience.

How to Write the Synopsis

THERE is as much difference between a good synopsis and a poor one as between a piece of classical music and a ragtime selection. If the writer would stop to think that the synopsis is the price mark on his story, he would undoubtedly be more careful to write a synopsis as it *should be written*. One error a number of authors make is to let their synopsis read like some scenes—jerkily; others do not cover what *is in* the scenes, while some write such a flowery-worded synopsis that the essence of the plot and story is lost entirely. Try writing the synopsis last, then reverse and write it first; see which is the better, and thus decide on a method. Condensation is not the only thing to remember in synopsis writing. It must be told in story form with as much art as the author has at his command. The plot and action being woven into it should make the editor want to read the scenes, and the story that does not do this is not one that warrants the editor's going any farther.

Adaptations are Not Wanted

THE producers employ staff writers who can write a scenario from a novel or other copyrighted work better than the outsider can. The staff writer knows the requirements of the individual studio much better than the free lance can ever expect to know. Studios are seeking original plays from the outside, and for such they are paying in proportion to the value of the story. Not until the amateur becomes a professional should he attempt an adaptation.

The Unexpected Punch

IT is the action that comes at an unexpected time that puts "punch" into the story, the thing that comes as if out of a clear sky and arouses the interest and suspense of the audience. If the audience *knows* what is coming, there can be no element of the unexpected. The unexpected

must arise from the conditions and situations developed in the story, but it must also arise logically and at such a time as to form the crisis or climax that gives value to the play. The unexpected is a result of skillful play building and the author who can construct a unique and utterly unexpected climax for his story and yet have it logical and credible—he is the man who gets the "punch."

Learning by Degrees

IT is not difficult to name the successful authors of today who struggled to attain a foothold in the hall of literary fame; indeed, none of them was given a welcome until his struggles had proved his worth.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

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Thumbnail Biographies

By Monte M. Katterjohn

Richard V. Spencer of Kay-Bee, Broncho, and Domino

I BECAME interested in motion pictures early in 1909," says Richard V. Spencer, who edits scenarios for Kay-Bee, Broncho and Domino films. "Of course I had been a fan long before that, but it was about that time that I first started active work as a writer of scenarios.

"I was in Los Angeles, though originally a New Yorker. At this period the Selig and the original 101 Bison companies were the only two in the Los Angeles field, and they had not been long established. I sold my first scenario to Mr. Francis Boggs of the Selig Company, who, in 1911, was murdered by a Jap-

nese employee. At that time he was the chief producer of the Western Selig organization.

"My first story was called 'In the Days of the Padres,' and brought me twenty-five dollars. I was so elated over this first sale that I returned to my room and prepared two more scenarios in one night. The next day I sold both of them to Fred J. Balshofer, who was then managing the Western 101 Bison Company.

"Seventy-five dollars in one week interested me and I began to see possibilities which eclipsed the newspaper work I was then doing. Well, to make a long story short, my first year as a free lance scenario writer netted me \$3,200, which was considerably more than I had been making in the newspaper field.

"In the spring of 1910 Mr. Balshofer of-

fered me the editorship of the 101 Bison Company. I took immediate charge and held the position until Thomas H. Ince, the present vice-president and general manager of the New York Motion Picture Corporation, succeeded Mr. Balshofer.

"Upon the organization of the Kay-Bee company, Mr. Ince employed me to edit scenarios for the New York Motion Picture Corporation, which later added Broncho and Domino films to their output. I assumed charge of the scenario department, and am now serving my fifth year as a scenario editor."



James Dayton of the Western Universal

JAMES DAYTON, editor of scenarios for the Universal Film Manufacturing Company at their mammoth Hollywood, California, studio, hails from Dayton, Ohio, and was an actor and writer for vaudeville before taking up scenario writing. In 1909 he wrote his first story for the Selig organization. His ability to turn out a worth while scenario once each week landed him a position as reader and staff writer with the Selig Company,

where he remained for seven months. Then the road called him, and he returned to vaudeville, trailing the route of Pantage's circuit, after which he again took up the writing of scenarios for the Universal Company. He was the first man to be chosen as editor of the scenario department at this company's Western studios and is still holding the job. To date he has written one hundred and seventy-six produced stories.



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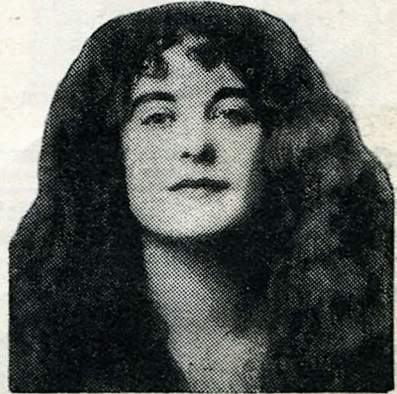
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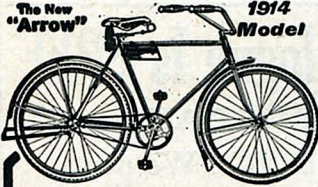
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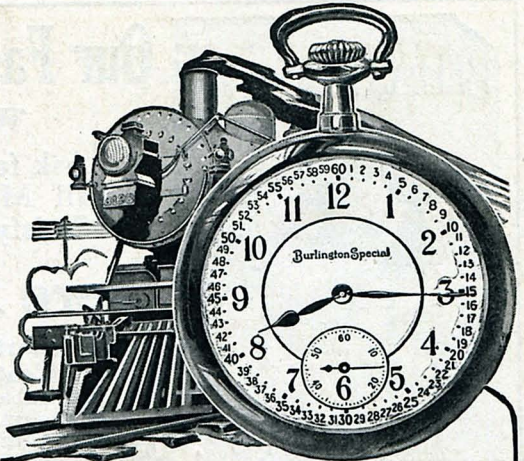
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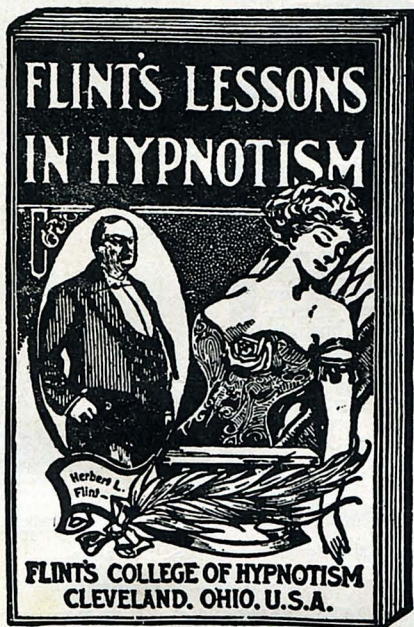
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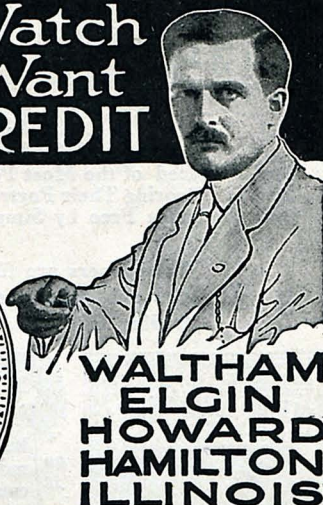
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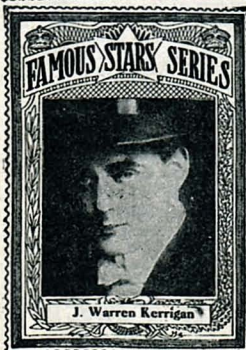
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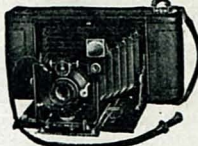
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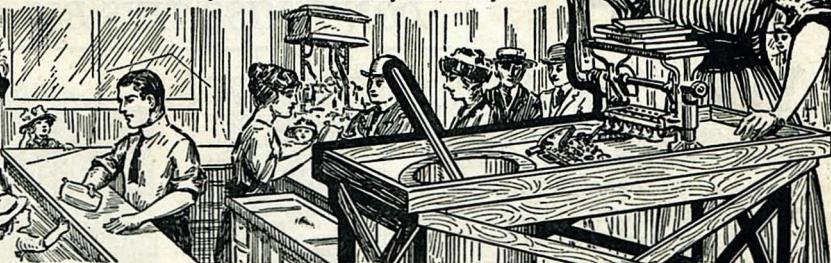
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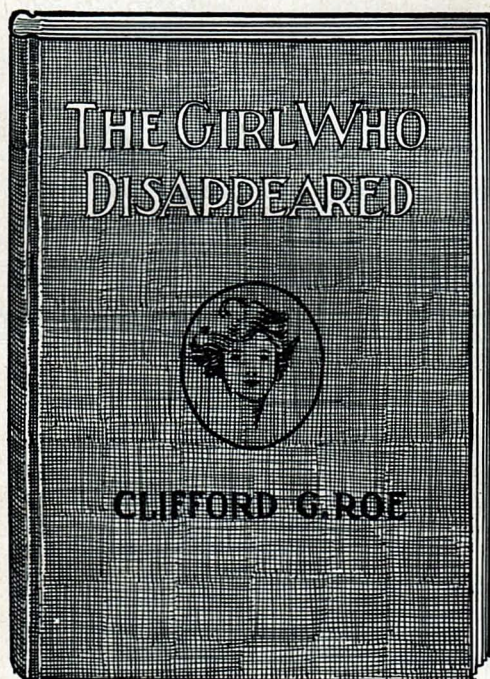
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ENTER THIS CONTEST!

How Would You Like to See Movie Stars on the Legitimate Stage?

Would Movie Stars succeed in the "legitimate" drama?

Would they have the proper "stage presence"?

Would they fumble over their lines?

Is film drama an art so different from legitimate drama the gap cannot be crossed? Many theatrical folk—including a number of leading managers—are wrestling with these questions now, and **Photoplay Magazine** has inaugurated a contest (a *new, different* kind of contest) to solve the riddle.

We Need Your Help

Think of some of the dramas that have been staged within the past dozen years—and then tell us what movie stars you believe would be suited to the parts.

If the theatrical managers are made to see that the photoplay actors and actresses have so enormous a following, then those stars receiving the largest number of votes will be selected—and a company will be formed to play in the larger cities—not indefinitely, but over a period.

Your Votes Count

Photoplay Magazine needs your votes to help do the deciding. Attached is a coupon, which you are to pin or paste to your letter. Write your name and address plainly. Each coupon gives you the right to **five** votes.

You may vote for one movie star as a candidate for five different parts in five different plays—or you may vote for five different movie stars to take five different parts in five plays, or in one play.

THIS COUPON GOOD FOR 5 VOTES

Attach this coupon to your letter and register five votes, naming your movie favorites, the parts you would like to see them play on the stage—and the name of the play.

If you attach two coupons, without respect to their date, you may *double* the votes. Five votes for *every* coupon!

Make your letters brief—no comments outside of the votes themselves. Write your letter like this:

I vote for _____
(Name of movie actor or actress)

to appear in _____
(Name of play)

in the role of _____
(Name of part)

You may register **five** votes for one person for one part in the same play. If you write but one line, as above, that means you cast your five votes for the same movie star in the same part in the one play.

How to Get 50 Votes

By sending in a year's subscription for **Photoplay Magazine**, you will be entitled to **fifty** votes, with your order and remittance. You will find a special subscription offer elsewhere in this issue. Therefore, clip the attached coupon, get five votes—send your subscription for one year, and get **fifty additional** votes—or fifty-five all told!

Our representatives are at work now among film companies and theatrical companies—and from issue to issue, until this contest closes, we shall announce its progress, and give the total votes polled to date.

Better get the largest number of votes for your favorite or favorites. It will mean greater fame for the fortunate ones—will decide a new and really *important* kind of **Popularity**. It will link the silent drama and the legitimate drama—will find the great *middle ground*—will bring out the leaders in a *new art*.

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HOW FORTUNES ARE MADE IN THE MOVIES

Americans Spend \$1,600,000 Daily at Picture Shows

Amazing Growth of This Form of Amusement Has Made Poor Men Millionaires

As you stand in line in the crowd at the entrance to the Moving Picture Theater and hand over your 5c or 10c for admission, you are but one of the 16,000,000 of people who do the same thing in this country every day.

Think of it! 16,000,000 people spending more than \$1,000,000 every day for moving picture amusement alone. Did you ever wonder where this \$1,000,000 a day goes and who gets it? Did you know that it ultimately found its way into the pockets of a few men?

POOR MEN BECOME MILLIONAIRES.

One of them in the 80's was an emigrant who became a clerk in a store in Oshkosh, Wis. With a little money that he had saved he opened a "Nickel Show." He is now rated as a millionaire and is known as the "King of the Movies."

Another was a newsboy who became a furrier. Later he opened a picture show in Covington, Ky. He now controls 300 theaters.

FROM OPERATOR TO MAGNATE.

Still another was the operator of a motion picture machine, which was his introduction to the business. He now owns nearly four square blocks of real estate in Chicago and is the head of one of the largest producing plants in America.

The manager and part owner of a million-dollar motion picture theater on Broadway in New York City, began his career in the motion picture business by renting a room above a saloon in Forest City, Pa., in which he started a moving picture show. He operated his own machine and rented 250 undertaker's chairs on which he seated his audience. His new theater cost \$1,000,000 and seats 3,500 people.

Most of the men now at the head of the motion picture industry, which in ten years has grown to be the fourth largest business in the United States, began in some such manner. Unbelievable profits rolled in upon them.

THE PUBLIC KEPT OUT.

Finally, closely-held corporations were formed, and obstacles to outsiders were raised and used by the purchase and control of patents. In fact, until recently it has been impossible for independent manufacturers and distributors to enter this immensely rich field. By a far-reaching decision the United States Court has now made it possible for others to share the profits.

Contrary to the general opinion, it is not the owner of the moving picture theaters who is making the large profits, but rather the producer of the films and the Exchanges—the exchange being the source from which the motion picture theater rents the films used nightly.

The industry has grown by leaps and bounds. There are already 25,000 motion picture theaters in the United States. The flow of nickels and dimes goes on, growing larger each year. The "Nickel Show" in the abandoned store is being superseded by the palatial theater which formerly entertained its audiences at \$1.50, but are now showing pictures at from 10c to 25c. Today it appears to be the most profitable industry in the United States.

EUROPEAN WAR HAS HELPED BUSINESS.

Since the beginning of the European war importations of the foreign-made films has been entirely suspended. Consequently, the demand on the American manufacturer is greater than ever before, the result being that the moving picture business is one of the few industries in this country that has shown a marked increase in business since the war began.

An Unusual Opportunity for the Small Investor

First Chance to Share in the Enormous Profits of the Movies

There is now an opportunity for YOU to enter this extremely profitable field. The present millionaires of "Film Land" began with small investments.

The moving picture business is no longer an experiment. It can no longer be classed as a risk. It has grown beyond the wildest expectations of its original promoters, but its growth during the past decade is as nothing compared to its future possibilities.

Would you like to know the "inside" story of the motion picture business? How the profits are made and who makes them? How the films are made and distributed? How much they cost and how film exchanges are able to make a profit of 600 per cent?

I have a booklet which tells these things. It holds out the first opportunity, so far as I know, ever offered to the general public to enter this new field.

WHAT AN EXPERT SAYS.

Isaac F. Marcocson, the financial and industrial writer in Collier's Weekly, says "So fast is the pace that it is almost impossible to prepare statistics. The records of yesterday is wiped out today. The field is wide open. The man with cash and an idea can take a flyer in a film and market his product. Increasing demand strains at supply, the mark of the dollar is everywhere. In brief, the whole industry is like a vast cornucopia, disgorging a golden harvest."

EXPERIENCE IS NECESSARY.

However, to enter the field, experience is necessary. A thorough knowledge of the business is essential. My booklet offers you an opportunity to become associated with the pioneers of the industry—men who understand it thoroughly; men who were exhibiting films at county fairs twelve years ago, when motion pictures were a curiosity, and who have been in the business ever since; men who were chiefly responsible for the long drawn-out legal fight which resulted in a court decision which now opens a hitherto tightly-controlled industry to the public.

It is not a business that is to be begun later. It is already established and has already made profits. You can invest as little as \$25 and as much as \$1,000. My twenty-page booklet explains it in detail.

CHANCE FOR SMALL INVESTMENT.

Get this book now. Write for it today. It not only discloses many of the innermost secrets of this great business, but contains a fund of valuable and interesting information that cannot be obtained in any other way. If you are ambitious to make money, there is now presented to you an opportunity to connect yourself with one of the greatest and most profitable industries this country has ever known, an industry that has already made dozens of poor men millionaires and which is today only in its infancy.

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Mr. Richard Kann
Fiscal Agent, Lewis Film Corporation
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Please send me your book, "Fortunes in the Movies" and full particulars concerning the money-making opportunities now offered in the motion picture business. It is understood that you are to send this entirely free and without any obligation on my part.

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Do You Know What "Movie Pictorial" Is Going to Give You?

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"Movie Pictorial" was given the heartiest welcome of any publication ever started. It was a **winner** from the first issue.

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The public—you, your neighbor, the lady and her husband who live down the street—are finding the "blowholes" in the films—are pointing out the errors, and if you ever read real humor you will read it in the Realism columns!

A \$5 Prize for the Best Letter!

Each issue (twice a month—because Movie Pictorial is getting to be so big, it simply can't be made up in its new, artistic dress, with its wealth of offerings inside, short of twice a month), we pay a prize of \$5 for the best letter on Realism.

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That's something else new. Indeed, Movie Pictorial keeps so many paces **ahead**, it is **always leading**. It hears the voices of its thousands of readers, and heeds their wishes. The MUSIC STORY is another department that simply gets right down to the heart of THE PURPOSE OF MUSIC ACCOMPANIMENT TO THE FILM DRAMA! We wouldn't attempt to tell you all about it here; couldn't if we tried. You must **READ** that page, and then you will never say that the music is unimportant.

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Not the kind you have been accustomed to reading; not morbid murders or sordid robberies. But **NEW KINDS** of detectives, who hold the interest of every reader.

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Public interest has been aroused in photoplay writing. Do you know anything about it? Then read what the country's authorities have to say about this new, growing, profitable profession. Watch for this new Department each issue in Movie Pictorial!

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**How To
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by

Elbert Moore

former Scenario Editor of one
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Earn \$15 to \$50 Weekly In Spare Time at Home

If you attend the "movies" you know how many trashy plays are produced. You yourself could easily improve on them. The public is always crying for "something new," and with 30,000 theatres in existence the producing companies are forced to bring out inferior plays. Now that the War has shut off the supply of photoplays from

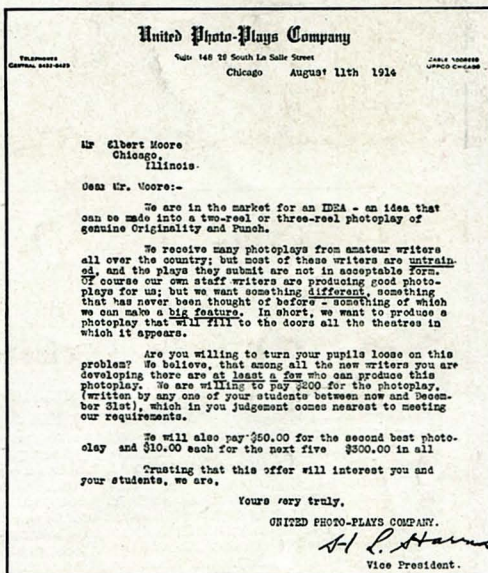
Europe this demand is *even greater*. The companies are clamoring for *New Ideas* and paying from \$10 to \$500 for those which are suitable.

First Prize is \$200 Cash

One of the large producing companies has done me the honor of writing me the letter shown on this page. Read it carefully. It enables me to offer my students a first prize of \$200 cash, a second prize of \$50 cash, and five other prizes of \$10 cash each. Between now and the end of the year I am offering some other cash prizes, making a grand total of over \$500 in cash. Any person who is willing to take my few easy lessons can compete for these big prizes, and will at the same time be learning one of the most profitable and interesting of all professions. Persons who have already sold photoplays *cannot enter this contest*, so that you will not be competing with experienced writers. The object is to develop *new writers*.

I Guarantee \$10 For Your First Photoplay

I was formerly Scenario Editor of one of the largest producing companies and am familiar with every branch of the motion picture business. My method of teaching is endorsed by prominent picture men and by this magazine. That is why I am able to guarantee you at least \$10 for the first photoplay you write by my method.



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